

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY



VOLUME 168 NUMBER 2

AUGUST 1941

TOMORROW WILL COME

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THE story of a life may begin on a nursery floor or in an April wood, with a slab of chocolate or a broken, beloved toy. This record must needs begin with a city, whose child I was.

St. Petersburg . . . I can almost hear an impatient murmur, 'Why the old name?' but I can make no apology for the use of it. In 1914 the old name was changed to Petrograd, but the change, fathered by frenzied circumstance, could not interfere with the spirit of the city. All my earliest memories of her go back to the time when the name 'Petrograd' was preferred by none except a meagre handful of Slavophile freaks. St. Petersburg was created by a man devoted to all things foreign. For nearly a century she flirted with purely German tastes. Later she toyed with a rather tawdry stage-setting borrowed from France. She ended by being her own slightly grotesque cosmopolitan self.

Most foreigners felt at home in St. Petersburg, but purely bred Russians abused and despised her. They never forgot that the ancient privilege of the Tsar's anointing was retained by Moscow, the true sovereign city of Tsardom.

Leningrad now stands on the banks of the Neva. Leningrad is more or less certain to rise from the charred desolation inherited since 1917, but Leningrad, known through brief newspaper reports, is a remote and alien sound. I wish it well, but I shall never know it.

I have no map except the one still etched in my memory. On that map the Neva runs wildly and whimsically, a queenly river, girdled in purple-gray granite, powdered with snow during so many months in the year. Across the Neva were many bridges. Best among them I knew Nicholas's, which linked the Vassily Island, where we lived, to the Mayfair of St. Petersburg, where I was born and where we should have lived. Nicholas's Bridge had exquisite gryphons for railings, and they were friends.

'Please, come to life. . . . If I stroke your curly mane, will you be angry? You look so fierce, but I believe you are kind because you are strong and beautiful.' . . . Suddenly the magic worked, the gryphon was free of his bronze bondage. He plunged into the river, away from the bridge arches, towards the land of pearly mountains and unfading flowers, far beyond the sea. I was riding

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him, silent and triumphant — until a fat, bearded policeman decided that the thin little girl had stood long enough by the railings.

'Please, *baryshna*, have you lost your way home?'

'You are a wicked, interfering dragon,' ran my indignant thought; 'you have made my gryphon turn back.' And a very small voice, its dignity imagined rather than otherwise, stammered, 'No, thank you, I have not lost my way. I am going home.'

To the left of the bridge stood the imperial palaces, red granite, white and gray marble, and softly primrose stone, the huge pale faces of private houses, the unwieldy yellow-gray elephant of the Senate, the low cream-white silhouette of the Admiralty, half-hidden behind the dark green fan of a garden. To the right of the bridge the English Quay tapered off to the white detail of St. Saviour's Church, built as a memorial to the sailors fallen in the Russo-Japanese War.

In the early mornings the quays were washed with light. Then the spires and battlements of the Peter and Paul Fortress over the water leapt into delicate, gray-golden splendor, magical stories could be heard in the least audible phrase of the river running under the bridge, and there seemed music even in the clang of hoofs over cobbles, the shouts of tall, dirty-faced Tartars, meandering from street to street in their search for second-hand clothes.

In chiseled and graven stone, in sloping roof and flattened dome, in the voice of several nations, in wide streets and narrow alleys, and always, predominantly so, in the insistent phrases of her waters, do I remember St. Petersburg. I have known her frivolous, mad, and merry. I have known her sober and bemused under her cloak of darkness since 1917. But even in her charred and naked desolation St. Petersburg could still offer some sanctuary from fear which invaded her walls.

II

Life came to me in shape, color, and smell. It was easy to remember the smell of the first snow, the music of sledge runners, the tiring dryness of summer pavements (when luckier people deserted St. Petersburg for Finland or the country), big straw hats, an enormous garden full of old lime trees, and a brother saying, 'This is a public park, but trees belong to the world, and so they are yours and mine.'

I remember standing by the door in an enormous room with rows of slender gilt-legged chairs ranged along the walls, and observing that sea of polished parquet. I moved, and tumbled down long before I had reached the middle of the room. I had meant to slide down the whole length of it, and the disappointment brought tears, and then I knew myself cradled softly and safely — not in Wilson's thin, formal arms. I smelt violets, my cheek nestled against a sleeve of lilac sprigged with tiny white flowers, and the room was a kingdom because it held my mother. In the middle of that empty ballroom on the cold uncarpeted floor, I learned myself belonging to her in a secret and special way. We stayed on the floor; she held me tight, my small, dusty hands round her lovely neck, and the great room rang with her laughter.

'You have an unbridled imagination,' said a tiresome aunt about a century later. 'You can't remember that house. You were born there. You left early in 1901. You were just two and a bit.' She looked suddenly curious. 'Anyway, what happened there to make you remember that room?'

'Gilt chairs,' I said, 'and mirrors between the windows —'

'Chairs and mirrors did not happen. They were there.'

My mother was the clean, sweet smell of lilac to me, skies in the morning, an answer to the nightly falling darkness, the reason for everything, including God.

She remained the unsullied, proud symbol of race in a humble and circumscribed environment. Years later I learned that Kipling had known her in spirit — ‘and lose, and start again at your beginnings and never breathe a word about your loss.’ So far as I was concerned, she stood there at the very beginning of things, not only a face or a voice, but someone whose nearness and love were as natural as the air.

My immediate world was very small. During most of my childhood Mother, my brother Gay, and I lived in a flat on the Ninth Line of the Vassily Island. My mother must now earn her living, and she gave English lessons from morning till night. Our life was outwardly uneventful, our clothes looked shabby, our toys were few, but each day ended gorgeously with my mother’s return. The front door clanged, our slippered feet pattered down the narrow passage, our eager hands clutched at her before the maid could take off the snow-powdered coat.

‘Your mamma is tired. Keep quiet, please.’

We were quiet. She was home. The shabby dining room looked nicely dim in the light of an oil lamp. The white cloth shone like snow, and the samovar came in with its song. We watched her hands move among the white and blue cups. Her hands were safety and music to us. She must have been tired in those days: horse buses cost money, and she saved her fares, though of course we did not know it. There were no comfortably upholstered chairs to ease her tired body. But her face never showed fatigue, her mind opened widely to receive our day’s small chronicle, until the copper samovar grew into a fantastic tree and we were sent off to bed.

One wintry day when the frost sang and cracked all down the street, Gay and I huddled in front of the brown porcelain stove in our nursery. Suddenly Gay pushed the big globe towards me, laid a grubby finger on a brown spot,

and told me that it was England, where our mother had come from. I stopped painting a cow bright vermilion and craned my neck. The brown speck looked very remote. It seemed incredible that she should have come from there, and I said so.

‘She did not walk,’ Gay said patiently, ‘she came by boat.’

The day before, we had been taken to a party at my Uncle Alexis’s. He was a publisher, and we loved going there because the house was full of books and nobody minded our sitting in a corner and reading all alone. But that occasion had been different. A woman had brought her two small daughters, and I was told to go off ‘and play nicely.’ The little girls lisped, their hair was curled, and they wore crimson velveteen frocks. Dressed in my humble blue serge, I looked at them and knew I hated them. Suddenly the younger velveteen lisped: —

‘My mamma says it is such a pity that you can’t have a real home.’

This puzzled me. I questioned Gay about it.

‘What does a real home mean?’

‘Where you live, in this house, with Mummy and me.’

‘Then we have got it.’

‘Of course we have, but what’s the matter?’

‘Two silly girls at Uncle Alexis’s laughed at me and said we were all funny. What does “Papa” mean? I mean, who is he? Where is he?’

Gay explained, rather bluntly. He said that some time before, when I was quite tiny, my father and mother had decided that it would be better if they were not together any more. I could not understand it at all.

‘Then we’ve got him? He’s ours. He belongs to us. Why must he keep away?’

‘I have told you.’

‘He is ours,’ I insisted. ‘I want him here, unless he’s a wicked man.’

‘Never even imagine it, Poppy. He’s clever, brilliant — one day you’ll be proud of the name he’s given you.’

'I don't want a name,' I sobbed. 'I want him. He should be here if he belongs to us. It's all unfair.'

'Poppy, you'll understand some day.'

But I would not listen. I felt that I was being cheated in a way I could not grasp.

'You must never speak to Mummy about it. It would hurt her too much.'

'Why?'

'Because she loves him,' Gay answered, and the mystery deepened still further. Then Gay told me the little he remembered about Father — a ride in the Summer Gardens, the smells of chemicals in the laboratory, and a big conference at a place where Gay had been taken as a tiny boy. 'Father stood on a platform. He spoke and they all clapped. I was so proud, Poppy.'

III

St. Petersburg was so much flesh of Finland's flesh and bone of Finland's bone that when I first went to see my father's mother at Loksajarvi I had no sense of being in a foreign country.

I was in the train for the first time in my life. We were traveling third-class, all through the endless hot day and part of the night. The early morning came, with new colors and smells: the window gave the pleasure of a world where everything seemed painted in soft colors, and the air was sharp and pleasing — sea and pine needles together. I drank some milk and slept again until we halted and got out. There was a village, all tiny squat wooden huts, a slim blue spire of a church. A woman with a seamed brown face, her gray shawl embroidered with red, came to meet us, and we drove off in a cart which smelt of hay and fish, to the lip of a lake where the bearded ferryman lifted us off the cart.

So we came to the island where, in a low white-painted house, my small grandmother welcomed us with saffron buns, gingerbread, and milk again. Neither of us could eat or drink. We forgot

our manners, our kisses were perfunctory. We turned our backs on the house and stared at the lake. 'It's the Neva in a lovely dream,' I must have thought. The opposite shore was enameled with multicolored mosses. Beyond a sloping field the tapering mass of a pine wood lost itself in the clouds.

Against the white walls of her island house my grandmother still stands, a tiny woman, almost a doll by the side of my tall mother. They were so alike that outsiders often imagined a link of blood between them: it was the expression of peace on their faces, their quiet hands, their softly chiseled mouths. I could never put my grandmother into the gallery inhabited by the rest of my Almedingen relations. She was so different — 'Northern,' granite, pine, and soft moss together.

'Grandmother,' I should like to say now, 'my mother and St. Petersburg gave me life and something lovely for my own. You gave me the wealth of detail. You taught me to love grass and moss, ants and butterflies. St. Petersburg had talked of water; you taught me to be at home in it. You gave me my first trees and my first sunset, mushroom hunts and the bliss of long walks. There was something in you like the island which housed you, eternal and clear-cut. What did you once say — "Beauty need not be a dream. . . . Sorrow need be neither burdensome nor ugly."'

IV

One day in March I had a cough, and my mother decided I had better stay indoors. Sadly I stood in the nursery, sucking my thumb. Gay, cap in hand, called out to me from the door that I might finish building the huge cardboard fortress we had begun days before.

'Get those gates together. Don't upset the glue. We'll get the ramparts up when I am back.'

Off he went. My cousin Andrew joined him, and I lingered by the window try-

ing to see them cross the courtyard, but the icy traceries on the glass pane refused to melt under my breath. I turned to the table and began working at the gates.

Nobody came into the nursery that afternoon. Suddenly, unaware of the time, I knew that Gay and Andrew should have been back long ago. It was getting dark. I could not go on with the fortress gates. I slipped out into the passage.

I saw a thin scarf of light coming from the slightly opened door of the hall. I heard a vague rumble of voices. I tiptoed towards the door and peered hard, but I could not see anyone, and the strange deep voice rather scared me. The deep bass was asking if my mother lived in the flat, and Anna's tremulous voice affirmed it. Then I thrust my head through the door and saw a burly black-coated policeman in the doorway. The sight of him shocked me. A policeman in Russia was always a terror.

I kept still. He spoke again in a very low key. I could not catch a single word, but the gap was successfully bridged by Anna's sudden shriek:—

'Go to, I don't believe you! . . . Queen of Heaven, save us!'

My earlier dread vanished. I darted into the hall. 'Anna, Anna . . .'

But she and the policeman between them hustled me away into the dining room. They talked so rapidly that I could not follow them. All I understood was Anna's plea that I should be good and keep quiet. She lit the big bronze lamp hanging over the dining table. Left alone, I sat on the edge of a chair. Maria, the cook, presently came in with a glass of very hot tea and lots of cherry jam in a china dish. She put the little tray by me. But I was past asking questions. Tea was a forbidden beverage and cherry jam a rare luxury on a weekday, and I drank the tea and ate several spoonfuls of the jam, even though the unexpected treat helped to deepen all my suspicions.

I stammered something about Gay,

fortress gates, and the cherry jam, but Maria said that my mother wanted me, picked me up, and carried me to Mother's room. I found her sitting in a chair, facing the door. That white face brought back an earlier experience and I thought, 'Gay and Andrew must have got lost, as I did — but why don't they come back?' and I ran towards her blindly. She began speaking very quietly.

Gay and Andrew had gone to the Gavan for their walk. Gavan was a part of St. Petersburg adjoining the slummy corner of the island, and there the Gulf ran past one of the quays. Andrew had insisted on walking across the ice. Gay had argued with him: it was the last day in March and the ice showed signs of getting thin. Andrew would not listen, and the ice cracked under him. Gay jumped in and pulled him out. Mother stopped and I clapped my hands. This was a splendid, lovely story. Now Andrew would never dare to scoff at us again! The candle spluttered, and my mother said very softly:—

'It is a splendid story, darling, but Gay must have been very tired when he had done it — he could not get back.' She paused and I stammered that he would tell us all about it. Gay had such a way of telling things that they became part of everything round us. . . . She said again:—

'Darling, don't you understand? He is with God now. You remember, he used to read so much about great men like Achilles and Agamemnon. They were brave men. Gay was a bit like them.'

'But he must come!' I said. 'You see, I had only him.' I could not understand.

V

In the spring of 1909 my mother sent the maid away. I can see her face, rough, ill-shapen, and bewildered, as she stood in the tiny dim kitchen, listening to mother's carefully enunciated Russian. I can even see a neighbor's yel-

low cat jump through the open window. He rubbed against my bare ankles and miaowed for milk. The maid whimpered. My mother spoke patiently.

'Yes, your work is good. It is not that. I simply can't keep you any longer. I can't afford your wages.'

The girl understood and went.

We too left the flat. We walked across the river, to the Nevsky Prospect. It was now long past our usual luncheon hour, and we came to the Philippoff pastry shop, where my mother bought six small meat patties. They cost five kopeks each, and were lovely golden-brown things, fried in deep fat and served piping hot, wrapped in a tiny bit of thin brown paper. We ate them, standing by the counter, and next to me was a small fat woman in a silk dress, who had ordered ten such patties and ate them quickly and greedily, and I watched the precious crumbs dropping on the floor.

We left the Nevsky Prospect and found our way to the Quay. My mother kept silent, and I did not feel I wanted to talk. We reached the Summer Gardens and sat down on a bench in the famous lime avenue. The afternoon had gone, pale silver light lay all over the trees, and I wondered if my mother could afford the boat fare back to the Vassily Island. My feet ached a little and I felt hungry. We had some tea and biscuits at a cheap little pavilion at the rear of the Gardens, and then turned back to the Quay. My mother did not suggest a steamer, and I plodded along by her side. We got back to the flat. I saw her turn the key very carefully and slowly. I could see her hesitation. A small oil lamp hung on the staircase landing; her face was very near, dim and sad. Suddenly I realized how drawn and tired she looked. I too was spent, but her fatigue seemed different — just as though it had nothing to do with flesh and bone. I shed my usual reticence, reached up and kissed her cheek. She was always undemonstrative, but now, to my sur-

prise, she returned the kiss and said, 'Thank you.'

We groped our way into the tiny hall. I was the first to find the matches.

'Mother, someone has been here.'

The hall floor was muddy and dusty. The room was bare of all furniture. I ran past her into the dining room, and saw empty walls stare at me. In the second bedroom I saw an iron bedstead, a heap of bedding, and two enormous trunks in a corner. Everything else had vanished.

'Mother . . .'

I turned. She was standing just behind me, a lit candle in her hand. Her eyes did not avoid mine.

'I could not bear to tell you beforehand. You see, there were some payments I had to make, and I had not enough money, so I offered them the furniture and they came and took it away this afternoon.'

'Took it away . . .'

I stared at the walls as though hoping to see some tangible memory of long-beloved things imprinted on the pale ochre paper. 'Took it away . . .' That moment a resolve was born in me never again to get attached to any inanimate things — parting with the least of them hurt far too much.

Wildly I remembered them, the few things I had grown up with. None of them were exceptionally valuable: my mother's slender-legged mahogany desk and bookcase, my own small walnut cabinet, the only sofa we ever possessed, the massive dining table, the bronze hanging lamps! That little mahogany table with a cunning nest of drawers underneath, where I had written my first poem, and, our only real treasure, my mother's dressing table with a mirror which swung forward, revealing a whole world of tiny drawers, inlaid with tortoise shell and mother-of-pearl. The corner cupboard, its handles carved like bears' heads, where she used to keep our modest silver. The books! Oh Mother, not the books! Not the beloved Shakespeare and Milton, Joan of Arc, and

my very own *Hellas* . . . No, the books were in a trunk. Books did not fetch much, she said.

We went into the bedroom. I felt so desperately that it was my duty to behave in a heroic way, and there seemed nothing I could say except that now we had no need of three rooms and a kitchen. Bending over the narrow iron bedstead, my mother answered quietly, 'You are right, darling. We are leaving here. I have paid everything now.'

'Where are we going?'

'Into an unfurnished room. I am sorry I could not find anything cheap enough on the Island. It is the Petersburg Side.'

I fought back my tears, but they got the better of me. The Petersburg Side had neither quays nor ships. It lay worlds apart from all familiar, beloved haunts.

'I—I—just hate the Petersburg Side. It is nothing but traffic and narrow streets and markets—and people.'

'There is a good garden not far from the house we are going to—'

But a garden was not enough to comfort me.

You can talk about straitened circumstances. You might write an essay about genteel poverty. But it is only after years and years that you can speak of penury in the midst of opulence, of hunger in the midst of almost sinful plenty. You must never speak of the immediate experience unless you grow old in bitterness, which is barren and futile. . . .

We moved to the Petersburg Side, to a tall, bleak, grimy house in an alley. We moved into a one-windowed back room, and the sour-lipped Baltic landlady watched our 'furniture' being carried in, a smirk on her thin, dirty face. The narrow room seemed fairly crowded with the iron bedstead, two trunks, two kitchen chairs salvaged from the crash, and a deal kitchen table bought for forty kopeks from a stall on the way to the Petersburg Side. A bed was made for me on the top of one of the trunks.

The other served for cupboard, sideboard, and anything else that we could think of. Our clothes would be kept on hangers and in the trunk which became my bed at night. A small oil stove was put into a corner, for now we must do our modest cooking in one room: outside meals could not be considered. Our belongings moved in, the landlady insisted on a brief interview in the passage. My mother returned to the room and fumbled in her bag. I watched her, my eleven-year-old mind able to grasp the situation. The rent paid, we went out for a walk.

Somehow, I asked no questions all through that summer. I trusted my mother so entirely that I had not the shadow of a doubt that, if the catastrophe might have been averted, she would have succeeded in doing so. I grew that summer, and I learned much. I learned never to admit that I was hungry. I learned to be reticent with the few people who now entered our strangely narrowed world. I learned not to show pained surprise when our daily allowance of ham and bread was reduced by half. I learned to put on my clothes very carefully because I knew that an unfortunate tear meant the purchase of a reel of cotton. I, whose greed had nearly always got the better of pride, now learned to refuse a sugared bun or a piece of toffee seldom and grudgingly offered by the landlady's pale and furtive husband. But I did not succeed in learning about thrift.

One morning, at the end of the summer, my mother said she was going out for the day. At the door she turned and added, 'I should not like you to go out on your own. There's enough food. By the way, I believe things are going to be better. . . . Thank you, you've been rather a brick!'

For a long time after she had gone I could not settle down to my books. My mind lived in her last words. They were rare praise from her who never indulged in extravagant eulogy, but I wondered if

I had merited them. Surely, I must have whimpered and complained often enough, longing for a ride in a horse bus and a glimpse of the Summer Gardens, now forbidden because of the fare. I remembered all those sullen spells when I would curl myself on the lid of the trunk, turn my small face to the wall, and refuse to recognize her presence in the room.

And yet she said I had been 'a brick.' I knew that it was so worth-while to do the least thing for her. She took it, as it were, kept and cherished it until the right moment, and brought it back with a smile or a word, always an intimate friend as well as a mother.

That day, indeed, the Petersburg Side became a closed chapter. I was not told details at the time, but later I heard that my mother had won a case in the law courts, and a certain sum of money came to her. All I knew was that we went out and had a proper meal at a restaurant. Both suspense and excitement played an unkind trick on me: I came home and was disgracefully sick.

We moved back to the Vassily Island. Our fortunes had not improved enough for us to live in a flat. We were in rooms now, in a great block at the end of the Eleventh Line. The block had six floors, and each floor had a long corridor. Strangely assorted people lived there, but all the rooms had double doors, and a certain amount of privacy was still possible. Also the one window of our room gave a view of the remote Neva. Of furniture there was none except what we had brought over from the Petersburg Side, but we had a home, some clothes and food. The block faced the annex of the University on the Tenth Line, and girl undergraduates soon discovered my mother. A few English and French lessons added to our meagre budget.

But poverty troubled me no longer. By that time I would have gone to a palace wearing a shabby gingham and canvas shoes.

VI

My father's people for years remained footsteps, voices, faces, even mere names. They walked along their own street, and the children of a younger son meant little, if anything, to them.

The senior branch of his family moved north to St. Petersburg in the seventies. The estate near Tver, given by Catherine the Great to a forbear in 1793, still belonged to an uncle of mine, but nobody lived there. A century of living in Russia had not given the family any roots. Country life implied an anchorage and led to tiresome obligations. They chose St. Petersburg in a rare flash of wisdom: the cosmopolitan city had something to offer them. As to the rest, their story, when I came to learn it, suggested a variant of the Wandering Jew theme: from Spain they leapt to Saxony, from Saxony to Austria, from Austria to Russia. My uncles loved telling a meagre handful of stories about these peregrinations, but I saw little in them. 'We are like gypsies with Europe for a tent.'

My grandmother had thirteen children, and all her nine sons were soldiers except my father. He turned his back on the army and became a scientist. St. Petersburg was not a big city, and its several worlds were apt to overlap on occasion. In the world of science my father went about his way, an acknowledged leader and master. I did not know him, but what I knew of him had early enough filled me with a strange, inarticulate hunger. In that alienation, shaped by circumstances beyond my control and never remedied, lay rich material for an avidly imagined friendship. Somewhere, far removed from the Vassily Island, my father and I read, talked, and argued together.

Early in the spring of 1912 he fell ill, and I heard about it by mere accident, from my Aunt Catherine. She was kind after her fashion, and that day she tried very hard to impress on me the importance of having such a father. She

talked about his work at the University, about his own private school of chemistry where he took talented pupils and asked for no fees. 'Indeed, I know him to have bought boots for some of them — otherwise they could not have come to the lectures. And he is so encyclopædic — science and classics together. Surely you have read his *Ulysses*!' I had, and I loved it, but I could not discuss him. Her conversation was salt and vinegar together rubbed into an open wound.

Early in May he died.

I went to his funeral. The old cemetery had shed some of its bleakness. Young grass was struggling bravely in between the gray coping stones of ancient vaults, branches were greening here and there, and somewhere, almost vanquishing the dark mood of the place, rose the pure courageous song of the thrush.

There were enormous wreaths and interminable speeches. There was a crowd, and the corner of my mind certainly received an impression about his place in the world. But something more than the huge oak coffin was lowered into the soil: all the jealously unshared dreams of my childhood were put under the earth with each fresh spadeful. I could imagine them all, so beloved, so foolishly delicate, far more fragile than the masses of expensive lilies-of-the-valley heaped all round the opened grave. So stupidly cherished, so unreal were they, those endless skeins of secretive make-believe about a happily balanced, wisely chosen lifework, enriched by his companionship, made almost worth-while by his guidance. The unfledged, questioning mind longed to find some assurance from the thought that had left the flesh and the spirit that had ventured so far.

VII

The Mochovaya Street was fairly distant from the Bolshoy Prospect, but I had a friend there, one Gabrielle. I had met her at Wolf's; we both wanted to

buy Carlyle's *French Revolution*. Wolf's had a single copy left. I had hoarded the money for months, but I drew back. The tall, spare woman in a shabby fur coat pulled out her hand and made me come back to the counter. 'Please. You seem so keen on having it. I can easily borrow a copy from the library.' So Carlyle was mine. I stammered my thanks and she asked my name. She appeared to know it, having met my Uncle Alexis. She gave me her card. 'Come and see me — if only to talk about Carlyle.'

I went. Soon we were friends.

One day in early March, 1917, I went to see her. The brief winter day was near its dying, the snow rang hard and sharp under foot, and the air was tinged with fugitive lilac-silver. A crowded tram carried me down the Nevsky. There were groups of policemen strolling up and down its broad face. Here and there mounted gendarmes sat stiffly on their great horses, the saddles covered with thick gray blankets. A pink-golden spear of the dying sunlight caught at a gendarme's lance, and for a short second he looked like a sculptured mediæval knight, ready for the fray.

The presence of the police was so usual that one almost failed to notice it. Earlier in the week there had been a number of food riots. I should never have seen that particular gendarme but for the fact that the sunset chose to stamp his lance with incredible beauty.

I reached Gabrielle's house. I found her in a strangely sober mood. The girls at her school had been told to keep away. She had heard that the military were being entrained for the capital. 'Another food riot?' I asked, and she replied abruptly, 'Well, let's hope it is nothing worse.'

Then suddenly the door was flung open. Dasha, the maid, her shabby green shawl flung on anyhow, her eyes enormous, burst into the room and screamed at Gabrielle to shut the window.

'For pity's sake, pull the curtains, *baryna!* The Cossacks are tearing down the street. The *dvornik* says it is the revolution. They are burning down houses, palaces — there is not a train running anywhere — they'll starve us — they'll burn us to death, antichrists!'

'Mother!' I stammered. 'She will be out! She is at my aunt's.'

'Are they on the telephone?'

'Yes, 45-56.'

The polished receiver in her hand, Gabrielle stood calmly waiting. Dasha remained by the door, twisting and untwisting the frayed ends of her green shawl. Presently my Aunt Catherine answered. I rushed to the telephone. Was Mother with them?

'No,' came her metallic, precise voice, 'she left quite an hour ago. Boris went with her. He is not back yet, and now I am worried about him. Where are you?'

'In the Mochovaya.'

'Well, get home as soon as you can.'

'What is happening?'

'Nobody knows, really. But girls of your age should not be out at a time like this. For heaven's sake don't try to walk home. Take a cab. There are no trams and' — here the line gave a prolonged, agonized wail and died off. I turned to Gabrielle.

'My aunt says I am not to walk home.'

'Did you imagine you could?' she asked almost ironically.

'Gabrielle, this is so unlike you! Just because trams aren't running and they have got a few extra policemen out on account of the food riots!'

She stopped me vehemently.

'Food riots! Is that all you think this is? Can't you see this is not going to be a rehearsal of another tuppenny-ha'penny barricade business? This country is like a big wooden house, rotten in every beam and joist, and it is bound to crash; and you talk about food riots. I can't tell you what is going to happen to any of us. But tiny separate atoms always have to suffer in an upheaval . . . whatever comes along, don't get fright-

ened. Years later you might meet people who would tell you that you never had any youth because of all this. Don't believe it. Thrust the idea out of your mind. Learn to do without anyone's pity.'

The moment came, and its sharp claw bit into me. I peered through the chink of the curtains. The street lay quiet. The Cossacks had ridden past. Much was happening elsewhere, as I came to learn later, but all the mad sound, all the diabolic fury of that March evening in 1917, were far away from the faintly aristocratic Mochovaya Street. The outside quiet depressed me far more than any deafening noise could have done. Once again I was in the grip of a mood when premonition, horrible because of its vagueness, got hold of me and would not let me go. There was one possible panacea for such moods — a good long tramp. I said aloud, my eyes away from Gabrielle's intent face, 'I ought to go. I'm going to tramp it home.'

She did not smile.

'Dasha and I will find a cab. You must crouch under the seat if you see anything happening.'

We came out into the yard. The *dvornik's* stuffy cubbyhole was dark and apparently untenanted. The great yard gates were shut and bolted. Dasha muttered that even *dvorniks* were wise enough not to run risks, but Gabrielle retorted that Petrograd *dvorniks* were well known for their ability to scurry away at the very first thunderclap, and Dasha must fumble with the big bolt. As soon as we got out, we heard a sledge coming from down the quay. I knew then that I could never have tramped it home; I felt wrung out, like an old useless sponge.

Gabrielle hailed the driver. He drew level with the pavement. Out of the tangled beard came hoarse sounds of protest. He did not want to take a fare. The Vassily Island lay too far off.

'Had you started such an argument this morning, I would have called a

policeman.' Gabrielle was firm and polite. 'I have no idea where the police are tonight, and I don't care much. But I do care as to what might happen to this young lady. You look old enough to be her grandfather. She must go home. Her mother is anxious. For Christ's sake, will you drive her home?'

'H-m, I might — for Christ's sake,' he muttered, and flipped back the coarse fur rug.

I shook hands with Gabrielle. The old man brandished his whip in the frosty air, the sleigh creaked, and in a few moments the quiet of the Mochovaya lay behind us.

The street lamps were still burning. When we reached the Palace Quay the old man urged his horse to go faster. The little sledge lurched, bumped, and swerved. I could see to my left the massive outline of the Winter Palace, dark and brooding. Later I knew that at that very hour the Central Criminal Court buildings on the Liteyny Prospect were being set ablaze. But the Palace Quay looked ordinary enough, and so we came to the Senate Square. There lorries, never before allowed on the quays, stampeded past, crammed with armed soldiers and civilians who seemed to be brandishing extraordinary weapons. Untidy red flags waved violently here and there. Hurrying women ran along the pavements. At the corner of the Nicholas Bridge a group of 'black' people stood. The lamp burned brightly enough. I saw a man dart a sudden glance at the sledge; he looked neither terrifying nor overpowering, just a feeble-bodied, weedy man from some factory or other, but there seemed a strange hunger in his face. I felt fear creep into me as the sledge swung on to the bridge. The old man turned halfway round in his box and spoke for the first time: 'Revolution — that is what it is.' The foreign word came startingly from the peasant lips. 'Well, well, come on, old lady' — and down the great slope of the Nicholas

Square we careered at a breathless pace. Soon the Bolshoy Prospect, flanked by gaunt tree trunks, loomed ahead. I leaned forward and gave him the number of the house.

'No use going there,' he mumbled a few seconds later. 'It's on fire. Look, *baryshna*, burning nicely, isn't it?' He cracked his whip above the mare's ears, and for a moment I wondered if I were mad. Sheets of flames, almost metal-blue in the frosty air, seemed spread all over the end of the street. The sledge raced on and I peered ahead. 'No,' I can remember hearing my own voice; 'it is the police station opposite.'

'Ah, they have got at them,' he said noncommittally, and halted his horse.

I paid, the money almost slipping out of my fingers. The lift was out of order, the *dvornik* nowhere to be seen. I rushed up the stairs to the sixth floor, where we had two rooms for a home. I forgot that I had a latchkey in my pocket, and banged on the door. Mother opened it. 'I am glad to see you,' she said, just as if I were returning home from an ordinary occasion. 'Boris brought me back. This floor seems strangely silent. The floor maid has taken French leave, and all her belongings as well. They are burning houses already.'

'Yes.'

Together, in silence, we stood by the window. Across the wide street the great pile of the police station was a roaring inferno of red, orange, and violet flames, shooting upwards to a sky which reflected the blazing colors in low-hanging cloudy drifts. Below, black dots of figures could be seen bustling round the pyre. There were no firemen anywhere; the building was meant to burn, and burn it did.

Few, if any, people went to bed that night. Next morning there was no water to be had in the whole vast building, and never again in Russia was I to see water running from a tap in any house in which I lived.

(To be continued)

THE ANTI-SEMITIC PROBLEM IN AMERICA

BY JAMES MARSHALL

I

IN his two articles appearing in this magazine entitled 'The Jewish Problem in America,' Albert Jay Nock, describing himself as a man of letters and not a publicist, girds a loin, states a problem, and leaves the solution to 'abler minds than mine' (viz. his). He sets forth the problem as 'that of maintaining a *modus vivendi* between the American Jew and his fellow-citizens which is strong enough to stand any shocks of an economic dislocation such as may occur in the years ahead.'

The thesis as he expands it is briefly that (1) there is a Jewish problem in America; (2) the Jews are an Oriental people without, apparently, hope of Occidentalization; (3) it is the disability of Occidental and Oriental that they cannot fully understand one another and must remain forever suspicious of each other; (4) 'there is no question of superiority or inferiority, one way or the other. Nevertheless, there the disability is, and there seems nothing I or mine can do about it.'

Nor does Mr. Nock try to do anything about it. After giving currency to the traditional anti-Semitic patter plus some chance remarks of his friends, and assuring his readers that he is above the storm and understands the reasons for the anti-Jewish point of view and sympathizes with the Jewish reaction, he peters out before making any attempt to find a *modus vivendi*. He keeps his promise and leaves all that to 'abler minds.'

The final page of the articles he devotes to an attempt to draw the teeth of any Jews who, instead of taking what he says, 'take what they think I say, and then add to that a wholly gratuitous string of what they think I mean.' Alas, how human — the Jews are sensitive to what they believe is critical of them. So 'Oriental'! But, of course, Mr. Nock adds: 'The *intelligent* Occidental perfectly understands this peculiar sensitiveness, and knows how it came about, but the Occidental *mass-man* does not' (*italics mine*).

The phrases 'intelligent Occidental' or 'civilized Occidental' and 'Occidental mass-man' are used so often by Mr. Nock and seem so real to him that one suspects he is still a believer in those nineteenth-century weathercocks, 'the economic man' and 'the social man.' He may even be acquainted with 'the man in the street.'

The problem discussed by Mr. Nock is not a 'Jewish problem in America' at all. It is the problem of American democracy. In part Mr. Nock would agree with me, only he says: 'The problem is not essentially Jewish, not essentially Semitic; it is an Oriental problem.' Let us now pursue this Oriental bogeyman.

Mr. Nock tells a charming little story of the Jewish girl of twenty-three with whom, when he was a young man, he 'was once marooned for eight days on one of society's most arid islands.' No one could help falling in love with her. She

was, says he, 'the only girl I ever saw who seemed to me the acme of everything desirable.' There follows a passage redolent with her charms and the names of German philosophers. He never saw or heard of her again — but she became the mother of his bogeyman. He was certain that, with the best will in the world on both sides, a hundred years in her sight would bring him no better knowledge of her than those eight days, for she was 'Oriental.'

Here we have a bad case of Oriental mysticism confused with the normal mystery which women possess for all young men. (He evidently let her go her way in silence, and the mystery grew.) What more natural than that, the Jewish people having hailed from the East, the mystery and the Jews became irretrievably bound to the Orient?

The Jews lived over a thousand years in Germany, but to Mr. Nock they remain Oriental. One would have thought that, in view of the Oriental origin of the German tribes, under the Nock formula the Jewish people and the German people would have worked things out better.

As one would suspect, Mr. Nock, the 'man of letters' (laying no claim to being a 'publicist'), by implication is the intelligent or civilized Occidental — not the mass-man, who participated in 'the revolt of the masses' under Jackson and Roosevelt which 'was naturally and necessarily accompanied by a great general reversion towards the frontiersman's type of manners, the evidences of which are now most offensively observable in all grades of our society.' No indeed, he is not the Occidental mass-man who 'accepts this reversion, is pleased with it as a creation of his own, and glorifies it as "democratic."' Rather, like Pontius Pilate, Nock stands aloof, wrapped all about in the robes of intellectualism, and regrets that mass-man will have his way — but it just can't be helped.

The intellectual will, of course, not

sully his hands with rough stuff. Sometimes he will not even admit his guilt for inspiring violence. It is not true, for example, that 'persecutions never have originated in an upper-class movement or a governmental movement.' Modern 'scientific' anti-Semitism is the offspring of such men as Count de Gobineau and Houston Stewart Chamberlain. It was the Tsarist circles that organized the Black Hundreds and employed the pogrom as a mechanism of government. Streicher and Goebbels were no proletarians. Mobs are at times swayed by blood lust, but it has not been mobs that have made blood lust internal national policy.

I believe the distinction between the intelligent or civilized man and the mass-man has led not only to a defective analysis of the 'Jewish problem' (which I shall discuss later on), but also to a failure to find a solution, a *modus vivendi*. This distinction is the cause of that defeatism which runs through the Nock articles. He refers to the attitude of people on the Western Coast toward the Chinese and adds: 'All this may be deplored as unjust and indefensible, but there it is for our social architects and engineers to deal with as best they may.' He quotes from Bishop Butler: 'Things and actions are what they are, and the consequences of them will be what they will be; why, then, should we desire to be deceived?' In the mood of Cassandra he says: 'There is every reason to fear that the prospect awaiting the American Jew will also follow the historic pattern which has persisted with unflinching regularity in those circumstances [viz. economic stringency] for more than ten centuries. The sudden flaring-up of anti-Jewish sentiment in this country, to which I have alluded, was coincident with the onset of the depression in 1929, and it was damped down only by the sheer accident of encountering a great wave of sympathy for the mistreated Jews of Europe.' And finally: 'I think it is not impossible that I shall live to see

the Nürnberg laws reenacted in this country and enforced with vigor.'

What we have here is a confession by the intellectual that he is impotent in the face of the 'mass-man,' that certain situations are to be deplored as unjust and indefensible, but they are what they are and will be what they will be; that historic patterns will unfailingly catch up with the American Jew and within the lifetime of Mr. Nock engulf the Jews within American Nürnberg laws — which would mean, of course, the success of Hitler and the failure of our democratic civilization. Here is defeatism without even the saving grace of recognizing that many Americans identify persecution of Jews with Hitlerism or the revealing admission that the New York demonstrations of 1939 which he mentions were inspired by Nazis and their Coughlinite fellow travelers.

It seems to me that Mr. Nock has drawn a picture of American Junkerism which, like its cousins in pre-Hitler Germany and official France, divided people between the civilized and the masses, the counterpart of the Marxian class war, and saw neither economic hope nor a *modus vivendi*. Yet, rather than admit that there was no *modus vivendi* to be found between civilized Junker and mass-man, they proclaimed their failure to discover a bridge between Jew and non-Jew. America will not be saved from the totalitarian Dark Age by the frustration of its Junkers.

There is a further fallacy, dangerous to our country, in the apparent identification of mass-man with mobster. Of course there is no 'mass-man.' Masses are composed of individuals. There are times when some of them become mobs; but they are not *ipso facto* mobsters. If it be not true that people, intelligent and dull alike, are individuals and to be considered by government and each other as individuals, then the ideology of democracy is false; then Jefferson and Lincoln and all who have quoted them were simple yokels, and Stalin and Hit-

ler are right. It is forgetfulness of the individual and his transmutation into a 'mass-man' which have made possible the ideological concepts of the dictatorship of the proletariat and the totalitarian state — abstractions which have served to screen the tyrannies of party bureaucracy.

II

Mr. Nock has some strictures on the Jewish manners (evidently all Jews have the same manners except Nate and Mose, his boyhood friends). But as an intellectual he purports, of course, to understand the origins of these manners, and as authority he cites H. L. Mencken to the effect that unpleasant Jewish manners are 'identical' with those of the American frontier, for were not the Jews over centuries herdsman in Southern Palestine? We have already seen that Mr. Nock finds offensive the frontier manners to which Occidental mass-man has reverted in the 'revolt of the masses' under Jackson and Roosevelt. However, millennia of urban life have evidently not been enough to erase the herdsman from the Jew. But if this be true, how can there be gentlemen in all of Europe?

There is also a serious confusion by Mr. Nock of the psychological relationship of instinct, habit, and inheritance. He talks subjectively without offering any objective evidence of the 'Occidental's disability' to understand the Jew and to find admission 'to regions of his consciousness the gates whereof would open of their own accord if I and mine were *von unsere Leute*.' Then he adds, 'The reaction is a matter of instinct, of inherited habit.'

Now any modern psychologist would say that habit and instinct are not synonymous; that, though instinct is inherited, habit is not. It is not clear whether, according to Mr. Nock, this inability to enter all the regions of each other's consciousness, which leaves 'Occidental' and Jew helpless to reach the

depths of mutual understanding, is to him an instinct born in one. If so, we should have a people possessed of instincts of Oriental secrecy predetermined from birth, and of habits of the herdsman (leading to frontier manners) or 'inherited habits' which thousands of years cannot eradicate. I do not believe that there is any basis in the sciences of psychology, anthropology, or history, or in common sense for any such theory. It is possible that a pseudo-scientist of the Hitler school might develop such a thesis. I am not suggesting that Mr. Nock is such a person or would consciously quote such a person. Rather, his subjective 'science' is stimulated by the sense of mystery, the sense that he could never understand the Jewish girl of his youth. It is part of the defeatism which prevents him from finding a *modus vivendi*. This mysticism, this belief in some kind of mystical bond between Jews on the one hand and 'Occidentals' on the other, is brought out in Mr. Nock's story and statement that when Jews meet each other they salute not only the conquerors of Titus, Torquemada, and Hitler (*sic*) but also the military genius of Gideon and Joshua, the music of Deborah and David, and so forth.

I have written at considerable length about Mr. Nock's bogey, the mysterious Oriental with whom he identifies the Jew, not merely to show the absurdity of Mr. Nock's premise, but because the mystery-creating pattern is a deep psychological pattern, deep in the whole human race, and is the basis for many misunderstandings between groups of people. This investing with mystery and power, and the resultant reactions in feelings of dispossession and fear, stem, as the psychiatrists tell us, from the nursery itself. They arise out of the struggle of brothers and sisters and the fascinated fear of siblings of the other sex. The process of growing up is the process of realizing that one does not have to be all things to all men and

women, and from this that one does not have to feel dispossessed because one does not share the same ancestry, or fearful because one has not identical knowledge or capacity or cultural background.

Just as Mr. Nock makes the mistake of talking about Ashkenazic Jews as being all from the ghetto and the Pale (for the Jews of the Rhine Valley, of France and England, were never of the Pale and have been out of the ghetto for centuries), so too in his relegation of the Jew to the rôle of 'Oriental' he is inaccurate. It is true that he says he is not 'venturing on any stark anthropological doctrine of "race," first because I know nothing about such matters, and second, because they appear not to be particularly concerned in the circumstances which I am discussing.' But though he does not discuss race doctrines, of which he says he knows nothing, his Oriental theory has all the indicia of a race theory, so warming to the heart of the Nazis. It would not require much compromise by Goebbels to accept the 'Oriental' doctrine in place of the 'Aryan.'

As a matter of fact, as anthropologists have shown time and again, there is no pure Jewish race. The Jews are a people containing the blood of all peoples with whom they have dwelt for any substantial time. The variations of physical structure, pigmentation, and the color of their eyes and hair bear this out to the most casual observer. And culturally there is as much difference between a Jew of New York City and a Yemenite Jew of the Southern Arabian Peninsula as there is between a member of the University Club and a Bedouin. There is as much difference between a member of a Reformed Jewish congregation in Cincinnati and a Chasidic Jew of Warsaw as between an Episcopal bishop of Boston or New York and a parish priest in Central Siberia. Unfortunately, today religious devotion is not even a bond among all Jews any more than it is among all non-Jews. The term 'Jew'

is a catchall for those whose ancestors were of the Jewish faith, just as in the United States the word 'Protestant' has become a catchall for those whose ancestors were Christian but not of the Catholic Church. It is a part of our passion for labels, which, if they are sufficiently vivid and enticing, will sell the patent medicine no matter what is in the bottle.

This variation among the Jews cannot be too strongly emphasized, because it results in antipathetical approaches to life, to politics, to business, and to cultural values among Jews themselves. It is well illustrated in the Jewish saying that when two Jews get together they immediately become three parties.

The story of the Irish immigrant after the potato famine last century contradicts Mr. Nock's argument that the reaction to an Irish refugee would be different from the reaction to a Jewish refugee. It is not merely the 'Ashkenazic Jew with the brand of the ghetto and the Pale burned deep into his body and soul' at whom the intellectual 'takes one look' and 'throws up his hands'; it is not only about him that non-intellectuals (Mr. Nock's mass-man) have meditated savagely — all immigrants to this country of a low economic level have had the same experience. What has been true of the Irish has been true at times of German immigrants; it has been true, in places, of Scandinavian immigrants. The words 'Dago,' 'Greaser,' 'Hunky,' 'Swede,' 'Dutchman,' and 'Shanty Irish' have a history of hatred and discrimination. But there is no literature of hate with respect to these other peoples; there is no tradition such as exists with respect to the Jews. Men do not try to justify their inability to understand them with theories of race or of Orientalism.

I believe there is a far simpler explanation than the Oriental mystery theory of Mr. Nock for the apparent reserve which Jews express in various circumstances — and for the non-Jew's response to that reserve. Suppose a child were not certain

whether his parents would welcome him with open arms or drive him from the house when he came home. Suppose time and again when he was going about the business of his household chores, desiring to be accepted as part of the family, he was beaten and thrown out of the front door. Would you expect him to have no reserve? Would you expect the parents to have no sense of guilt? Could you expect that each would for the asking grant admission 'to regions of his consciousness the gates whereof would open of their own accord' if there were mutual confidence and guiltlessness?

In every century the Jew has been welcomed into and booted out of some land. Each generation of Jews and of non-Jews has been conditioned by this. We know from the treatment of children and their parents that such situations can only be cured by time and security and a conscious effort at self-understanding. If the will be there, the light of understanding can penetrate far beyond Mr. Nock's intellectual and reach to his 'mass-man.'

III

It would be idle to deny that anti-Semitism exists in America or that it is loose dynamite which may be detonated by appeasers or fifth columnists. But, as I have already suggested, the problem is not correctly stated as 'the Jewish problem in America.' Such a presentation is, in fact, destructive of our American conception of democracy. Only a caste society can result if our problems are distributed into airtight sections of Jewish, Negro, Catholic, Isolationist, employer, employee, and the like.

What concerns Jews is, rather, a part of the problem of American democracy to adjust two dynamic streams. It has already been indicated that the theme of democracy deals with individuals and not masses; it involves the right of individuals to develop their individuality and to fulfill their individual capacities

and express their individual beliefs. So here we have one stream — the stream of individual freedom. On the other hand we have the stream of discipline, which in a democracy must be self-discipline. And that in turn demands respect for others, and appreciation of and reverence for other human beings. It is the core of the Declaration of Independence, of the Civil Rights sections of the Constitution, and its seed lies in the Golden Rule.

We are living in a world in which culture has, for the most part, become destructive, in which destructive forces and negative values that had for a long time been repressed, here by force and there by slogans, have escaped. They will not be tamed by divisive doctrines of race or of mysterious Orientals. They will not be quieted by tolerance, for I believe that minority groups have suffered almost as much from tolerance as from intolerance, for tolerance itself in psychological terms is a mere suppression of animosity rather than an acceptance of differences.

The great problem of democracy today, then, is to find the disciplines of democracy, to find them and to understand them, and I believe that foremost among these disciplines is the recognition that peoples thrive from variety and die in a monolithic society; and secondly, I believe that a democratic people must accept the fact that it cannot be all things to all men and all women. Each individual cannot fully understand the aims or the background or even the hopes of all other individuals. Thirdly, we must recognize that each of us wants both to belong and to be independent, to be a member of the family and to have our privacy, to be a part of society without being uniform or a robot — and that every other normal person wants the same things.

If a democracy is to survive, its people must posit as a discipline the acceptance of each other's good faith and rid them-

selves of those mutual suspicions which start the inevitable cycle of fear and hate, destruction and guilt. By their acts ye shall know them, not by fears and suspicions. When we talk of knowing people by their acts, when we speak of not trying to base our relations with people on our fears and suspicions, we at once come into the realm of fact, we at once leave the realm of subjective doctrine and enter that of objective appraisal; we inevitably discard theories of Orientalism.

I believe that the *modus vivendi* for which Mr. Nock sought, and which he failed to find between the American Jew and his fellow-citizens, is the identical *modus vivendi* which the entire American people must find to assure survival of democratic processes and democratic approaches to life. If with our varying interests, capacities, and backgrounds we cannot have a common faith in democratic aims and make common cause of those ends through democratic procedures and mechanisms, then our American institutions will fall. Then the programless defeatism of our Junkers will leave us nothing but the totalitarian alternative.

Nothing can be so destructive of these values, nothing can play so well into the hands of the totalitarians, as a defeatism which finds it impossible to discover a *modus vivendi* and escapes into juvenile mysticism, rationalized into terms of 'We cannot understand each other; we cannot escape the history of five thousand years; we cannot find a bridge between our variations.' It is not history that repeats itself, but human patterns. We know now that we can conquer starvation and epidemic; we know now that the ways of democracy can work. It is the patterns of human behavior that must be our next conquest. Men of good will, men of courage, have made possible the conquests of the past. I for one am confident that we can triumph in the future.

WHAT ARE THE CHANCES?

BY CAPTAIN WILLIAM D. PULESTON

I

IT is opportune to compare the German and British positions at the end of the first half of what may prove the crucial year of the war. Hitler's sudden attack upon Russia has temporarily obscured his recent strong bid for the Eastern Mediterranean, but the two campaigns have a common origin — namely, the inability of the German High Command to win a quick victory over Great Britain either by invasion or by cutting the overseas communications of the British Isles. The prospect of a long war compelled Germany to turn southeastward and then eastward in an effort to replenish her supplies of lubricants, oil fuel, and breadstuffs. If Germany could have invaded or starved the United Kingdom to the point where the British military effort was vitally impaired, it would not have been necessary for the German High Command to reduce its attacks on British supplies in order to increase its own.

The past performances of the Nazi and Red armies indicate that Stalin's hordes will be no match in actual fighting for the well-trained, thoroughly coordinated, and skillfully led German machine. The most effective Russian defense against a German attack would be the 'scorched earth' system followed by Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek. Tsar Alexander had the courage to give the order to devastate Holy Russia; Chiang Kai-shek has inspired the inhabitants of Free China to undergo indescribable hardships for their ideals; can Stalin inspire his followers to make equal sacri-

fices? If the Russians follow the Chinese methods, they can stall the Nazi military machine; if they follow the Polish system of tactics against the improved blitzkrieg, their armies will probably be cut to pieces and their coveted provinces occupied before the dazed inhabitants can be evacuated, their reserve stores destroyed, or their wheat fields and oil wells sabotaged.

The prestige of the Nazi Army is justly high; its striking power is terrific; its High Command has integrated its air and ground forces, has coordinated its mechanized divisions, its combat engineers, its motorized infantry, and its Stuka divers into one demoniacal instrument of destruction which its leaders, usually well informed of their enemy's strength and intentions, are able to direct against the weakest point of the hostile position. But the German leaders may be overconfident. Hitler's motorized columns are undertaking to do within thirty to ninety days a task that took Hindenburg and Ludendorff two and a half years.

The task of the Nazis will not be complete when they have destroyed the Red Army, the Black Sea fleet, and occupied the Ukraine and the Caucasus; they will then have to reorganize the Ukraine and Baku to obtain the coveted supplies of wheat and oil. Agriculture in the Ukraine is completely mechanized; sowing, reaping, and distribution of grain are done by tractor power which is supplied with Baku oil. After harvesting, all the

motor transport of Western Russia is assembled to distribute the grain; any delays or early rains which bog the roads reduce the rations of certain Russian provinces. The Germans cannot deliver *all* the Russian wheat and *all* the Russian oil to Germany; a large portion of the oil must be consumed in harvesting and transporting the grain.

To obtain its foodstuffs Germany must gain possession of the grain fields in time to harvest the present crop, which is now green and difficult to burn. Russian chemists know how to sterilize the Russian wheat fields, if the Soviet authorities have the resolution to give the order to evacuate the people and destroy their grain. Similarly the pipe lines, derricks, machinery, pumps, and refineries of the Baku wells can be destroyed and deliveries of oil delayed from three to six months. Eventually other shafts could be sunk and the fields returned to production, unless the Soviets have the hardihood to admit salt water to the wells, which might permanently destroy them.

The possibility exists that Stalin's government may suddenly collapse and a leaderless people yield their oil, grain, and transportation system to the invaders — which would permit the Germans to transfer enough planes to the Western Front to resume the battle for Britain and reopen the campaign for the Mediterranean. Again an inspired Russian nation might use the 'scorched earth' system of defense, in which case the German High Command would be compelled to seek oil in Mosul. Either of these extreme possibilities would cut short the temporary respite given the British forces by the Russian invasion. But the probabilities favor a development between the two extremes. The German Army will probably overcome the Russian resistance, but not as completely or as rapidly as its leaders hope; the Russians will destroy much of their store of grain and oil, and partially sabotage the oil wells.

II

The British pipe line to Haifa is six hundred miles long and requires eight pumping stations; the French, considerably shorter, needs only seven to relay its oil to tidewater. If any pumping station is disabled, it can be 'by-passed' and the remaining pumps can deliver 60 per cent of normal capacity while repairs are effected. Each line can deliver forty-four thousand barrels per day at its terminal. The daily capacity of the wells is in excess of eighty-eight thousand barrels. It would be practically impossible to destroy this rich oil field entirely; new shafts could be sunk in the large oil pools known to exist in the vicinity, and even if producing wells were thoroughly sabotaged they could be returned to production within three to six months. If the pipe lines are interrupted, they can be relaid within a day if the pipes are available, and it is customary to keep a reserve supply distributed at convenient points along the route. Pumping stations can be repaired or new pumps installed if the machinery is at hand.

If the German invasion proceeds as planned by the German High Command, General Wavell's successor, General Auchinleck, will have been granted at least a month to complete his campaign for Syria and strengthen his position along the Egyptian-Libyan frontier. If then the full tide turns against him and he is opposed by superior Axis forces, the British could either fall back into Irak, destroying the pipe lines and finally the oil wells of Mosul, or retreat through Palestine, fighting delaying actions in defense of the Suez Canal — or divide their forces and do both. British operations in Libya and Syria have lacked both the speed and the momentum of the German Panzer Divisions; this is due to the small number of British armored divisions in the Near East — a deficiency which cannot be remedied in the near future as sufficient ships are not available.

General Auchinleck will probably follow the general pattern of the British campaign against the Italians, utilizing his naval superiority, his shorter communications, and his central position in an effort to compensate for his numerical inferiority in troops and planes. Wavell regarded the German thrust from Libya as the most immediate danger to Alexandria, and reinforced the Egyptian-Libyan frontier before attempting the invasion of Syria. The British will be handicapped by their inferior land and air forces, but in the opening phase of the campaign the British naval forces can be of much assistance. The distance from Crete to Bardia in Libya is about two hundred and fifty land miles, twice the distance from Crete to the German air bases in southern Greece. British planes which were ineffective at Crete can intervene in Cyprus. Only by occupying air fields in northern Syria can German Stukas be brought as close as the British to the scene of action.

III

The risks involved in these campaigns for European Russia and the Mediterranean are as great as the stakes. The opposing forces are giving and taking hard blows; the Germans and Italians are accepting heavy air and sea losses, the British sustaining serious naval casualties, the Russians air and land losses; the opposing motorized divisions are being expended freely, and merchant ships are being sunk by both sides. Hitler has gone to war with a former ally; Churchill's policy may bring Vichy into the war against Britain. It is easy to forget that in a world war European Russia and the entire Mediterranean basin together only constitute a minor theatre, important but not vital to either Germany or Great Britain. If Germany, in her eagerness to dominate the Ukraine, Baku, and the Mediterranean basin, sacrifices her air superiority or permits British aviation to draw level with the Luftwaffe in the battle of

the Atlantic; if Great Britain, in her determination to protect her position in the Middle East, jeopardizes her naval supremacy — either will have purchased an important local success too dearly.

Germany can overcome Great Britain quickest by cutting off supplies to the United Kingdom; Great Britain can defeat Germany soonest by maintaining an oceanic blockade and attacking Germany by air. The Committee of Imperial Defense in London and Hitler's remodeled Great General Staff in Berlin are aware of these facts; and the hard-headed directors of Europe's two most powerful fighting machines are not likely to forget that territorial and economic gains in Russia, the Near East, and North Africa will not compensate for a defeat in either homeland.

During the First World War the German High Command usually concentrated its effort on the Western theatre, the British and French squandered forces in Gallipoli, Salonika, Palestine, and Mesopotamia. Today Hitler is assuming the offensive in Russia and the Near East, while Churchill told his parliamentary critics that the battle for the Atlantic must have priority in men, guns, ships, and planes.

Whether Hitler will follow up the campaigns in the Eastern Mediterranean after the invasion of Russia is, of course, unknown. He realizes that the surest way to defeat Great Britain is to cut the sea communications of the United Kingdom. It may be that the Luftwaffe could not accept the losses involved in the direct attack on the United Kingdom, and Hitler turned southeastward in search of an easier objective. It is more likely that the extremity of Italy under the combined Græco-British attacks compelled him against his wishes to go to Mussolini's rescue, and the defiance of Yugoslavia involved him further than he intended and reduced the supplies available in the Near East. In 1915 von Falkenhayn reluctantly abandoned the offensive he had planned against the

Allied position in France because he had to divert his reserve divisions to the eastern front to save Austria from being crushed by Russia. Whatever motive actuated Hitler, the more air and land forces he employs in Russia and the Middle East, the fewer there will be to launch against the United Kingdom.

If the British Government continues to subordinate all other theatres of war to the battle of the British Isles, it will reduce to a minimum the chances of a German victory by blockade or invasion of the United Kingdom. The British can increase their chances of victory — and to some extent counter the Axis blows in Russia — if, as additional bombing planes become available, they are hurled against the transportation systems, the shipbuilding facilities, and the industrial plants in Germany, and the invasion ports of occupied Norway, Denmark, Holland, Belgium, and France.

The blitzkrieg and air war have convincingly shown the German ability to inflict enormous suffering upon other nationals; neither the German army nor the German people has been required to show its capacity to endure punishment. The German High Command knew how to win battles in the First World War but abandoned their effort to win the war when their troops were everywhere on enemy soil; the German Home Front collapsed before an enemy trooper had crossed the German frontier. Neither the national stamina of the German people nor the psychology of the German High Command has greatly changed in twenty-three years. In 1918 German authorities, with the approval of the people, surrendered the second largest fleet in the world without a battle, delivered up their merchant marine, and sacrificed German provinces to avoid invasion. History supports the view that the British can defeat the Nazis provided they maintain the oceanic blockade and redouble the air bombardments of German industrial cities.

Many European countries that cannot

at present resist the domination of the Reich would rejoice at German reverses. The surest method of arousing opposition to Hitler in the occupied and threatened countries of Europe is to convince their leaders of eventual British victory. If the United Kingdom increases its resistance to German attacks by sea and air and can simultaneously strike harder blows at Germany, a conviction of eventual British victory will spread in Europe. With increasing aid arriving from the United States, the United Kingdom should be able to save itself by its own exertions if it concentrates all its strength on securing the British Isles first. Hitler's invasion of Russia has provided its great opportunity. In time, British forces will be available to reconquer lost territory and rescue Europe from the Nazis. This program will not delay by a single day the rehabilitation of prostrate European nations. British counterattacks on German air and naval forces in the North Sea and North Atlantic and air attacks on military objectives in Germany will keep the German forces fully occupied, constitute a real menace to the Reich itself, and give the occupied nations a chance to raise themselves by their own efforts.

If this strategic concept is correct, the Committee of Imperial Defense will redouble the bombing attacks on Germany, make sure that the line of communications between the United Kingdom and the United States is kept open, that shipping losses are reduced, that defense against air attacks on the United Kingdom is provided, and then distribute the remaining forces available to protect the overseas communications of the Empire, in which the security of the Malay Straits and Persian Gulf would be even more essential than that of the Suez Canal and Eastern Mediterranean.

The Commander in Chief at Cairo could then dispose the land, sea, and air forces made available for the defense of the Eastern Mediterranean to oppose in the best way possible whatever forces

Hitler sends against him. Even in the tactical disposition of his forces the Commander in Chief in the Mediterranean will remember that this area is valuable but not vital, that even for the Suez Canal and Alexandria he cannot sacrifice the Mediterranean Naval Squadron or the Mid-East Air Force or his army. He must employ Fabian tactics — if necessary, sell Hitler position after position in Syria, Palestine, and Egypt, at the highest cost in men, material, and time. In this respect his position is similar to that of the Red Army. If General Auchinleck and Admiral Cunningham can relieve the German pressure on the United Kingdom by absorbing the force of Hitler's blows in the Near East for six months, they will do the Empire a great service, even if they are forced into the Red Sea; if they manage to hold Alexandria and Suez without unsupportable loss in planes and ships, they will have gone far to securing eventual British victory. If they inflict substantial losses on Hitler's Luftwaffe and Panzer Divisions, they will have appreciably shortened the duration of the war.

IV

The United States would be affected more by German successes in the Western Mediterranean than in the Eastern, and more by political repercussions of the two campaigns than by the territorial changes in Russia or the Near East. If the British invasion of Syria increases Vichy's collaboration with Hitler, the United States in its own defense may be obliged to occupy Martinique and other French possessions in the West Indies and the Caribbean. If the French resist American occupation, this immediate possibility would require a considerable naval and military effort. Martinique is easily defended, and the guns of the French men-of-war have probably been mounted ashore. But it could be taken either by a landing operation or by a siege, and comparatively quickly.

If Hitler occupies North Africa, prudence would require American occupation of the Cape Verde and Azores Islands to meet the possibility of a German threat to South America via Dakar. Occupation of these two groups of islands by American forces would be comparatively easy; their retention in case of a German air attack would require adequate air fields, anti-aircraft defenses, and a modern, well-equipped, and well-supplied garrison of approximately fifteen thousand troops for each group of islands. The Navy and Maritime Commission could supply the transports, the Marine Corps could provide a trained covering force to seize the first landing, the Army could add the necessary divisions to furnish the main body of the landing forces, the Atlantic Fleet could escort the expedition and support the landing.

The fundamental policy of the United States has not been changed by Germany's invasion of Russia; it must continue to safeguard its own interests and defend the Western Hemisphere. In furtherance of these purposes it must give all possible aid to Great Britain, China, and other countries that are resisting the efforts of the Axis Powers. The German invasion has postponed the time when Hitler can debouch on the Atlantic; it has reduced the supplies Russia can give China, increasing the immediate need for more American supplies; it has diminished temporarily the German air strength in Western Europe, giving the Royal Air Force a limited opportunity to strike Germany under favorable conditions, greatly increasing the value of any American assistance given the United Kingdom now.

In the Far East, Japan has been given a favorable opportunity to defeat China and may take advantage of it to win the war, which would give her control of Chinese resources and permit a regrouping of Japanese armies preparatory to invading the Netherlands East Indies or Siberia. For the moment the Red

Army in Siberia is strong enough to resist Japanese attacks, but Russian influence in the Far East is certain to decrease in the near future and Japan's will correspondingly increase. This makes it imperative for the United States to support China and strengthen its own position now before Japan is relieved from all Russian restraint.

The invasion of Russia has presented the United States with opportunities and necessities. Any aid given to Great Britain now is doubly valuable. Aid *must* be given China in order to delay and possibly prevent Japanese moves to the southward. And the United States has a last opportunity to strengthen its position in Guam and Luzon before Japan is relieved of a Russian menace. There are many desirable places to employ our limited military resources. Only the American Government has the necessary information to decide where the available resources can be best employed. A solution suggests itself.

The Hawaiian Islands are overprotected, Luzon and Guam underprotected; the entire Japanese fleet and air force could not seriously threaten Oahu. Enough of the highly trained garrison of Oahu, with its modern equipment and anti-aircraft batteries, could be transferred to Guam and Luzon to secure these more exposed islands, without undue risk to us and without reducing the aid to China and Great Britain. The Pacific Fleet could escort the transports and store ships, for its battle strength will not be needed in the Atlantic for several months. The garrison at Oahu could be brought up to complement with army formations and equipment brought from the West Coast.

In any efforts the United States makes it can be assumed that Great Britain, China, Holland, Free France, and other countries still resisting Hitler will assist. Fortunately the overseas bases of Great

Britain, Holland, Free France, and the United States fit neatly together in the Atlantic and Pacific. Great Britain alone controls the entire land perimeter of the Indian Ocean from South Africa, in a vast semicircle that includes Coastal Arabia, India, Burma, the Federated Malay States, and terminates in Australasia.

The British and American bases in the Atlantic control that ocean except in an area roughly defined by the Azores, the Cape Verde Islands, Dakar, and the Canaries. At the junction of the Indian Ocean and the Western Pacific in the Strait of Malacca and the Strait of Sunda, the Japanese are a potential menace. If those three groups of islands in the Eastern Atlantic and the line Guam-Manila-Singapore are held by Great Britain and the United States, the Axis Powers may bluster, but they can never hurt the United States. Alaska, our frontier nearest Siberia, is being steadily strengthened.

These positions can be held by comparatively small overseas garrisons if they have modern equipment and weapons, are provided with suitable anti-aircraft artillery, and are supported by their own aviation, as long as the oceanic routes connecting them with the United States are controlled by superior naval power. This form of protection will keep possible enemies at the greatest distance from continental America, and continue as nearly as is feasible our traditional policy of entrusting our national safety to a navy second to none, a small but highly trained regular army capable of rapid expansion in wartime, and an air force capable of operating independently or with either branch of the service. Air strength and naval strength are both essential to American oceanic power, possessing which our great continental island will continue to be invulnerable to blockade or invasion.

GOD OF THE YOUNG

BY WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT

BEAUTIFUL are thy works and ways, O god of the young,
Of the flinging awkward foal, of the stiff-legged lamb
Bounding about the field with frisk of tail,
Of the shying calf, big-eared, butting its dam,
Menacing boulders, shaking its head at a stranger.
Beautiful is the sky you bend above them,
Hot in their hearts the sun they know must love them,
Shy and wild their eyes, but their sinews knit to prevail,
Lovely their swagger at danger. . . .

And beautiful too all gawky girls and boys,
Shamefaced gangling lads with voices changing,
Girls with queer questions, tearful irateness,
Boys with mooning gruffness and growing lateness
From absent-minded ranging. . . .

The inarticulate throat, the constricted breast,
Afoot with the wind in the night lest the heart burst,
The wild and ignorant grief, the fiery crest
Of a morning new upon the hills of time,
The early dawn deliverance of dew
From thudding pulses and dark desperate thirst,
Day's ardor, wings of dusk, the manifest
Glory, like white fire, in a phrase or a rhyme!

Age has its wounds and wisdom, its pride; the scoring harrows
Have harrowed its every field; it knows, and may not explain.
Its trust is in mercy. But these, fiery of great tomorrows,
Be with them, god of the young, uphold them again and again,
That the bowstring sing ere the bright bow fall unstrung,
That the full throat sing ere stricken of song to be sung,
That their hope be not in vain. O god of the valiant young,
Be with them, god of the young!

THE STUNT

BY 'BARTIMEUS'

I

THE Operations Commander put down the stereoscope through which he had been studying a batch of aerial photographs and stared absently through the scuttle, crinkling his eyes against the hard Mediterranean winter sunlight.

'We'd better bring the Squadron Commanders in on this,' he said. 'Let 'em talk it over with their pilots and observers. Don't you think so, sir?'

'I suppose so,' agreed the Captain of the aircraft carrier rather reluctantly. 'I'm all for keeping an operation like this absolutely secret as long as possible, but there comes a time —' He walked over to an ash tray and scraped out the ash in the bowl of his pipe.

'They'll have to fit spare petrol tanks and all that,' observed the Flying Commander. 'They'll know there's something in the wind and there isn't very long for them to get down to the details. The Swordfish must go without air gunners — just the pilot and observer.'

'Get 'em along now,' said the Captain. He picked up a pair of dividers and bent over the chart again.

So it came about that late in the afternoon the brazen laconic voice of the loud-speaker echoed abruptly through the hangar: —

'Pilots and observers of X and Y Squadrons report in operations room.' The voice repeated the summons and was silent.

A pilot who was sitting in the cockpit of his Albacore, fiddling with the mech-

anism of a new-pattern windscreen, rose to his feet and looked round the hangar. The lift at the far end was down, and the sunlight that flooded the shaft dimmed the electric lights, making all the vast intervening space translucent and shadowy. The ranks of Fulmars, Swordfish, and Albacores with their folded wings resembled, as he looked down on them, shoals of gigantic fish resting on the bottom of a tank.

'Denis!'

'Hullo,' said the voice of his observer. A red-haired boy in overalls appeared from under a wing, with a screwdriver in his hand.

'Did you get that?' The pilot climbed down from the cockpit and they stood facing each other.

'Yes, I got it.' He handed the screwdriver to an air mechanic who was lying on his back under the wing. 'D'you suppose it's a stunt?'

'It might be.' The pilot spoke in an indifferent tone. They were both careful not to betray even to each other any trace of excitement. It was in the tradition of the Fleet Air Arm: understatement; impassivity; unemotional acceptance of all that came their way. 'We may as well blow along, I suppose.'

They walked aft along the hangar between the rows of machines, past mechanics absorbed in their tasks; here and there a pilot or an observer who had chosen to spend the dogwatches playing in his cockpit climbed down from his machine and followed them. They

gathered on the platform of the after lift, a dozen of them altogether. 'What do you suppose —' began one of them, when the lift started and the loud jangling of the bell cut his words short.

They stood silent and reflective during the short ascent to the flight deck, and when they reached it, under a blue sky with thin cirrus like feathers blown across it, the little group walked towards the streamlined elliptical structure at the edge which combined bridge and funnel, signal platform, control and operations rooms, and was known as 'the island.'

A fresh breeze was blowing off the land, and round them lay the anchored units of the fleet in harbor; a destroyer was coming in from seaward flying her pendants. Beyond the curve of the far end of the flight deck were a distant row of date palms and a lighthouse very white in the sunshine.

As the lift reached the level of the flight deck each pilot glanced automatically towards the wind vane at the masthead, calculating the force and direction of the wind, and then looked along the seven hundred feet of the deck, from arrester wire to arrester wire lying across it. However experienced he might be, no pilot ever stepped on to that broad expanse of level steel without subconsciously measuring the point of the last landing on it — without selecting an arrester wire, waiting for the moment when the hook under the plane caught it and then passed to the point a hundred feet farther on where the energy of the machine's descent was expended against the yielding drag of the wire, and the plane came to rest.

'I bet a bob I know what it is,' said an observer, withdrawing his hands from his pockets as they neared the island. 'It's what I always said we ought to do.'

A few incurious eyes turned towards him.

'Maybe Winston got to hear about it,'

retorted one of the pilots. The others laughed.

They trooped into the operations room, where the remainder were already assembled. A large-scale chart of an Italian harbor and a batch of aerial photographs lay on the desk. The Captain leaned against it, giving a nod and a smile to each young man as he entered. He himself, until given the command of this carrier, had had very little experience of the Fleet Air Arm. He had come to realize that this new development of naval strategy, with its enormous powers of reconnaissance and fighter protection, of offense by torpedo and bombing, had reached its present state of being in the Navy's midst almost without the Navy's being aware of its existence. Out here it was different: it was an integral part of the Fleet. But in the rest of the Navy, among the battleship and cruiser people at home, the destroyers and submarines, the mine sweepers and convoy escorts, the aircraft carrier was still a vague outline, as unfamiliar in detail and function as the giant panda was, until a few years ago, to naturalists.

By twos and threes more pilots and observers were coming in from anteroom and cabins in obedience to the summons of the loud-speaker relayed through the ship. The Captain, watching their carefully impassive faces, was suddenly aware that already the Navy was producing a new type of naval officer for duty in its aircraft: not so much the sea-airman as the air-seaman. Already their eyes were different — more remote in the steadiness of their regard — from the eyes of men who see the horizon from the bridge level of a ship. And this 'poker face,' this unemotional exterior, was not a pose as much as a sheath, a protection to the nervous system adopted by young men who live perpetually in ways of untried hazard. The last pilot entered, closing the door behind him.

'There's an operation shortly taking place,' said the Captain. 'It's the big-

gest thing we've taken on yet. We — we rather want it to be a success. I've sent for you to give you the outline of the scheme. You can go into the details then among yourselves. The Operations Commander will do the talking.' He nodded at the latter, who stood by the desk balancing the magnifying glass in his fingers.

'Go ahead,' said the Captain. 'Give 'em the low-down!'

II

Half-a-dozen lieutenants sat in the pilots' room. Some, already in their flying kit, were smoking cigarettes, others were adjusting parachute harness or pulling on their fleece-lined flying boots.

Through each open scuttle the circle of sky was paling in the dawn. 'By this time tomorrow,' said one of them, standing staring through the open disk, 'Musso's battle fleet ought to be looking like a dog's breakfast.' His young face, framed by the high collar, assumed a prophetic solemnity.

'I wish we were going off now,' grumbled another, jerking at the straps of his lifesaving waistcoat, 'instead of footling about on reconnaissance all day. There's no denying that of all cumbersome garments this darned Mae West takes a lot of beating.'

His neighbor extinguished the stub of his cigarette. 'There's not much to choose between a Mae West and a parachute in sheer nuisance value; but if you ever do need them you need them badly.'

The Squadron Commander moved heavily towards the door, carrying his gloves and flying helmet.

'Well, boys, up she goes!' He turned in the door and surveyed his flock. 'I shan't wait for you to form on me once I've flown off. Act independently and go straight off to your sectors. Maintain reconnaissance patrols for two hours and return to the ship. And after lunch get your heads down and sleep.'

They followed him out on to the flight deck in succession, pulling on their flying helmets as they stepped out into the slip stream of air rushing past the island. The last one paused in the doorway for a moment. His machine had not yet come up from the hangar, and he stood in the shelter of the lobby watching the wireless masts along the port side of the deck sink slowly to a horizontal position.

The ship had turned into the wind, and he observed the slow, ponderous pitch of the flight deck against the gray line of the horizon, measuring it in his mind. Not too bad, he thought to himself. The flight-deck officer went past, leaning against the rush of the wind. 'All set, Weathered?' he shouted. He added something else, but his voice was drowned by the roar of the Albacores' engines warming through. The leader had been wheeled into the take-off position, and the pilot and observer were climbing into their cockpits.

'All set.' For some reason Tommy Weathered felt a queer desire to stay a moment longer where he was, a spectator of the gray expanse of flight deck shining with the night dew, of the Albacores with outstretched wings and whirling air screws, the screen of destroyers beyond, the curve of foam at their bows giving the only indication from that height that they were traveling through the water. He had a curious disinclination to step out into the rush of wind streaming past the open doorway — not jitters because he was about to fly off, but resembling the momentary reluctance to plunge into cold water that the hardest bather experiences. It was a sort of staleness . . . 'Come on,' he observed aloud to himself, 'this won't bath the baby!' and stepped out under a cloudy sky already tinged with saffron to the eastward, into the torrent of air that swept the flight deck.

A voice behind him shouted, 'Happy landing, sir.' He raised a gloved hand without looking back.

III

Denis O'Mara, the red-haired observer, was in the last machine out of the hangar to reach the flight deck, and was just in time to see the leader go roaring along it and soar into the sky. He looked round for Tommy Weathered, his pilot. His chief preoccupation was to avoid betraying his conviction that Tommy was the finest fellow in the entire Navy, whether employed on the surface, under the sea, or in the air. He copied his pilot's reluctant, inscrutable smile, his laconic speech; he even discarded the ring his mother gave him on his nineteenth birthday because Tommy's hard, mechanical hands were ringless. He had more confidence in his pilot than in anyone else alive, and he had two secret, incommunicable fears: that in a dogfight or a bombing attack Tommy would be killed and he left alive; and that sooner or later Tommy would get fed up with him and reject him for some other observer. Of all this flummery Weathered was sublimely unaware.

A second and a third machine took off. O'Mara adjusted his earphones, opened his case of navigating instruments, and clamped it beside the chart.

Tommy's head and shoulders appeared; he climbed stiffly into the cockpit, cumbered with his kit, buckled his parachute to the harness, and strapped himself into position. Speech between them was impossible until he connected up with their intercommunication telephone, which he appeared in no hurry to do.

He opened the throttle a little; the roar of the engine grew louder. Two more machines went off. They taxied into position; Denis could see Tommy's head turned a little, watching for the signal. He had the same breathless feeling he always experienced behind the starting gate at the hunt steeplechase in Cloonay, County Antrim; yet at that moment the glens of Antrim seemed very far away.

'All right, Denis?' Tommy had connected the earphones. They could talk.

'Yes.'

'What's the course?'

He gave it.

'Hold on to your teeth.' It was the invariable warning, connected intimately with a kick in the mouth from one of the O'Mara hunters in Denis's boyhood.

The signal came: the flight deck flowed under them faster and faster. The island shot past on their starboard hand. He had a glimpse of the Commander on the flying control platform; he waved and disappeared. With an imperceptible jolt the machine tilted upward slightly and began to climb.

IV

Tommy Weathered glanced at the altimeter and thence to the clock. He was beginning to be faintly bored with this reconnaissance patrol. In his sector nothing much was likely to be sighted and nothing had been sighted; the sea was just a ruffled disk of platinum which they searched through glasses; and then they climbed through a mizzling cloud ceiling and, far above it, looked down upon an arctic panorama fissured with little dark streaks that were the sea beneath. Again he glanced at the altimeter. Twelve thousand. That was the height he liked best; it gave him a feeling of complete detachment from everything — it was like rushing through a glorious Nirvana without beginning and without end, while beneath them cloud mountains were catching the first rays of the morning sun, turning from rose to gold. Another quarter of an hour and they would turn back.

A little voice spoke in his earphone — a buzzing mumble. It was Denis talking. In moments of excitement a faint brogue crept into his speech.

'There's something just climbed out of the cloud behind us. He's a long way off. I think it's a Caproni 133.'

'Hold on to your teeth, then.' The machine went down in a steep dive and

banked. They were back in the cloud again, flying blind.

'How far was he?'

'He'd be seven or eight miles.'

'Right astern?'

'Yes.'

Up they went again in dizzy spirals. Weathered adjusted his gun sight — a hundred yards' range.

'We'll come out of the cloud again in a minute. Keep your eyes skinned.' He moved the firing button on the stick to the ready and kept his thumb on it.

They were back in the sunlight and there was the Caproni, almost filling the sight. Weathered opened the throttle as the enemy rear-gunner opened fire, tracers streaming past their fuselage.

He held his fire a moment longer and then pressed down his thumb. It was, he reflected, like playing a hose on a dragonfly. The rear-gunner seemed to crumple up and vanish; bits of fuselage, of wings and air screw, flew out into space and vanished. The Caproni went down in a vertical nose dive, spinning like a leaf, and plunged into the clouds; she too vanished, leaving a trail of black smoke that dissolved into nothingness. They followed her down and saw the burning wreckage strike the water five thousand feet below.

'Pretty to watch,' observed O'Mara, trying desperately to keep his voice unconcerned.

'And so to lunch. That was a sitter. A pure fluke. Give me a course back to the ship. Denis, you disreputable Irish jockey, we're going to have some fun tonight.'

'I wouldn't wonder. There's a cruiser bearing 130 degrees. One of ours. I can't see who it is — she's too far off.'

'We might give her the position of that Caproni in case —'

The engine gave a series of loud coughs followed by two explosive backfires, and stopped. Weathered looked at the petrol gauge. It was half full.

He juggled with the throttle, with the

pitch of the air screw, and dropped his left hand helplessly.

'I didn't think he'd hit us. But he must have. Anyhow the engine's packed up. Petrol pump, probably. Oh, blast! Sit tight, Denis, I'll have to come down. Where's that cruiser? . . . Right, I've got her.'

It flashed through O'Mara's mind that they'd miss the stunt tonight. He did a rapid calculation as the Albacore planed down towards the sea, and decided they were a hundred and thirty miles from the carrier. They hadn't a hope of getting to her in time to fly off tonight with the raiding squadrons.

'I don't know if that cruiser's seen us.' The pilot's voice interrupted his thoughts. 'Better make an SOS on the bearing.'

He rattled the sending key, watching the water coming towards them.

This was his first forced landing on the sea. It seemed to be rushing up at them, a tilted floor of shifting waves that was somehow inconceivable as a landing ground. He felt no fear: only a blind trust in Tommy and a sick disappointment. He continued to signal, wagging the key automatically: 'SOS' . . . 'SOS' . . .

Woompl

The Albacore pancaked on a wave that splayed great sheets of water on either side like the wings of a flying fish. She scuttered along on her tail in clouds of spray and became stationary, rocking on the waves. It was a classic forced landing. Oh, marvelous Tommy! The slightest miscalculation, an infinitesimal error of judgment, would have plunged the Albacore into a swell and drowned them both.

'Wizard!' He ejaculated aloud and was surprised. '*Wittharth?*' He put his hand to his mouth in perplexity, exploring with his tongue. '*Blasth!*'

Tommy had cast off his strapping and was scrambling out of the cockpit, shedding his parachute harness as he came. He gazed down at his observer.

'What's up? Are you hurt, Denis? We've got to get the dinghy out. This cab won't float forever.'

O'Mara was groveling about the floor of the cockpit.

'Teef,' he muttered indistinctly. 'Fell out when we bumped.' Tommy laughed, balancing on the wing beside him like a tightrope walker.

'Why didn't you hold on to them? Didn't I tell you to? Sorry if I forgot.' He was tearing at the toggle that ripped open the fabric over the dinghy stowage. 'Never mind your ruddy teeth. Get out of that harness.'

O'Mara obeyed. He had found the elusive teeth and restored them to their normal position. He climbed out along the tail. Tommy was already in the rubber dinghy. It had drifted aft and he was holding on by the Albacore's rudder. O'Mara wormed his way along to him, and slipped into the dinghy beside his pilot, who was looking rather white.

'I can't see the cruiser. How far off was she when we hit the ditch?'

'About fourteen miles.'

'Think she got our S O S?'

'Yes. She ought to be here in half an hour. Shall we paddle the dinghy to meet her? She's bound to have seen us.'

'Fraid I've got to stop here,' said Tommy.

'Why?'

'Hand's jammed in the hinge of the rudder.'

O'Mara looked up and saw that Tommy was held by the wrist as in a vise. He struggled with the controls unavailingly as they rose and fell in the waves. 'It won't budge.'

'No. It's jammed.'

Anguish of heart sickened O'Mara. 'Smashed the bone?'

'I don't think so.'

A swell lifted them helpless towards the sky.

'It's all right as long as the old cab floats,' observed Tommy. 'But if she gets it into her head she's a submarine

and does a crash dive I shall miss the stunt tonight.'

'We'll miss it anyhow,' said O'Mara miserably.

'No fear. Get the cruiser to fly us to the carrier in her Walrus — ouch!'

'Hurting?'

'A bit.'

O'Mara remembered a story he had once read about a man pinned by the hand in a slowly flooding mine. The man had a friend with him who amputated it rather crudely with a jackknife. . . . Distant gunfire came to them across the water and turned their heads towards the sound.

Puffs of smoke appeared in the sky to the southward; puffs of smoke and three bomber planes circling warily below the clouds. Again a swell lifted them. This time they saw the distant cruiser. She was heading towards them, firing at the bombers as she came.

One of the bombers banked and climbed into a cloud.

'That damned Caproni had sighted her and gave his dirty friends the tip,' muttered Weathered, 'before we shot him down.' He put his free arm over the tail to support his weight, staring up at the cloud that concealed the bomber. 'We weren't quick enough.'

'Does it hurt awfully?' asked O'Mara, indifferent now whether his voice betrayed his agony of mind.

'Not so as you'd notice. . . . I thought as much — here he comes! I guessed he'd seen us.'

The bomber was diving steeply at them out of the cloud. The Albacore rocked on the waves that washed over them; the sea sparkled in the morning sunlight. It was a fair world: sun, sky, drifting clouds, 'all sweet things, brother' . . . and that murderous hornet screaming down at them in a low power dive. Perhaps, reflected Weathered, they would miss the stunt after all. He laughed.

'Hold on to your teeth, Denis. We're going to be machine-gunned.'

'Holy Mother of God,' said Denis.

V

The compass platform high up on the island of the aircraft carrier was spacious enough to enable the Captain to walk ten paces in any direction. He chose to walk athwartships, ten paces to port — that gave him a view of the whole length of the flight deck; then turn, and a glance forward to the horizon over the anti-aircraft turrets, and the supporting cruisers in the middle distance. It had taken him some time to accustom himself to an aircraft carrier's bows, presented to him at that elevation rather like the end of a gigantic billiard table that ended in a downward-sloping curve. Ten paces to starboard and a quick glance through the windows gave him a view of the screening destroyers and the horizon again; then another turn and the whole thing over again — a measured, thoughtful pacing to and fro.

He was prepared to lose aircraft in the night's operations that lay ahead of them; but to lose an Albacore and one of his best pilots during a routine daylight reconnaissance saddened and exasperated him. He glanced at his watch and halted in his promenade beside the Flying Commander, who was bending over the chart table.

'No hope now, I suppose?' he said.

'I'm afraid not, sir. The last we heard was her reporting she was about to engage an enemy plane here.' He put his finger on the chart. 'Probably a Caproni 133. I can't see Weathered being seen off by a Caproni, somehow; but there it is.'

'The others were all back to time,' pursued the Captain, as if thinking aloud.

'Yes, they're all right, sir. I told them to have a meal and get their heads down.'

The chief yeoman of signals interposed a signal pad between them and stood breathing heavily with suppressed excitement. 'Cipher message, sir, from *Melpomene*.'

Have picked up Lieutenant Weathered and Sub-Lieutenant O'Mara from forced landing of Albacore in Lat. 38° 20', Long. 20°. They are unhurt and appear to think tonight's operation doomed to failure unless they take part. Am flying them over to you in my Walrus. Bombing attack by three Savoias beaten off with loss of one enemy plane. Albacore sunk. Pilot reports having shot down one Caproni 133.

'I thought as much,' grinned the Flying Commander. 'Trust Master Thomas Weathered to find his way back.'

The Captain restrained an impulse to slap his commander on the back. Not in the best traditions of the Fleet Air Arm. He permitted himself an inaudible 'Thank God!' and turned again to the chart.

'*Melpomene*'s a hundred and thirty miles from us. . . . What's the time of origin?' He glanced at the signal. 'We ought to sight that Walrus any minute. How's the wind for flying on?'

The Flying Commander looked through the window at the jet of steam at the end of the flight deck.

'Steady as you go, sir, for wind. I'll raise the arrester wires and have the deck landing party standing by.' He disappeared down the ladder to the Control Room.

A buzzer sounded and the officer of the watch bent to the voice pipe connecting the lookouts with the compass platform. 'Friendly aircraft bearing Green-three-O, sir! Angle of sight fifteen,' announced a voice, speaking with a broad Lancashire accent.

'There they are,' said the Captain, and added under his breath: 'Can you beat it?'

No one heard him: anyhow, no one answered. Perhaps the question was unanswerable.

VI

Zero hour!

The squadron commanders had reported and gone from the compass platform. The fighter escort had flown off and were in formation against the stars;

the bombers had gone too and were circling preparatory to setting course for their objective. The Captain stepped out on to the control platform to watch the Swordfish with their torpedoes take off in the moonlight. He counted them as they went roaring down the flight deck in succession. For the life of him he couldn't help feeling rather like an old hen watching a foster brood of ducklings pass to their appointed element.

The squadron commanders, their youthful faces framed by the leather helmets, had grinned as he gave them their last instructions and wished them luck; for once they had forgotten their masks of professional imperturbability: their eyes were alight with excitement, crinkled with laughter. The senior one said, presumably on behalf of them all, 'We'll give 'em the works, sir,' and he answered, 'That's the stuff!'

One, two, three, four. . . . The last wave went droning up into the night. There was a pause. Two more machines were left on the flight deck, their wings shining in the moonlight. There was a throng of figures round them that suddenly scattered; the fifth machine was wheeled into position, taxied a little way, gathered speed, and lifted its load of devastation towards the stars. The last machine to take off remained motionless. The roar of its engines stopped abruptly. By comparison with the previous uproar the night became curiously still. The wind whistled past the control platform and there was the faint drone of machines circling overhead.

The Flying Commander leaned out over the shield. 'That's Weathered,' he said. 'Something's wrong.'

He turned to the microphone whose brazen voice carried the length of the flight deck.

'What's the matter?'

Tommy Weathered had climbed out of the cockpit of his machine and was standing, burdened with his equipment, by the left wing tips. A patch of fabric on the lower wing a couple of feet square

was flapping in the wind, disclosing a dark gash beneath. He pressed it down with his hand as if trying to staunch a hæmorrhage.

'The matter?' he echoed, and the wind carried his voice and his despair into oblivion. 'The matter! Oh, God!'

'All right, Tommy. Get her below again. Get her back in the hangar. I'll go and tell the Captain you bumped each other in the darkness. It wasn't your fault.'

'Fault! Fault . . . What's it matter whose fault it was. I've got to get this repaired and take off. Give me twenty minutes. Ask the Captain—' He turned to the crew standing round the machine, white-faced, tense with anxiousness, and galvanized them into a bewildered activity. 'Come on, get a move on! Don't stand there as if you were dummies. Get her on to the after lift. Put your hands to it. Smack it about, for the love of God!'

Denis O'Mara, still in his cockpit, was on his feet, white as his pilot, who waved him back into his seat. 'Stay where you are, Denis. We'll patch this.'

The machine was turned and rushed aft, the lift bell jangled the warning of their descent, and they were down in the hangar again. The machine came to rest in its vast, untenanted, unfamiliar-looking interior.

'Air mechanics!' shouted Weathered. 'Come on, where are you? Fabric, dope, palm and needle!'

A group of aircraftsmen at the far end broke up and came running towards them.

O'Mara remained in the cockpit. There was nothing he could do, except listen to Tommy persuade the leading rigger that it was possible to make a job of it under three quarters of an hour. He had never heard Tommy swear before.

The leading air mechanic was a Scot, and a gloomy one. 'I'm no' saying I willna' do my best, Mr. Weathered. I'm just saying I canna' warrk meeracles.'

He bent over the task shaking his head, but plying palm and needle like a man possessed. 'Will ye no' stand in my light, Mr. Weathered, and mebbe I'd warrk better if ye didna' jouk at my elbow.'

A quarter of an hour passed.

Weathered removed his flying helmet and wiped the sweat off his face with his bandaged hand. 'I'm going to see the Captain,' he announced to Denis. 'That patch will dry in another five minutes. Bring her up on to the flight deck and stand by. I'm going on this stunt or under close arrest, one or the other.'

He stuck his chin out and strode off to the lift that carried him up to the compass platform. Except for the faint glow over the chart table and on dials of instruments, the platform was in darkness. He recognized the Captain's silhouette against the starry sky.

'Lieutenant Weathered, sir,' he announced. The Captain lowered a pair of glasses he was looking through and turned towards the voice.

'Hullo, Weathered,' he said. 'You've had bad luck, I hear.'

'No, sir. Good luck. Machine's repaired. Ready to take off . . . three minutes.' He stood breathing fast in the darkness.

There was a pause.

'D'you mean you want to go alone? The attack will be over by the time you get there.'

The Operations Commander loomed up out of the shadows.

'It might be rather effective, sir,' he suggested. 'The defenses would think we'd packed up, and be off their guard. He might bring off a lucky shot.' He himself had been a bomber pilot and knew something of Weathered's feelings.

'No fighter escort, of course,' murmured the Captain. He had a conviction that he was sending these two boys to their death. In the gloom he saw the gleam of the pilot's teeth as he smiled — smiling at the absurdity of an escort's

being thought necessary. Or was it at the absurdity of death?

'All right,' he said abruptly.

Weathered saluted. His bandaged hand showed white as he raised it.

'Thank you, sir.'

'How's that hand, by the way?'

'Fine, sir.'

The Captain turned to the sea and commenced to screw his glasses into focus again. No, you couldn't beat it.

VII

They saw the glow of the fires sixty miles away, and the smoke extinguishing the stars.

Flying in to an attack, with the engine throttled back and the monotony of the long, uneventful journey behind them, some pilots broke into song. Tommy had no music in him, but he had a way of lapsing aloud into verse, recapturing the rhythm of something he had been reading recently: —

'The wind blew out from Bergen from the dawning to the day,'

he droned contentedly.

'They ride and run with fifty spears to break and bar my way.'

To some extent it helped him to forget the pain in his wrist.

'I shall not die alone, alone, but kin to all the powers,
As merry as the ancient sun and fighting like the flowers.'

'It's not dying we'll be at all,' said Denis. This was his moment for lapsing into the brogue of his glens.

He leaned out to get a bearing of the glow across the bowl of the compass.

'Who said we would? Gosh, it's good to be alive!'

'The hour when death is like a light and blood is like a rose —

You never loved your friends, my friends, as I shall love my foes.'

'Another degree, maybe, to the northward,' said Denis. 'God in heaven above

us, that's a grand sight! The bombers did their stuff, all right!

'And not a sign of them. They came back five thousand feet over our heads.'

The minutes passed. The dark loom of the land became visible against the moonlit sea. 'That patch on the wing is holding like the grace of God,' said Denis, 'and I don't believe they know we're coming at all, at all.'

Tommy chuckled, and grimaced with pain, his eye on the altimeter. 'I'm coming down now. We'll pass clear of the town and come out over the docks slap on to the inner harbor.' He eased the stick forward.

'My loves in deep dim meadows, my ships that rode at ease,
Ruffling the purple plumage of strange and secret seas.'

The flying wires screamed as the speed increased. The altimeter indicator dropped to five thousand feet, to four, to three; houses were visible, white as ivory in the moonlight. They could see the line of the outer harbor and the fires away to the left.

A searchlight leaped towards them, wheeled frantically; others sprang into an unstable lattice of crisscross rays. Guns began to blink. Shells were bursting behind them. Streams of tracer bullets like cascades of fireflies went past the fuselage. Two thousand feet. The water of the inner harbor was shining ahead.

'There they are!' yelled Denis. 'Two of them. Two cruisers.'

'I've got them,' was the grim answer. 'The left-hand one.' The machine banked steeply on to the line of fire and leveled again. Down and down they came, the water rushing past under them, the dark target rushing up towards them, blazing gun flashes. Five

hundred feet . . . four hundred . . . three hundred . . .

'Now!' said Tommy, and released the torpedo.

The machine jumped and banked to the climb. Denis, flung from side to side of his cockpit, deafened by the roar of the engine, by gunfire and bursting shell, half-blinded by the flashes, was doing his best to see the splash of the torpedo where it hit the water and the trail of bubbles creeping towards the cruiser. To and fro they swung, avoiding searchlights, squirts of tracer, bursts of shells and flaming onions, climbing, climbing, towards the remote and compassionate stars.

A great sheet of crimson and yellow flame shot up into the night; a hot gust of gases like the belch from a volcano swept them on their way.

'Got her,' said Denis.

At six thousand feet they headed for the carrier and found her as the stars were paling. They had spoken little on the return journey. Tommy quoted no more poetry, absorbed in the pain in his wrist and hand.

They came down to a flight deck shining with dew in the first hint of dawn. The second arrester wire caught in the tail hook and brought them to a standstill. Tommy switched off the engine and grinned back over his shoulder. His observer was groping about the floor of the cockpit.

'What's up?'

'Teef,' sounded like the mumbled answer.

The pilot laughed and, releasing his straps, leaned back exhausted. From all sides men were running towards them, waving.

'Little man,' he said, 'you've had a busy day.'

ARTS IN AMERICA

BY JOHN A. KOUWENHOVEN

I

THERE is deep significance in the present earnestness of our diverse approaches to the problem of the fine arts in America. Whether we are concerned primarily with the relationship of American art to the European tradition, or with the rôle of art in everyday life or in education, or with the place of art in planned or laissez-faire economics, we are all seeking that organic core of our civilization the vision of which will dispel a paralyzing sense of uncertainty.

From the beginning Americans have been haunted by a vague consciousness that their art was inadequate. It flowed notoriously thin in the channels through which the vital streams of our life have rushed. It seemed insufficiently representative of the national character. Sometimes our concern proclaimed itself in blustering demands that our art cut loose from all European influence. In another form it was expressed in Jay B. Hubbell's statement that 'our literature has always been less American than our history' — an observation which could justly be applied to all our fine arts.

In the study of the history of these arts, two basic methods of approach have been employed, neither of which proved entirely satisfactory. Sometimes the critic has traced the work of American architects, poets, or painters as it has appeared at various stages of our history, placing it in relationship with whatever influences seem to him to have been significant: social, intellectual, or political; sectional, national, or international. At

other times he has discussed American artists as part of a Western European tradition which has national variants but is essentially a unity. In whatever way the authors regard the results of their investigations, one thing becomes perfectly clear to the objective reader: that, though all the trends and movements and fashions of European art may be traced in work done by Americans, the bulk of our art is distinct from the comparative unity of tradition among the other nations in the Western European family.

Thus, by whichever of the accepted methods we approach the history of our arts, we arrive explicitly or implicitly at the conclusion that art in America is American; yet it remains singularly less so than the acts and institutions which are the monuments of our history. That our art is influenced by European traditions, and that it is inadequately representative of our life, appear as two different yet inseparable segments of the problem. Recognition of this duality suggests the need for a fresh method of approach.

II

The framework of the method, stripped of all elaborations, postulates two streams of art in our history, flowing in separate channels till they merge as a single stream of American art. Such a presentation has only a formal validity, for the two streams were never altogether distinct, as we shall see. But in

view of their origins and import they must be presented separately.

The history of the first of these traces what Suzanne La Follette calls 'the development in America of the transplanted arts of Europe.' It is to this history that our ablest critics have devoted themselves, and it is to the combined results of their scholarship and critical insights that we owe our awareness of the American mutations of the Western European tradition.

The other stream is that of a folk art created under conditions that had never before existed. Its history deals with the efforts of common people to create satisfying patterns of the elements in their environment. Unlike the folk art we are familiar with, such as that of the Kentucky mountaineer or the Southern Negro, this is the art of sovereign, even if uncultivated, people, not of groups cut off from the main currents of contemporary life. The patterns they created were not inspired by ancient peasant or racial traditions, but were conditioned by the driving energies of an unprecedented social structure. These were the folk arts of the first people in history, who, disinherited of all reminders of a great cultural tradition, found themselves living under democratic institutions in an expanding machine economy. It is this unique factor of a modern people's art that we must include in our concept of arts in America. And it is wherever this stream joins the other that we shall find the artistic achievements which are the triumphs of our national genius.

The data of a folk art are hard to come by. No one bothered to note the patterns of colors, lines, sounds, and ideas which the common people produced. They were not designed to be kept in frames on the wall, or cherished in albums, or treasured upon shelves behind glass doors; these patterns formed bridges, houses, barns, machines, tools, ships, wagons, books, and periodicals for use in the routine of daily life. It was into the design of useful things that these people in-

evitably turned the universal creative instinct. The repressed artistic urge found release in uncounted rudimentary and personal expressions.

One day a child in a frontier village school drew a picture of a lace veil on her slate. The teacher gave her a public scolding which convinced her that she had terribly sinned. Looking back to that time from the closing years of a long life, she said: 'But though I was not encouraged to be an artist, I've always tried to make anything I *had* to make as beautiful as I could make it. My pats of butter I made in pretty shapes. I've always liked to sew and embroider. . . . Women made their own designs for cloth as well as for dresses in those days. If a woman had taste she had a chance to show it in her weaving.' The *WPA Index of American Design* is making available a wealth of material of the kind thus recorded in *Grandmother Brown's Hundred Years*. However, in its purest form the stream of art we are considering is illustrated in technological design. Here craft tradition had least influence, and the characteristic impulses of the new civilization displayed their full energy in patterns available to all the people, cultivated and uncultivated alike.

When the attention of Europeans was first drawn to American tools and machines, at the Crystal Palace in London in 1851, observers were astonished by their simplicity and technical correctness. At the Philadelphia Centennial Exhibition of 1876 they found them, as the leader of the German delegation expressed it, of 'such variety and beauty as cannot but excite admiration and astonishment. A constraint runs through all of them. They are designed so well for the purposes they serve that they seem to anticipate our very needs.' Constraint, simplicity, fitness for use, and an organic sense of structure — these matter-of-fact qualities are the characteristics of this tradition of design.

The great Corliss Engine in the Centennial's Machinery Hall was the con-

temporary masterpiece of the tradition. 'In structures of this kind,' said the *Scientific American's* critic, who knew the best European machines, 'there is almost always seen more or less of a straining after architectural and other ornamental effects. We very often find an engine-frame made up of elaborate Corinthian or Gothic columns and arches . . . as well as graceful curves in struts and braces which every engineering consideration would decide should be straight lines.' So he was afraid that the Corliss Engine would seem lacking in beauty to those who did not appreciate how completely, and severely, practical fitness had been adhered to. But to anyone who reads the mass of contemporary comment on the exhibition it is obvious that he need not have worried. Everyone said all the fine things that were expected of him about the pictures and statues in Memorial Hall, but in the presence of the Corliss Engine people were exalted. It stood there, not an idealization, but a fact. Yet it was more than merely the motive power for the miles of shafting which belted their energy to machines throughout the building. 'Josiah Allen's wife,' the popular humorist-philosopher of *Samantha at the Centennial*, spoke for thousands of Americans when she said that 'that great "Careless Enjun" alone was enough to run anybody's ideas up into majestic heights and run 'em round and round into lofty circles and spears of thought they hadn't never thought of runnin' into before.'

It was this, and other American machines at the Centennial, of which the London *Times* correspondent wrote: 'The American invents as the Greek sculptured and the Italian painted; it is genius.' 'Surely here,' observed the *Atlantic Monthly's* critic, 'and not in literature, science, or art, is the true evidence of man's creative power; here is Prometheus Unbound.'

Not often were the elements of this modern folk art welded into patterns

which were æsthetic masterpieces. One could scarcely expect the millennium in the crude, amorphous life of nineteenth-century America. There is plenty of evidence that life was barren and bleak almost past bearing in the regions beyond the influence of an older culture. But whatever was built or made in this folk way was almost necessarily characterized by constraint and simplicity; and, as skills and knowledge developed, the fitness for use became more certain and the organic sense of structure more sure. There was no place for diffuseness, there were no resources to spare for the ornate, and it was merely sound sense to design a thing as economically as one could. A combination of simplicity, lightness, and strength of construction came to be distinctive of American, as opposed to European, designs, whether for carriages, wagons, ships, furniture, or bridges. When American and European engineers submitted competing designs for an iron bridge to be built in Canada in the seventies, the American plans called for a half to a quarter the weight of materials required by their competitors.

It was this tradition in which were developed, and kept universally available, certain elements of design which had enormous influence in the hands of men of skill and vision. This stream of art in America had no knack for borrowed veneers of traditional prettiness, and only rarely did it succeed in creating beauty of its own. But the patterns at least reflected reality, however ugly that reality often was; and at their best, as in the Corliss Engine or the Eads Bridge over the Mississippi, they achieved enduring grandeur.

III

Having distinguished two streams of art, the one flowing into our national life from the cultural traditions of Western Europe and the other gathering its waters from scattered oases in a desert of raw civilization, we may identify the one as the tradition of cultivated taste,

the other as the vernacular. The two streams mingle from the beginning, and one must recognize that it is in their interpenetration and in their alternate ascendancy in the work of different men and different periods that the true history of American art consists.

Throughout our literature the qualities of mass-produced, reportorial journalism have been at war with those of belles-lettres, often in the work of a single person. Even Poe, who shares richly in the tradition of European letters, was in some measure moulded by his experience with a branch of popular journalism; scarcely anyone avoided it entirely. All those writers the sum total of whose achievements seem especially representative of our national life — Emerson, Whitman, Mark Twain, Sandburg — have roots in the vernacular tradition of either oral or written journalism. Even more important than that, no American author has escaped the consciousness of conflict between those qualities which defined the European tradition of art and those of the emergent native tradition. In its most elementary form the conflict is expressed in Catherine Maria Sedgwick's (1836) naïvely sincere question: 'If the poet and painter cannot bring down their arts to the level of the poor, are there none to be God's interpreters to them?' The answer came from Emerson less than a decade later: 'Now men do not see nature to be beautiful, and they go to make a statue which shall be. They abhor men as tasteless, dull, and inconvertible, and console themselves with color bags and blocks of marble. They reject life as prosaic, and create a death which they call poetic. . . . It is in vain that we look for genius to reiterate its miracles in the old arts; it is its instinct to find beauty and holiness in new and necessary facts.'

It was this lean Yankee mystic who first glimpsed in the barbarism and materialism of the times another carnival of the same gods whose picture we so much admire in Homer; railroads, com-

merce, the galvanic battery, the chemist's retort, newspapers, and the democratic caucus 'are flat and dull to dull people, but rest on the same foundations of wonder as the town of Troy and the temple of Delphi, and are as swiftly passing away.' Whitman cleared the issue, turning as completely as he could from what he called 'the choicer classes, the college-bred, the *état-major*' and looking to 'the bulky democratic torso of the United States even for æsthetic and moral attributes of serious account.' His 'Song of the Broad-Axe' and 'Song of the Exposition' were imaginative projections of this insight.

IV

The art of building both here and abroad suffered profoundly, during the nineteenth century, from what Talbot Hamlin calls 'the disastrous separation between engineering and architecture.' Academic architecture, caught in the flood of classic, Gothic, and Renaissance revivals which culminated in eclecticism, became more and more archaeologically-minded; it was ornament, not construction, that it adopted as its province.

One of the streams of American art, the tradition of cultivated taste, flowed in the channel of academic architecture. It was this tradition that produced some of the most attractive buildings of the century; but, as Hamlin points out, the work of men like Upjohn, Renwick, and Lafever, by its very success in such examples as Trinity and Grace churches in Manhattan and Holy Trinity in Brooklyn, did much to establish in America the dichotomy between architecture and engineering. It was, he feels, in its simpler, less ostentatious monuments that the best American Gothic appeared: in 'the little churches in which wood was allowed frankly to be itself,' and in the 'carpenter-Gothic of the picturesque high-gabled cottages.'

The other, the vernacular stream of

utilitarian building is dramatically expressed in the anonymous development of a revolutionary method of construction that still goes by the derisive name with which conservative builders dubbed it. A contemporary described balloon-frame construction as characterized by 'light sticks, uninjured by cutting mortices or tenons, a close basket-like manner of construction, short bearings, a continuous support for each piece of timber from foundation to rafter, and embracing and taking advantage of the practical fact that the tensile and compressible strength of pine lumber is equal to one-fifth of that of wrought iron.' It was Sigfried Giedion, in his Norton Lectures at Harvard in 1939, who first emphasized the importance of balloon framing as a step in the industrializing of building. In the present context it is significant that the earliest-known building in balloon frame was one of those 'little churches in which wood was allowed frankly to be itself,' St. Mary's Catholic Church in Chicago, erected in 1833. G. E. Woodward, like other contemporary observers, understood the qualities of this new method. 'Its simple, effective and economical manner of construction,' he wrote, 'has very materially aided the rapid settlement of the West, and placed the art of building, to a great extent, within the control of the pioneer.' He saw that it was a revolutionary development 'which plainly and boldly acknowledges its origin in necessity.' Here again are the qualities of our technological-democratic folk art: simplicity, lightness, strength of construction, and maximum availability.

These balloon-frame buildings, conceived by an uncultivated taste, were often appallingly unattractive. The architect Calvert Vaux, partner of Frederick Law Olmsted in the creation of New York's Central Park, and author of buildings and books which deserve far more attention than they have received, complained in mid-century that 'square boxes, small and large, are springing up

in every direction, constructed without any attempt at proportion, or the slightest apparent desire to make them agreeable objects in the landscape. . . . Each of these bare, bald white cubes tells its monotonous story of a youth passed with little or no cultivation of the higher natural perceptions.' Vaux came to America with the best available English training in architecture, and devoted his life to the realization in this country of his ideals of his art. More nearly than many of his contemporaries he grasped the nature of the problem. Republicanism, he argued, 'tacitly, but none the less practically, demanded of art to thrive in the open air, in all weathers, for the benefit of all, if it was worth anything, and if not, to perish as a troublesome and useless encumbrance'; furthermore, though the spirit of republicanism assimilates all immigrants into distinctly American political unity, it will not be until that spirit permeates all aspects of our life that we may expect 'a power of fusion in manners and arts equal . . . to the one now almost omnipotent in politics.'

In 1898, when the Viennese architect Adolf Loos formulated the theory that the degree of beauty of an object corresponds with 'the degree to which it attains utility and harmony of all parts in relation to each other,' a revitalizing vision of architecture was suggested to a profession which was wallowing in eclecticism. Fifty years earlier, a crotchety farmer in western New York State, who had no training in the profession of architecture, took it upon himself to instruct his neighbors in the art of building. 'No style of architecture, or finish,' said he, 'can be really *bad*, where utility is duly consulted, and carried out, even in the humblest way of cheapness, or rusticity.' Provided there is harmony among them, even the meanest structures derive dignity from the very 'character of utility or necessity which they maintain.' The plans he offers for farm buildings all have their origin in the life to be lived, or the

jobs to be done, within them. Being devoid of all formal training, he had to rely on a Buffalo architect for the illustrations for his book (L. F. Allen, *Rural Architecture*, 1851). The renderings are dressed up in applied ornament, to which he reacts irritably. Nowhere could the conflict between the academic and vernacular traditions find sharper expression. Diamond-paned windows in a poultry house he attributes to the draftsman's taste for the picturesque, further remarking that 'if we were building the house on our own account, there should be no such nonsense about it.'

There is a close relation between the light, strong simplicity of vernacular construction in architecture and the use of iron as developed by American bridge builders. At the time of the Philadelphia Centennial a comparison of European and American practice revealed marked differences. When iron as a material was first employed in European bridges, it was heaped into cast-iron arches, reminiscent of the heavy forms of mortar and stone; only gradually were its inherent qualities taken advantage of. In America requirements of speed and cheapness, as in our early railroad bridges, had forced the use of wood rather than stone. When, therefore, the use of iron was introduced, our bridge designers copied the proportions already established as most economical in wooden trusses; they adapted the old methods of wood-frame construction, using tenons and sliding joints for compressive members, pins and eyebars for those in tension. The George Washington Bridge and the Golden Gate Bridge are contemporary developments of a characteristic economy of materials and fitness to purpose.

It is not surprising that it was from the Eads Bridge and the cantilever bridge over the Kentucky River that Louis Sullivan caught his vision of the power

of the 'creative dreamer; he who possessed the power of vision needed to harness imagination, to harness the intellect, to make science do his will, to make the emotions serve him.' That vision he fused into a faith. 'With me,' he wrote to Claude Bragdon, 'architecture is not an art but a religion, and that religion but part of the greater religion of Democracy.' Here was the same vision with which Whitman had welcomed 'the average, the bodily, the concrete, the democratic, the popular, on which all the superstructures of the future are to permanently rest.'

V

In literature and in architecture, the two arts in which Americans have most widely participated, our artistic history is revealed as the interpenetration, and alternating ascendancy, of a cultivated and a vernacular tradition. What has haunted us as a conflict of American versus European art, or as a somehow discreditable paucity of artistic achievement, was in reality a phenomenon unique in the world's history: a people's art, democratically patterning a technological environment, converging with the great tradition of world art.

The more the cultivated tradition turned in upon itself, marrying itself to its own past, the more anæmic and impotent it became. On the other hand, the freedom of the vernacular from the domination of the older tradition was at once its weakness and its strength. It is owing to that undisciplined freedom that spiritual starvation blighted large areas of our national life; yet it is that same freedom which has permitted the emergence of an indigenous, organic discipline of form. It is a reverence for the actual, a power to transform crude reality into a symbol of human dignity, which animates the true fine arts of America.

PRAYER FOR TODAY

From one of our contributors we have received a prayer which seems so expressive that it should be published for the benefit of others in the midst of this crucial year. — THE EDITOR

ALMIGHTY God and Father of all men, we thy children thank thee that the turmoil and agony of the world today are leading us to a clearer knowledge that the truths our Lord Jesus Christ taught us are the very basis of our lives as men. We thank thee for our growing understanding that those who reject their spiritual heritage make for themselves a prison house.

We thank thee for the knowledge of our human brotherhood that thou hast revealed to us during our long and upward journey, through many of thy children who have heard thy voice and more especially through our Lord Jesus Christ. We thank thee for the fruits of this knowledge; for recognition of the value of the humblest human being, for respect for the individual man. We thank thee for the freedom of the spirit that has come from this recognition and respect; for liberty and democracy and for the desire for peace; for compassion and the capacity for forgiveness, and for mercy. We thank thee for the love of truth that thou hast taught us, for the hunger for justice, for the scientific spirit that cannot live without respect for truth. We thank thee for kindness to women and for tenderness to children; for the sense of honor, and for the love of fair play. But most of all we thank thee for the knowledge that thy purpose embraces all men; that thy love extends to all men, and that in thy love and our response to it lies our hope of salvation as individual men and as a people.

These are all fair and lovely gifts. They are the lights thou hast lit to guide us. Forgive us that so often we have disregarded them to turn away into the darkness. Forgive us that in our personal lives we have so often been unfaithful to our heritage.

Give us strength now, Father of all mercies, to protect this heritage in any way we may be called upon to serve. Give us courage to act and to endure; give us patience. Comfort us in pain and in bereavement with a sense of thy presence. Grant us to feel, whatever may befall us, that underneath are the everlasting arms. Light our way with the sure knowledge that in thy good time the right will prevail. And if it please thee to give us victory in this struggle by right of force, grant us the wisdom to make that victory a triumph of the spirit.

And let us not forget, O Father, either at that time or today that the German people are thy children and our brothers. Let us not forget this when the world lays down its arms. Let us not forget that we no more than they can base an enduring peace on force. When this time comes, help them and us, O Heavenly Father, to join hearts and minds and hands to build thy kingdom upon earth.

Hasten this day, O Lord Most High. Strengthen and comfort thy children in Germany who have followed the light of thy truth in spite of persecution and in the face of death. Bring light to those who sit in darkness. Still their minds that they may hear the voice of thy spirit. Let those who have made virtues of hardness and violence, treachery and cruelty, see these evils for what they are, as shackles upon the human spirit, and let them know thy truth. Strengthen them that they may seek thy way. Let tenderness and mercy and love of all that is good and beautiful flower in the hearts of this people, and bring them with us into unity with thee, through Jesus Christ our Lord.

'SAFE NOW IN THE WIDE, WIDE WORLD'

College Editors and Commencement

[AT no Commencement in the past two decades have Seniors been so harangued as they were this June. But what was going on in the minds of the listeners? To answer that question the *Atlantic* has called on twelve leading college editors to say what they thought of the 1941 Commencement. — THE EDITOR]

THE morning sun filtered down through the trees and flecked the scene on the lawn in front of Nassau Hall with spots of light. There must have been three thousand in the throng of families, friends, and sweethearts watching the academic procession, in all its pomp and color, move slowly down the centre.

I thought of the Class Day exercises the day before — the Seniors breaking their long-stemmed clay pipes on the traditional half-submerged cannon (the old ties are broken, the Princeton dream is over now); I thought of these Seniors singing on the steps of Nassau Hall for the last time, and the ironic mockery in the familiar words: —

Where, oh where are the grave old Seniors?
Safe now in the wide, wide world.

All that had been yesterday. Now Dean Wicks was pronouncing the invocation, asking God to help us 'set our hearts against the dreary round of hate returned.' The Commencement exercises had begun.

One by one the Seniors walked up to the orange-and-black-draped platform to receive their degrees, and to hear President Dodds say the words that made them Princeton alumni: '*Nos ad*

gradum primum in artibus admitto.' As they filed across the platform and back to their seats on the lawn, I thought I could see many emotions, many attitudes in their faces, — burning idealism, cold skepticism, and stages between, — but no abject fear, no self-pity, no resignation.

There were no new or original ideas in Theodore M. Black's valedictory oration. 'The old forces of evil are attacking the mind of man and the soul of man with greater vigor than ever before. . . . The ideals we have learned here in the past four years — the ideals of human dignity and human progress, the individual's freedom to think, speak, and worship God as he chooses — these are the very things for which this weary world has waited for too long.' Yet the words did not sound like empty clichés; instead, it seemed to me that they struck a sympathetic note, and their vibration did not die at the touch.

Honorary degrees were awarded — among others, to Mackenzie King and to Crown Princess Juliana of the Netherlands. Mr. King said, in accepting his degree, 'More than ever before, the universities of North America are the trustees of the liberty of man. I know in my heart there will be no betrayal of that high trust.' There was something in the way they applauded that convinced me that the Princeton Seniors, too, knew it in their hearts. The breaking of clay pipes and the ironic words of the song seemed unimportant now. This was no lost generation.

I felt as if the spirit of Woodrow Wilson had come back to permeate the Princeton Commencement of 1941. This was not the Princeton that once drove out Wilson for his very liberalism in trying to reform its undemocratic club system; this, I thought, was a different Princeton, recognizing and admiring Wilson's passionate devotion to ideals, his unwillingness to compromise with the material values that drag men into mud and barbarism.

When the last degree had been given out, the Seniors added their own touch. Spontaneously they gave a rousing 'locomotive for Juliana' and then a 'locomotive for King.' Then they sang 'Old Nassau' and the procession went out, briskly. That was all.

It was then that I thought of President Dodds's words in the Baccalaureate sermon two days earlier: 'When one can feel fear and not be afraid he has developed courage.' Whatever Princeton has not done for its 1941 graduates, it has left them with courage, and without despair.

JOHN N. BROOKS, JR.

Princeton University

WHEN the University of Minnesota's President Guy Stanton Ford — on a rainy June night in a sprawling stadium — spoke his good-bye to 2225 graduates, he said little to surprise anyone. It had been the same when he made his 'real message to the Seniors' a few weeks earlier on Cap and Gown Day. On both occasions he talked mostly of 'service to others' and democratic 'ideals,' a familiar and lofty pattern.

Mildly, he referred now and then to the war: Youth 'will not barter its . . . liberties for a place on the wave of a future that reduces mankind to servility. . . . If our minds . . . cannot cut through the confusion created by the shortsighted politicians or by the amateur statesmen who find no word of condemnation for totalitarianism or by the timid who play upon old prejudices and blow on the burnt embers of the

past — if . . . we cannot cut through all this . . . to see the struggle between two eternally divergent ideas of man and his destiny, then let us find our Quislings . . . and ask the dictators to write for our signatures their present version of a negotiated peace.'

Yet this man, who during 1917-1918 worked with George Creel, might have said much more about the war and its meaning to his young listeners. Most of them would probably have agreed with him that it was a war that must be fought. But many of them — and I for one — would have wanted to know how it is possible for the United States to build democracy while fighting this war, or to keep democracy when it is over. We would have questioned the sight of a nation fighting 'for democracy' and itself ignoring the liberties and pitiful needs of millions of our own people.

Mr. Ford would not have been unsympathetic to our attitude. He spoke himself of the 'gap between our national ideals as a democracy and their realization.' But we should have wanted to hear him say that we must do something *now* to close that gap — if only to attain 'national unity.' We should have liked to hear him reject those who scold that 'this is not the time' to consider democracy at home, or in the world.

He did not do this, and perhaps we are wrong. If the nation has committed itself to fighting, and if it is to win, maybe we should not harp too much on our shortcomings or Britain's sins. To me, however, and to thousands of young Americans, this is a false approach. We want to defend democracy wherever we see it humbled. We hold that a peaceful, democratic world cannot be built on rotten foundations.

So, as we sat in our caps and gowns, there were many more things that we should have liked to hear discussed: how to strengthen those foundations; how to achieve economic justice, social equality, political freedom. In the United States now there is little talk of these things,

and less every day. Are they concepts which men cannot grasp? Is there nothing we can do? We who are in some ways confused and questioning are among the first to deny that.

VICTOR E. COHN
University of Minnesota

WE had heard the Commencement orators speak. Carl Sandburg told us that hard work, self-denial, and effective opposition to inroads of propaganda will be necessary if America is to preserve its hard-won liberty. University President Frank Graham took less than twenty minutes to remind us that 'to be truly American in the great American tradition is sometimes miscalled un-American. To stand by our historic Bill of Rights is not a subversive activity. The more Americans who understandingly and sincerely subscribe to the Constitution and its Bill of Rights, the better for the University, America, and the world.'

We were but one of seven thousand who heard them speak. We were one of seven thousand who remained silent. We were one of the 675 who remained *pensively silent*. Sheltered four years in our own secluded democracy, we now faced the world of which the orators had spoken.

Individual reaction in time of crisis is not individual — not individual in the true sense of the word. For the first time in four years there was a feeling of unity among the graduates. Charles Hudson, Phi Beta Kappa and honor graduate, was no different from Weston Wright, the playboy and college drake. Student Body President Dave Hobbs did not feel superior to George Severin, All-American football player and three-letter man. We talked to all four, casually, and their reactions to the future were much the same as ours — uncertain. Uncertain to the degree that none of them were going to be able to fulfill their boyhood dreams — not for the present, at least.

We, of the class of '41, feel that the

world is eagerly awaiting the graduate of '41. Our assignment will be a difficult one. It will be difficult for us to restore the world to sanity. But we can and must do it. Our chief weapons will be common sense, sanity, coolness, impartiality, and, in general, the Christian social and economic principles that we have been taught.

Today the oceans that surround us are no longer barriers, but highways of invasion. Today we have been aroused to a wartime pitch by propaganda that is as skillful as it is deadly and effective.

We must not be led by propaganda schemers, but by our own standards of patriotism and devotion, standards which four years in college should have instilled in us. We must keep a cool mind. We must be true to our government, but also be true to ourselves. We must join in exercising our inalienable right of freedom of speech, for it is only in the exercising of this right that we can retain our freedom. We must join our fellow man in using the collected control so vitally necessary in preventing us from losing our democracy and our fight to preserve it. Whatever field we may enter, these duties — indeed, these privileges — constitute an integral part of the load we must shoulder.

It is this cause — this fight for the preservation of America and American ideals — that the college Seniors of 1941 face. The torch is ours. We must carry it high. And when wars and rumors of wars are nothing but memories we can again turn to the dreams of our youth.

ORVILLE B. CAMPBELL
University of North Carolina

Not even the hot Indiana sun could dispel the dread feeling on Sunday, the first of June, that war was in the air. It filled the minds of 7500 parents, friends, and alumni who came to see 621 seniors graduate at the ninety-seventh annual Commencement exercises of the University of Notre Dame. Probably the feeling and the scent of war gripped

the graduating Seniors more powerfully than the others, for they had been told all spring that the spirit of the present time is the same spirit which had pervaded the campus in 1916, just twenty-five years before.

There had been a war in Europe then, and it had presented an ominous threat to America. Just as today, people had been violently for and against American participation; and, just as today, German submarines had sunk American ships on the Atlantic and made the prospect of war almost hopelessly inevitable for this country. All these things were in the minds of Notre Dame Seniors that afternoon, and they listened attentively, as if seeking an answer to their individual dilemmas.

It was in the face of such a spirit that this year's principal speaker, the Honorable Joseph P. Kennedy, former United States Ambassador to Great Britain, told his audience that 'the duty of every American is plain' in the light of the unlimited emergency declared by President Roosevelt. That duty comprises 'unlimited loyalty [and] a cessation of personal antagonism which the defense and protection of this nation require.' But, Mr. Kennedy asserted, besides that duty we also have rights which are inviolable, no matter what the emergency. In the very act of pledging allegiance, he said, Americans state clearly that constitutional rights of free speech, free assembly, and freedom of religious assembly shall be maintained in all respects.

Mr. Kennedy's speech seemed to deal exclusively with a side issue and not with the great central point of the struggle in which we are involved. What he had to say, while it was certainly not invalid, did seem to miss the significance of the present intense activity of the nation. Our national defense effort, which includes aid to Britain as one of its most salient features, has as its principal aim the defeat of the Axis powers. There is no escaping that fact, because if the Axis is not defeated decisively first of all, the

efforts of those who are now principally concerned with the preservation of the Bill of Rights in the United States will come to nothing. If Hitler wins, those who are hotly concerning themselves about freedom of speech will find they have been trying to hatch a china egg. At least that's how it appears to this Senior.

WILLIAM C. MCGOWAN
University of Notre Dame

COLORFULLY impressive, but at the same time overly formal, the University of Washington's sixty-sixth annual Commencement exercises in almost every respect emphasized the undertone of national defense. As one of the 1561 graduating Seniors, the ceremonies to me were clearly indicative of the rôle the nation expects today's graduates to play in a wartime economy.

In all the speeches, the current of defense preparations brushed aside other concepts. Even the awarding of military honors took precedence over the scholastic. Governor Arthur B. Langlie, Washington, '26, emphasized the growing need in America today for capable leadership — youth educated to help guide the destinies of a nation. President L. P. Sieg of the University attacked opposition to draft deferments for college men. But even this seemed to be based upon a desire to mould men more capable of filling key positions during wartime.

To the faculty, to the alumni, and even to our parents, this rôle we are to play seemed clear enough. But conversely, to those of us who were graduated this rôle is a puzzling and uncertain one.

During Commencement we sat in long rows. The confusion we felt was forcibly amplified when, glancing at those sitting near us, we saw an accounting major going into the army under the Selective Service Act, an engineering student into the Navy, a journalism graduate filling a temporary job in a national defense industry. These talents we have cultivated, the abilities we have developed during our years in college, are to be

harnessed — harnessed to sow seeds of destruction in a world not yet recovered from the deadening effects of the last great war.

Ever since our earliest days in school we have been lectured on the futility of war. We have been told that 'last time' it was a badly disillusioned America that emerged battered from a brutal struggle. We could not absorb quite enough hatred for war and all it represented. These concepts were drilled deeply into our minds. Thoughts of peace, of the World Court, of the League of Nations, are not easily thrown off.

But now, at Commencement in 1941, we are told our class is the most important ever graduated 'because of the perilous times ahead.' We are wondering just what has caused such times, in view of all the preaching for peace we have heard. With talk of 'leadership,' of 'future leaders,' it is not difficult to surmise where the brunt of these perilous times is to fall. It will rest on a generation fully schooled for peace, not for war.

We are a sorely puzzled generation. Fully recognizing that the Fascist ideology is contrary to our American way of life, we see its inherent danger to all we have aspired to during our years of formal education. Still, at the same time, we feel we should hold to our ideas of coöperation, of mutual helpfulness and collective peace ventures. We should like to devote our new-found talents to peace and not to the destructive engines of war.

Just where does such reasoning lead us? If we hold strictly to our ideals of peace, we are in a sense shirking our duties of leadership when we are most needed. But at the same time does this nation really want a new crop of leaders who have given up the hope of peace? It seems we can be neither all for peace nor all for war.

Commencement leaves the Class of 1941 a confused and puzzled generation.

LEE IRWIN

University of Washington

THEY spoke sobering facts at the Cornell Commencement. They said the Society of Light must conquer the Society of Darkness and build a new order based on the four freedoms: Freedom of Thought, Freedom of Worship, Freedom from Want, and Freedom from Fear. Most important, they said the world looked to us — needed us, the graduates — to be leaders of the Society of Light.

To a generation that had entered university life four years ago with almost no hope of finding a useful place in the world, this announcement that there was a job to be done and that we were wanted to do it was exciting. 'Help Wanted' signs looked good, even if the job was carrying nitroglycerin.

Born in the period of cynicism that followed the World War, and raised in the era of the Great Depression when young people were unwanted, we had been old enough to wonder at the sight of our elders baffled by the laws of economics, and to taste the confusion that swept America as these elders came to realize their crusade for Democracy had been in vain. We had inherited from these elders the cynicism of the 1920's, and the American ideology of laissez-faire economics.

In these recent years we had undergone a metamorphosis — a metamorphosis which was still going on, but which had progressed far by the time Edmund Ezra Day, President of Cornell University, and Dr. Ralph W. Sockman of Christ Church, New York, spoke to us.

Facing a crashing world, and desperate to find a place for ourselves, we had already discovered unexpected relief in the optimism of a university where we had been able to experience a society in which every man achieved according to his merit and ambition, in which the spirit of freedom with responsibility breathed new hope. There we had been able to overcome the cynicism which had become characteristic of youth. Still, approaching Commencement, we were

ill at ease, for over us hung the shadow of change — the end of our ideal society — and the spectre of reëntering a world we remembered as hostile.

The 1250 of us who received degrees at Cornell's seventy-third Commencement heard the speakers call us to live full, wholesome, dynamic lives; to take part in democratic society; to fight to protect and improve that society for the future. For this call we were well prepared. Long ago we had scrapped ideas of fortune and abundant ease. Instead of wealth, we accepted new values: a will to preserve our way of life; desire to improve society; determination to live lives imbued with tolerance and intelligent citizenship, so essential for democracy. We recognized a responsibility to see this thing through, that our children might not have to refight the battle our fathers left.

These speakers were giving us a cue to take part in the building of a world in which no future generation would taste the misery and disappointments of these past two decades. This is the job we want to do. We are happy to have been asked to do our part.

STANLEY EDWARD COHEN
Cornell University

GRADUATING students in the Commencement exercises at the University of Texas were told that 'the tradition of the South' — defined in terms of prejudice and romantic unrealism — is delaying Dixie progress; but they did not seem to take to it much.

Perhaps their reluctance was natural.

There they were, about two thirds of the 1339 graduates, seated in front of the 28-story Administration Building illuminated in the school's orange-and-white 'victory colors.' Overhead was a full moon in an almost cloudless sky. Faces of relatives and friends dotted the semi-circular edge of the scene. It was exciting, romantic.

Then there was the mere thrill of graduation, achieved after years of study

and disappointment. Of course, the awarding of degrees was very formal — just the group certification of each degree class. But there was that certain feeling in the summer evening air. It was unthinkable, unbelievable, 'unrealistic.'

Quite realistically, though, these Seniors and graduates going out into the world expected to be warned of the mess that the world is in and of what it would mean to them. Some wanted to hear it; some didn't; all looked for it. They were prejudiced, so to speak.

Instead, Speaker W. J. Cash, associate editor of the Charlotte, N. C., *News*, dwelt upon why we are the way he said we are: how Southern aristocracy were merely the early birds, how economic interest developed a sentimental attachment for slavery at the same time that it prompted a feeling of racial superiority, how the Civil War only bolstered the protective sensitiveness, romanticism, unrealism.

Of the world today, he started out by saying, 'We are going to need to approach it both with good will and with as intelligent as possible an understanding of what our tradition actually is.' Persons who had come to think of the world today in terms of ships and planes and guns and soldiers lost out when Mr. Cash began talking about indentured servants, 'poor proud people,' slavery and religion, racial differences, lynchings, class industrialism, prejudiced education.

Towards the end he declared that traditional Southern courage and resolution would only increase 'renewed sacrifices and hardships' which the totalitarian menace would occasion, that the humility and the will to analyze ourselves and to cut through, rather than to sentimentalize, our problems would have to be acquired.

He had reached his point, but it was too late. Perhaps partially because Editor Cash is not the speaker that he is writer, his audience had failed to follow

his connection between the international plight and the South's plight. Mr. Cash had actually built up a good case, but his proof was too subtle.

These graduates, steeped in tradition maybe, but forced by conditions to be realistic, felt solid ground when President Homer Price Rainey closed his annual message with these words about the departing group: 'If I am a judge of their character and of their desires, they are going to fight in every way open to them to preserve the freedom that democracy has given to them — and we wish them good luck and Godspeed.' Maybe that is sentimentalizing hardship.

JACK B. HOWARD
University of Texas

'WHAT can I say except to offer you the good wishes, hopes, and prayers of your Alma Mater?' asked President Hutchins at the University of Chicago Convocation. 'What can I do but ask you to lift up your hearts and face the future with the fortitude becoming to educated men and women?'

What he did say, however, and what he did do, were to suggest the most profound and at the same time the most profoundly discouraging message that could have been given the graduates of colleges and universities. He said that, despite disintegrating political, social, and economic institutions, this generation might build new plans and new hopes by preserving its integrity and achieving the true personal freedom which comes through seeking the good and following the dictates of right reason.

Almost certainly this was the only hope which a convocation orator might effectively have held out for the generation that is being graduated into active citizenship. But it was a weak hope and a small solace to tell the graduates that, although stark poverty and ruthless autocracy might come with the future, they would still have freedom to think rightly.

This is not a happy year for graduates. We go into the world pitifully unqualified to face the overwhelming problems we must meet. Whichever course the country chooses, immediate war or a peace which will almost inevitably result in an ultimate war, we shall suffer, and we shall lose, if not our lives, then at least our economic security and subsequently our liberty. We face a period of awful disorganization with mock, shoddy prosperity, conscription, and demoralization, and an era of despondent, havoc-wreaking depression.

It is foolish then, if it is not wicked, for convocation orators to speak resoundingly of the certain and glorious future that we have in the United States. In sober reality, our future is not certain. It is foolish if not wicked for them to call the graduating class to feats of bravery and strength when so often by bravery they mean ruthlessness and by strength they mean intolerance. It is futile, although certainly not wicked, to point out the hope of personal freedom, as Mr. Hutchins did, when few of us are strong enough to attain that freedom without the previous condition of political freedom.

The expectations of students graduating this June are dismal ones. I have been extremely pessimistic thus far in what I have said, but only because I frankly believe that to have been optimistic would have been to see fantastic and unreal visions. If, however, we are going to continue to struggle through life, we must have more than this pessimism to make our struggle have significance deeper than the mere animal desire for self-preservation.

What we must fight for, what must provide us with incentive to live, is not romantic, nor can it be made into exciting rhetoric. Probably that is why few convocation addresses bore this message, which is not a call to arms, but only a call to quiet resolution. But, had we been writing a speech to deliver to the class of 1941, its substance could have only been

this, in all honesty to ourselves: it were wiser for this generation of graduates to accept calmly and forthrightly the burdens they must bear, since only thus can they expect to undo the awful things which are today being done; they must seek what can pass for happiness in such a way that they will add no further burdens to their heirs; they must not give up hope, if only because moments in the past have been darker than the present; they should bear as little malice as they can toward those whose weakness has caused today's holocaust; and they should learn, if they can, from their fathers' mistakes.

ERNEST LEISER

University of Chicago

By motto, tradition, and reputation, Dartmouth College is the 'college in the wilderness.' The physical Dartmouth — the isolation, the New Hampshire small-town atmosphere, the wheeling New England seasons — is inevitably a strong influence on the thinking of her undergraduates.

Year by year all of this creeps into the Commencement addresses; a sentimentality, nurtured by the knowledge of friendship and common experience and the presence of the June evening calm, jostles the patterned exhortations to live well and intelligently into second consideration.

But now, in June 1941, the evening calm and nostalgia were shattered. In their place the Seniors had the ills of a very ill world handed to them baldly and insistently, and most of them realized and accepted this as the necessary valedictory theme to their education. Some of them didn't like to be reminded of their inevitable rôle in a world in flames. Some of them were querulous at being so constantly reminded of the confusion and insecurity that lie ahead. Some wanted to cling for the last few hours to the safety and protection of the college isolation.

But these were the few. Almost all, no matter what their particular opinion

on America's rôle in the world conflict, recognized the validity of the challenge thrown to them by both President Ernest Martin Hopkins and the Baccalaureate speaker, President William Alfred Eddy of Hobart: the challenge to accept the obligations of freedom as well as the privileges. They recognized the necessity of taking the full burden of those obligations, taking full share of responsibility for their country's well-being and for the sincerity of their beliefs.

The Senior orations and the reactions of the Seniors to other speeches made it apparent that the Class of 1941 is heavily aware of a time of crisis, that underneath any surface flippancy or irritation its members are sober with the realization of the task they graduate to.

One other reaction ran more or less subconsciously throughout the Commencement exercises. This was an objection. It was an objection to being told over and over again that they were fortunate in being able to play a rôle of such importance in the ordering of human history. They objected because they knew that the rôle was in all honesty a dirty one and an unheroic one, and one which should be approached not with twopenny catchwords but with what Robert Sherwood called a 'grim resignation' to something which should not be allowed to exist, but whose actual existence must be faced. And they objected to the easy transference of today's problems on to their shoulders, because the problems were of a world they never made. The men who chided them for not seizing at the opportunity to save the world were of the generation who made that world, who played the stock market while that world rotted away.

But, above all, many of them realized what was most important of all, that the focus of their responsibility is more than a simple armed conflict, easily labeled and heavily sloganed. Many of them

realized that the basis of their task lay instead with what went beyond Hitler into the future: first, the battle to keep democracy alive and able to progress and cancel out mistakes, but beyond that the unsung and perpetual battle to make living decent and human dignity universal.

Under the solemnity and sentiment of Commencement were the challenge and acceptance—to help keep the democracy and freedom we have, to go on and help achieve the eventual justification for that democracy and freedom.

ROBERT W. HARVEY
Dartmouth College

GRADUATION . . . black caps and gowns . . . multicolored hoods against the afternoon setting of Stanford's amphitheatre . . . 7000 spectators, families and friends. . . Commencement . . . hopes and fears . . . unlimited emergency . . . business openings . . . draft numbers . . . homes and families . . . all tumbling through 1600 minds on June 15 as Stanford's largest graduating class took part in the University's fiftieth Commencement exercises.

And for us who filed across the grassy stage to receive our diplomas from the hands of President Ray Lyman Wilbur the exercises signalized the final note to four years beneath the quiet sandstone arches of the University, and the beginning of a lifetime within the turbulent reaches of adulthood.

From three inspirational speakers, we of the graduating class heard a message outlining the responsibilities which face us in our tasks as leaders in this torn world of today. We heard an admonition from Charles A. Beardsley, '06 and former president of the American Bar Association, that 'work and more work, hardship and more hardship, struggle and more struggle,' challenge the graduate who attempts to furnish the enlightened leadership this society so sorely needs. And we picked up the gauntlet with a sense of relief that the education

so necessary for that leadership had been completed before we were called to assume an active part in the affairs of the nation.

The acceptance of the task of leadership was symbolized during the morning's Baccalaureate Service when our 1600 voices in unison prayed that 'our University help to keep alive in the world a recognition of the sacredness of truth . . . a growing sensitivity to human need.'

A message from Stanford's first fifty years extended us by Lou Henry Hoover, '98, wife of ex-President Herbert Hoover, '95, was crystallized as representatives of each of the forty-nine preceding classes filed two by two into the amphitheatre. And, as we were thus welcomed into the alumni fold, we of the class of '41 saw a half century unfold before us . . . and wondered whether the next fifty years—in which the responsibilities of leadership are to be ours—will see peace and a reasoned stability in a healthy world.

'You will pass many milestones, and you will never pass them a second time,' observed President Wilbur shortly after we had received the diplomas which marked the passing of the final milestone into adulthood. With him we looked back to the milestones of 1917 and 1918, silently vowed to do as well as those graduates had done, and heard with emotion his parting words:—

'My faith in you, our men and women of Stanford, is unlimited and my affection unbounded.'

Commencement . . . the time to look forward and to the future. But as faculty and alumni filed away, and left us to our well-wishing families and friends, thoughts of the past four years and the past fifty kept mingling with hopes and desires . . . business opportunities . . . homes and families . . . and with the fervent wish that these might not set with the sun.

WILSON CANNON, JR.
Stanford University

THE addresses delivered at the Columbia Commencement exercises were chiefly distinguished for their remoteness from the problems uppermost in the minds of the graduating class, and their failure to meet squarely the issues which we of that class are expected to cope with in the near future. What would have been passable Commencement Day oratory last year or the year before — and the *New York Times* files reveal that one of the speakers actually did use his text of a year ago — sounded starkly inadequate in 1941.

As I listened to Dr. Butler's address, 'The World Awaits Another Waterloo,' I could not help thinking how equally appropriate — and how equally meaningless — the same words would have been at the Commencement Day exercises of 1916. And I realized that nothing in his speech could have prepared that class for the eventualities of the last twenty-five years — any more than it can us for what lies ahead.

The President's address was naïve in its oversimplifications. His facile analysis of the war in terms of the 'unending conflict' between the 'moral ideal of unselfish service' and the 'controlling desire for gain' completely ignored the historical fact that the 'moral ideal' may be used as a cloak for the gain-seeking instinct, as well as to protect what one has thus gained. Our professors warned us against the tendency to think in terms of 'absolutes,' which tendency they blamed for many of our present-day ills; and when Dr. Butler resorted to just such 'absolutes' in his ideological formulation I felt it to be a betrayal of our training, as well as an insult to our intelligence.

Similarly for Dean Herbert E. Hawkes when he said, 'I submit that this is no time to emphasize the seamy side of our past or even of our present.' This plea for nonreflective commitment — in the face of repeated classroom attacks against the 'emotional basis for belief' — seemed to me a complete abrogation of the ex-

pectancy built up by four years of college education.

Much of Dr. Butler's address was the wishful thinking of a disillusioned worker for international peace. His faith in the inevitability of a second Waterloo I class together with the resignation of another segment of our population to the 'Wave of the Future'; to seek refuge in historical fatalism at a time like this is to sidestep one's responsibility to the generation that must implement the shape of things to come with deeds in the present.

Where the speakers did recognize that their generation had failed ours they were apologetic rather than self-critical, and showed no inclination to analyze the causes underlying their failure. If our elders will not communicate their insights to us, how can they expect us to avoid repeating their mistakes? They have passed us the torch, but there is no light to guide us.

Behind the protection of their ivy-covered clichés and ivory-tower platitudes, the speakers 'faced the future' while ignoring the present and whitewashing the past; they 'faced the future,' leaving us to face the facts and the music.

I. A. L. DIAMOND
Columbia University

I CAME away from my Commencement address feeling that a better mind than mine had been able to express my optimism in the future of humanity. He had recognized the many obstacles which lie in our path. He had painted no rosy picture of a Utopia. He had offered no panacea for the ills of the world. Yet, in the words of Saint John and Plato, he had suggested a course which, if followed by men and nations, could lead to a new future.

Plato's *Republic* sets forth the four virtues of the individual as justice, temperance, wisdom, and courage. Plato, however, did not consider spiritual values. Individuals and states must have faith if they will possess the 'whole

armor.' With faith these virtues provide a means whereby men and states can live in harmony; these ideals offer a firm foundation for future progress.

Graduating Seniors of 1941 have full need for faith and courage. We find ourselves in confusing times. Many of the old standards have disappeared. Our elders on whom we have been taught to depend are as bewildered as we. We find that each day must be lived for itself, because the morrow is so uncertain. We who were taught that war was useless find that our country is almost at war. We who have taken training for peacetime occupations find ourselves called for army or defense work. We who have had dreams and plans for the future must recognize that they may be completely disorganized at any time. We, like our elders, find need for all of the faith and courage we can muster.

History tells us of the continued forward progress of man. At the same time it also recounts the obstacles, miseries, and wars which have beset the world's peoples wherever they have existed. At no time has this progress been completely

checked. We, of the optimistic frame of mind, do not believe that it can be checked. War is not new. Hate is not novel. Misery is not of modern origin. This war, like all other previous wars, will ultimately end. Out of the war must come a permanent, lasting peace. Mankind has wasted too much time and effort in destructive things; all of our energies should be turned toward the constructive. Such a peace will have to be built on a recognition of the rights of the individual. We must help to promulgate the ideals which will lead to such a lasting peace.

The idealism of college students and new graduates is notorious. The older generations are inclined to look with skepticism upon it, for it does not have the wisdom that comes with experience. Many of us believe that the world needs such idealism now as it never needed it before. Perhaps this time we shall have a chance to put some of it into practice. Many doubt it; we hope they are wrong.

JOHN BARTRAM
University of Colorado

NORTHEAST COAST

BY FRANCES FROST

THE light fell and diminished:
it was the end of light.
The sea moved colored till purple and flame were finished
at the edge of night.

It was the first of dark,
the last of day,
the verge of visible stars, the merge of hours
when space grew wounded with piercing and turning flowers.
Over the quiet bay

the gulls went north as in forgotten Springs
to island gatherings. . . .
(They would return with morning, scream and ride
in the cold sea-hush,
float and quarrel on the rising tide,
until the final rush
of sun should blind the continent.)

But now
they darkened past the twisted cedar boughs,
they cut the lucid air
with narrow wings abruptly bound
to rocks we never knew and shall not know.
(O secret and washed by midnight waters, bare
save for the weight of wild and drowsy wings!)

The constellations, as in other Springs,
burst like buds on the sky's dark tree, the air
quivered with living worlds. The coast was lonely,
humped with scrub and fern, thrusting its shale
into the spatter of foam, the dark-moon shock. . . .
The lifting tide sobbed only; you were not there.
It was the shore we loved, it was the near
sea-throat.

(The cricket, invisible and clear,
sharpened Autumn in the half-grown grass.)

FRANCE ALIVE

BY CHARLES MORGAN

A LITTLE before the collapse of France my host at dinner, a good soldier and a country squire, having listened to what I had to say of the French, replied as follows: 'Well, I dunno. Sounds all right. Don't pretend to know the chaps myself. But what I say is: "Never trust a Froggy."' For this phrase there is a precise translation: *Perfide Albion*. Among great sections of the two peoples mutual distrust is profound and hereditary, and this feeling was sharpened by events.

I have heard it said that France is decadent, that she is corrupt, that to the world of the future no good can come from her, that the British Empire and America can afford to do without her. I hold, on the contrary, that in spite of her faults and failures there is in her a unique element without which the energies and virtues of the Anglo-Saxon peoples cannot yield their full fruit. The question is not whether she let us down in the field or whether we have been guilty of error in the past. The question is not even of the ultimate strategic value of an Anglo-French alliance. We have to go much deeper and base our judgment, so far as we may, upon an estimate of human and spiritual values in the world that lies in wait for us.

How much of the old world, the old civilization as we have understood it, are we prepared to sacrifice? How much should we struggle to preserve? How much willingly cast away? What new things shall we patiently create? The answers to all these questions depend upon our scale of values. And if there is among

us, allowing for the differences of sect, party, heredity, and temperament, a common ground in this matter, — if it be true, as I think it is, that the word 'civilization' is, indeed, a vital and visible flame which we are determined shall light the future, — then we have to ask ourselves whether it is not a flame which, if denied what the French have to give, will flicker and change color and burn sickly and at last go out.

Let us, first, ask what it is they have to give, and what are their unique qualities that none other can supply in the same measure and are complementary to our own. Then, considering civilization itself and what it is, and striving to look forward a little beyond the present ferment, let us see in what way these unique qualities of the French are necessary to the happiness of man and to the health and boldness and integrity of his spirit.

I

In his autobiography, written not long before his death, John Buchan said this: 'It is when a people loses its self-confidence that it surrenders its soul to a dictator or oligarchy. In Mr. Walter Lippmann's tremendous metaphor, it welcomes manacles to prevent its hands shaking.' This might appear to apply to France, which shook and surrendered. But mark the word 'soul' — or, if it be too vague, too grandiloquent, in speaking of a nation, let us substitute for it the humbler word 'mind.' As the months pass, it becomes more and more clear

that France is far from having surrendered her mind. Still she makes her criticism effective, for it was nothing but the latent strength of French opinion that drove out Laval. With a muzzled press, an occupied Paris, and a sorely embarrassed Vichy, with her democratic leaders in prison and her surviving power remote in Africa — that France, in these circumstances, still succeeded in making her criticism felt was a remarkable phenomenon of history, and will remain so, whatever the outcome.

But France never has surrendered her mind to a dictator, not even to Napoleon, and Napoleon had the wit not to ask it of her. He conscripted her body to his conquests, but never her mind to his obsessions. It is the special attribute of the French that they cannot be standardized. No one newspaper can tell them what to think: they have hundreds of little newspapers and are skeptical of them all. No one politician can command a hero-worshipping majority; for better and for worse they have hundreds of little politicians and distrust them all. No one general can dazzle them; they have hundreds of little generals and sack a dozen or two of them at the beginning of each war *pour encourager les autres*. Unfortunately on this occasion the purge was a trifle late.

‘A very unstable nation!’ my military host would retort. ‘Never trust a Froggy!’ And it would be foolish to deny that for many years the *government* of France and indeed her whole political machine have been dangerously unstable. The reason is an interesting one — not that the people are unstable; indeed, being more rooted in the land, they are perhaps more stable, as they are certainly more thrifty, than the English. The reason is, I think, that in France the machinery of republican government was dangerously geared. In England, as in France, Parliament has power to drive out a government, but an English Prime Minister has an opposite power to insist upon a dissolution and drive members

back to take the verdict of their constituencies. And as governments do not like being driven from power, so also members do not like being driven back to their constituencies, where they may lose their seats, at some cost and inconvenience to themselves. Thus in England a balance has been established, and in America a different balance based upon a written constitution; governments fall, but not twice a week. In France the Chamber of Deputies has had overwhelming power; by a rash, heated, or irresponsible vote it could drive a government from office without any risk to its own comfort. The President of the Council could not insist upon a dissolution; the deputies could sit tight while the cards were reshuffled, and then, if it amused them, upset the table again. To my mind, and to the mind of many Frenchmen, this seemed a fatal constitutional defect.

But the Third Republic is gone. It is unlikely to be revived in the same form, and we should commit a grave error if we were to confuse its accidental parliamentary instability with the outstanding merit of the French nation: its independence of mind, its contempt for ideas that have been mass-produced, its astonishing intellectual integrity. The English have, or believe they have, integrity of a different kind. Lord Baldwin would call it integrity of character, and perhaps he would be right. Certainly it springs rather from intuition than from reason and is collective rather than individual. The English are at their greatest when, in face of a national peril, they sink their differences and present to the world a stubborn, intuitive, and unquestioning will. Here they supply what France sometimes dangerously lacks. But the French quality is as valuable as the English and is complementary to it. In a world which from San Francisco to London, from London to Berlin, and from Berlin to Vladivostok and Tokyo, is yielding more and more to the mass production of thought, the unique power of

the French to resist this process is without price. They are not a herd-people. Even during their own revolution they cut off the heads of their leaders with reasonable and impartial regularity.

This fierce reaction of the French against the drug-like influence of popular slogans is called 'cynicism' by their critics, and is, of course, unlikely to recommend them to those English, Americans, or Germans who take their opinion from headlines. To put the same idea more gently: the French intellectual integrity has in it an element of skepticism that sometimes offends our sentiment. But my case does not rest on sentimental appeal. I say only that, unless we have adopted the Nazi and Communist belief in mass thought, we are bound to recognize this power of the French to resist standardization, this respect of theirs for the liberties of the individual mind, as a contribution to civilized life that we cannot afford to do without.

The second outstanding and distinguishing quality of the French can best be described as their attitude towards life. Only a very superficial traveler, who has neither read the novels of François Mauriac nor had experience of the severe disciplines that the French impose upon themselves to safeguard the unit of the family, could suppose that the French are, as a nation, morally lax, and yet they share with the Chinese and the ancient Greeks the faculty, which has always marked the most enlightened civilizations, of regarding pleasure as part of the good life. The English and the Americans — perhaps because they have never fully assimilated their Puritanism — are always inclined to be morally suspicious of pleasure, and, above all, of its refinements. In speaking of innocent and guilty pleasures — a reasonable distinction if it is made by reason and not by prejudice — we have a habit of assuming that pleasure is guilty until it is proved innocent; the Chinese, the Greeks, and the French take an opposite view. We say — again reasonably — that pleasure

in excess is bad; to which the French would reply: 'Yes. We agree; but only because anything in excess is bad; not because pleasure in itself is bad or because abstinence from it is in itself virtuous.'

We have a habit — which again *may* be reasonable but is often confusing and even hypocritical in practice — of distinguishing between spiritual and material pleasures. Which is the pleasure of sunshine, of the smell of furze, of the warmth of earth when you lie on it, of a poem of Baudelaire or a quartet of Haydn? Are these spiritual or material? Are they not all in part sensuous? Are we, then, to pretend that sensuous pleasure may not be part of the good life? If we do, our position as inheritors of Greece and of the Renaissance is untenable. The contradiction arises from our strange habit of attaching evil moral overtones to good words. Two lines of Baudelaire provide an instance: —

*Là, tout n'est qu'ordre et beauté,
Luxe, calme et volupté.*

I remember an elaborate discussion with my French friends on the second line. There is no English equivalent for it, and can be none. *Luxe* cannot be translated by 'luxury,' nor *volupté* by 'voluptuousness,' because both French words, with nothing evil or reprehensible implicit in them, suggest a deliberate pleasure, while to Anglo-Saxons the idea of deliberate pleasure is immediately suspect. Why? Even we do not consider it more moral to gulp our wine than to sip it. The French extend this discretion towards other human pleasures. The consequence is that when one is happy in France one says that one feels an *ambiance*. To this 'a sense of well-being' is a very inadequate approximation. *Ambiance* is a mood without which there would have been no Theocritus, no Sappho, no Catullus, no Michael Angelo, no Shakespeare — a mood which we know but are shy of; a mood flatly opposed to the whole German *Weltanschauung*; a mood, necessary to civiliza-

tion, that is part of France's distinctive attitude towards life.

How shall we define that attitude? For, though an understanding of pleasure is a part of it, it is a part only. I have often wondered what precisely it is in France that so satisfies my reason and enchants my imagination, what it is that makes me admire and love her and feel that the pulse of civilization beats in her. And I believe the answer is best approached, not by rigid and objective definition, but by a series of indications.

Do you remember that when Victor Hugo died France accorded him the greatest funeral ever given to a Frenchman? Now Victor Hugo was a poet, not a king or a politician or a film star — and we have not yet offered to Byron a place in Westminster Abbey. . . .

Another indication — this time a personal one. In the third month of the war the Admiralty sent me to Paris. I was attached to the staff of British Naval Liaison in the French Admiralty, whose executive departments had moved out of the Ministry of Marine to a group of wooden huts near the Château of Maintenon. Here sometimes I would keep a night watch. In the morning, a little before breakfast time, while I was waiting for my relief, there would often come a knock at the door and a French sailor or marine or a little group of them would appear carrying French translations of books of mine. And they were not 'fans.' They had not come to stare or ask for autographs. They had come to discuss highly technical points of method and construction, and soon, because all French criticism is comparative and is based on the masters, we were discussing Balzac and Stendhal, and I was learning from them. They were plain seamen in one of the most efficient navies in the world. I believe there is no other country where the same thing could happen; and I take it to be evidence, not indeed of an artistic discernment in the French higher than that of other peoples, but of the simple fact that they have taken art

in their stride — they will discuss it as freely and as unself-consciously as food or children or the weather, for they regard it as a part of life. To them, to be an artist or a man of science is not to be a freak — something to be laughed at or stared at or worshiped; to them an artist is, like a peasant, natural and necessary, and that is the civilized view to take.

I will not claim that France is preëminent as a nation of artists or of scientists. Nothing is to be gained by conducting such a discussion as this on the basis of selecting two rival cricket teams. If I were to speak of the Impressionist painters, or of Gide and Claudel or of the acting of Jouvet, or of the plays of Lenormand and Giraudoux, it would be legitimate to retort with Shaw and Augustus John. By that means it is impossible to reach a conclusion of any value. But there is this to be remembered: that, though other nations may claim to excel France in poetry or painting or music or scientific research, it is to France that artists and men of science go to learn — not necessarily in the academic sense of learning how to practise their art or their science, but to learn how to live as scientists and artists. Foreigners go to Oxford or Yale or Heidelberg or Rome to study particular subjects; they go to the Sorbonne for the same reason; but they go to Paris because her cafés, her studios, her great houses, her humblest lodgings are a university of life in which there are no pedagogues.

We Anglo-Saxons have done our best to anglicize Paris, and north of the river we have to some extent succeeded. Montmartre was vulgarized long ago; the Place Pigalle was changed; so the intelligent French moved to Montparnasse, and though Montparnasse, in its turn, began to suffer the invasions of the cosmopolitan *bourgeoisie*, the intelligent French survived. In the Rue Bonaparte, in the square of St. Germain des Prés, in the Île St. Louis, in the whole neighborhood of Notre Dame, and in districts much poorer than any of these,

they continued to think and work and talk of the things of the mind. In a sense the French are more insular than ourselves; they seldom travel for pleasure, partly because other countries have worse wine and worse food at greater cost, but chiefly because they have no need to travel. Europe and the world come to them. 'There are two principal universities: Oxford and Cambridge,' said the American guidebook. 'If your time is short, omit Cambridge.' In the same way a European traveler may omit Berlin or Rome or Budapest, but not Paris. Everything — ideas, men, revolutions, all the agonies and ecstasies of mankind — flows into France and is changed and is given to the world again. She is the heart that pumps the blood of civilization.

II

Those who contend that France is valueless to us and that we should do well to allow her to perish as an independent nation generally base their opinion on economic arguments. They consider man not as an individual but as a unit in an economic mass, and they think of this war and the last as being primarily economic struggles. This was truer of the last war than of the present, but I suggest it is only very thinly true of either. The present ferment of the world is a ferment of ideas not primarily or chiefly economic. For long it was genuinely believed to be economic at root; it was considered to be a struggle of the world to create a new economic system which should make natural wealth more available to mankind and distribute it more justly. That our economic system is open to criticism none can deny; that great injustices spring from it is plain; but that ordinary men think in terms of economics and interpret their history and destiny in those terms is, I believe, a profound delusion. Men and women are rasher, more passionate, more wildly hopeful, more private, more *human* than the economists dream of. What the Eng-

lish will live and die for is not a trade bund or a tariff barrier, but the shape of a nose, the light of an eye, the lilt of a song, the name, the smell, the habit, the pride and beauty of England. The Germans too are fighting, not for economic advantage, but because they are a great, a war-loving, and a proud people, who, having made the last war and lost it, are determined to make good that loss, and, being hero-worshippers, are hypnotized by the habit, the name, the power of Hitler.

The fault of the Treaty of Versailles was not only that its economic clauses were impracticable in the sense intended by Mr. Keynes's criticism, but that its economic emphasis mistook the nature of the problem. The attempted cure failed because the psychological diagnosis was wrong. Gradually it became clear that, though the economic struggle was genuine and important, another struggle underlay it — a struggle between two ways of life of which economic differences were only a part. What people in Germany were thinking of was not the increase or the redistribution of wealth, but the exaltation of the state over the individual. They were looking not for new markets but for a new god. In consequence, what we are now fighting is not basically an economic war but a modern version of the former wars of religion. The struggle is between two differing ideas of the nature and duty of man — two differing ideas of what civilization is and ought to become; and in that struggle, because we and the French take complementary views of civilization, France is necessary to us and necessary to civilization.

In times of great stress there is a tendency in all of us to do one of two things — either to live from hand to mouth, feeling that to make any plan is a waste of time, or to rush in with desperate remedies and ill-considered schemes for an instant remodeling of the world. Of the two, those who live from hand to mouth and are not overeager to write to the papers about their war aims or their

peace aims are greatly to be preferred. The ardent and urgent remodelers are dangerous not because they are necessarily wrong in principle but because they are impatient and sentimentally grandiose, because they fail, as they failed at Geneva, to take account of the slowness of mankind to accept a new idea embodied in a new self-discipline. However fast mechanized divisions may move, the history of ideas is always slow.

That is the more reason for our trying to take, if we can, a very long view of the future and to get clear in our minds, not the frontiers, the disarmament clauses, the leagues and federations which may or may not spring from the next series of peace treaties, but the nature of the world towards which these treaties shall be one of many steppingstones.

What are we ultimately driving at?

To such a question there are a thousand answers, but there are probably very few answers to be given by anyone of English or of French blood that would not include the word 'civilization,' or at any rate the idea of it. We differ — and we ought to differ, or we should be Nazis ourselves — about the direction in which civilization should, in our opinion, develop. We differ, too, in the meanings we severally attach to the idea of vitality, of growth, of something springlike in civilization. But I think it is reasonable to say that nearly all of us, if we look imaginatively into the distant future of the world, seek there, not something that has no roots in the past, — for such a thing is historically impossible, — but a developed and vitalized form of civilization as we now understand it.

How developed? How vitalized? Never mind: for a moment leave that to the legitimate controversy of Left and Right. We are trying to look forward, not to the failure or triumph of any party, but to the destiny of mankind; we are trying to regard the distant future with the same eye, the same awareness of the splendor and suffering of humanity, with which a historian who, like Hardy, is also a poet

regards the past. Through our vision the stream of civilization runs perpetually, an inheritance and a guide. It runs through the vision of the French.

It does not run through the vision of the Germans — and I mean the German people, not their present rulers only — because they have deliberately rejected it. For them the world begins tomorrow; Hitler created it in six campaigns and was restless in the seventh. It is the meaningless and stupid jargon of war to say that the Germans are a nation of barbarians. They are nothing of the kind. It happens that they are now ruled by a group of men who are, for the most part, without breeding or tradition, but that does not prevent their being still a people with their roots in the genius of Goethe and Beethoven. But let us not deceive ourselves. They are something more dangerous to us than a barbarous people. They are a people who have adopted a way of life different from ours. I am not a moralist, and I will not take it upon myself to speak of the forces of good and evil, or indulge in the habit of treating the deity as an ally. But this I know: that no change of régime in Germany will entitle us to put down our guard. The German people have rejected the fundamental ideas upon which is based our view of civilization, our hope for mankind.

What are those ideas? First, the idea of proportion and balance, of 'nothing too much,' which we inherit from the Greeks and to which totalitarianism, whether Nazi or Communist, is by definition opposed. Second, the idea of variety as distinct from that of standardization. Third, the idea that civilization is a living, flexible, and breathing organism that takes in and gives out. Fourth, that it is, or dreams of becoming, universal by acceptance and not by conquest. To all these principles Germany is opposed; to all of them France adheres. That is the nature of the conflict; that is the nature of the alliance. '*Si nous nous divisons le monde est perdu.*'

DR. AUSTEN FOX RIGGS

BY DONALD CULROSS PEATTIE

I

IT is strange to meet a man long after he is dead.

Now he is part of many of my pleasures. This, I find myself saying, Austen Riggs would also like; or, that he would have blasted as pure poppycock. He is in me now; he is a firm part of my conscience.

But at the beginning I was puzzled as to why it should be I who was to write of him. I never knew him; his science was not mine. Better, I still incline to think, that a colleague, a fellow townsman, at least a patient, should tell of Dr. Riggs. Yet of me it was asked. Letters, pictures, tributes, the medical treatises and the expositions for the layman written by the doctor, the tattered pocket journal in which through thirty years he jotted notes, were put into my hands, and these I got by heart. At the last there came to my desk a volume of my own writing, *An Almanac for Moderns*; fluttering the leaves, I found the margins lively with notations in the doctor's hand. Curious, I settled down to read them.

At once I encountered a mind of immense strength, limberness, tirelessness, resourcefulness. Here was the trained and tempered skepticism I like most. But now I met it in friendly tussle. On nearly a hundred of my pages the doctor has a bone to pick, claps me on the shoulder, or murmurs an aside. 'I didn't know the Veery was Wilson's thrush — how do you do!' Concerning springhouses and my love of

them, he answers, 'Yea, brother — and best of all, they can't very well be collected.' Genially he puts in a word of his own about the nature of fireflies' light and autumn coloration. His voice is in my ear as he argues with me over what the dragonfly sees with his thousand eyes, and the tactile sense of bats — the tactile nature of all senses, as acutely he points out. On teleology we see eye to eye. 'Muddled, conceited, self-protective thinking,' he calls it; and to my delight cries out, 'What good is science, anyway, without the man behind it? What a necessary luxury it is for the scientist to think emotionally!'

This was an hour surely rare in life, in which I held intimate colloquy with a friend I never knew. I realized now why I might make so bold as to attempt the sketch of one I never saw. I recognized the man of science who unbends to popularize that science because he believes — as I do — that science is the property of the many. This, of course, is one way to offend the high priests who would keep their mysteries well covered.

To some of these I talked about him. 'Riggs of Stockbridge?' Always then the nod that confirms success. Sometimes, too, a sidewise smile and the words 'personality' and 'fashionable.' Fashionables who were his patients I have also questioned. Some talk of Riggs as if he had been God — which both amused and annoyed him intensely, since the whole aim of his work was to

make the maladapted strong in themselves. One, a banker who went up to Stockbridge and successfully got over a breakdown, was asked when he got back if he had noticed the handsome fish in the doctor's aquarium. 'Notice them?' He shook a puzzled head. 'I spent two thousand dollars talking about those damn goldfish!'

That was a story Riggs told with hilarity. Of what he did for the patients, roughly one in four, who paid nothing for his treatment, he told little. How much such treatment of the suffering cost him, in effort, I glimpsed through one of his secretaries who saw it — saw how he would come into the office through even those last hard months, lean for a moment on his hand against the desk, then brace himself and enter smiling to the patient. To him Riggs would give, for unstinted hours, of science, sense, and the stuff of his own soul. They tell me that if you met a patient on the way to Riggs's office and asked him where he was going he was likely to say, 'I'm on my way to the powerhouse.' But Riggs snorted when his powers were put down to personality, insisting on the value of his therapeutic methods and the theory at their base. That now, after his death, the Austen Riggs Foundation still flourishes is the best proof of his contention.

Yet that personality was so impressive I sense it like a presence in the room. I see the handsome figure, in which the athlete masked the onetime invalid; the brown eyes searching a thought intently; the foot shut in a desk drawer as he tipped back, rocking, dictating; the large, capable, fine hands that touched the papers on the desk before him or played with the folding tortoise-shell glasses on the black ribbon around his neck. Most of all I am conscious, as I write, that over my shoulder looks the man who jotted in his notebook, 'Honesty is more than a policy. If it is only a policy, it is not honesty.'

All right, Doctor, you shall have no

blind eulogy. Tolerant as you were, forgive unwitting errors in these pages. You were the man who also said, 'Truth, thank God, differs from accuracy. It is largely a matter of intent.'

And intent was to Austen Riggs the whole point. When one more of the thousands of pilgrims to the little town of Stockbridge, nestling amid its Berkshire hills, sank into a chair facing the physician he had crossed a continent to seek, he met a question in those friendly, brown, intensely focused eyes.

'Why have you come to me?' the doctor asked.

'Because I want to get well, Doctor, I want to get well!'

'That,' said Dr. Riggs startlingly, but with a warm smile, 'doesn't interest me. *Why do you want to get well?*'

For 'the great purpose of life is to live it,' as Austen Fox Riggs loved to quote Justice Holmes. And purpose in life was the guiding star which he helped the storm-tossed to find. 'Happiness,' he told them, 'is only a by-product of successful living.' That such living could be taught was his major demonstration. You can call his teachings psychotherapy, or inspired common sense on a medical basis. But those whose broken lives he mended knew that he got them to their feet morally as well as physically. If a patient couldn't stand on his own feet, Riggs held him up by brotherly strength, and compelled his spirit to learn all over again, or perhaps for the first time, how to walk like a man.

These were people like you and me, whose troubles had got the better of them — 'psychoneurotics' is the professional term. Dr. Riggs undertook to cure only the essentially normal in mind, those whose functioning had become disordered through troubling thought. They came into his office worn by pain, haunted by fears, — of insanity, suicide, death, — or literally paralyzed, perhaps, even blinded. To such lengths can a tortured psyche drive even the normal. Schoolteacher

and society woman, bank clerk and big business man, they came to Stockbridge shaken, shattered, sometimes desperate; to be met with that warm smile, that strong handclasp, and finally, ending their dread, the diagnosis: 'You're just mixed in your thinking.'

For over thirty years, at first in a shamefaced trickle, the stream of patients came flooding to the door of Austen Riggs, six thousand or more of them. Even the sufferer who had not a cent left after his ticket to Stockbridge was bought was treated there none the less. More, those who could not pay even for lodging were guests at the inn — where no sanatorium atmosphere ever prevailed — at the expense of the Riggs Foundation. Sometimes a patient was 'taken into the family,' as the doctor put it to his children, in the hospitable Riggs home.

They came to Stockbridge halt in spirit, perhaps in body; they departed upright, walking in the strength of self-confidence. Across the thirty-odd years of his devoted service their gratitude to Austen Riggs comes blowing to us: 'I am helped and strengthened by his sentence, "Without fear there is no real courage."' 'Something he once said will never be forgotten: "Is it the pain you mind, or something it stands for?" That was an eye-opener.' 'His words were a candle to show me the way: "There is nothing in your mind that you need be afraid to think about."' At parting, happy patients would say, 'You've cured me!' But Riggs would shake his head. 'No,' he corrected them, 'you've cured yourself. I only showed you how to understand.'

For the basis of his therapy was re-education. Body and mind are indivisible, he held, and mind must lead. As far back as 1908 he laid the cornerstone for his life work: 'The concept of psychophysiological unity is the basis of enlightened monistic philosophy, and is the only concept which agrees with and is supported by the laws of nature.'

Seeing man thus whole, Riggs also scrutinized his parts. He was teaching, just a few years later, that a person functions upon four levels, — the reflex, the instinctive, the intelligent, and the ethical, — all based in his anatomical structure. The elements of mood and temperament complete the picture of an individual. The individual plus his environment, Riggs liked to put it, equals adaptation or maladaptation. Out of the latter rise the problems loosely catalogued as 'nervous,' the psychoneuroses sometimes so elaborately cloaked by resulting physical ills. Austen Riggs undertook to bring such sufferers to health not only by physical treatment but by so educating them concerning themselves that by their own 'clear, straight, skeptical thinking,' to use a favorite phrase of his, they could adapt themselves successfully each to the conditions of his own life.

No treatment could have less in it of 'faith healing,' or of the hand-patting indulgence offered the fretful rich by some 'fashionable doctors.' Yet anybody with a grain of normal human irritability in him knows that such treatment would be utterly unacceptable and ineffective if it were not powered by genuine sympathy in the practitioner. Of such sympathy, unsentimental but glowingly vital, Austen Riggs possessed a great humanitarian's boundless fund.

II

It has been said that every great institution is the long shadow of a tall man. To understand the success of the Riggs Foundation one must look well at the man behind it. Austen Fox Riggs was born on December 12, 1876, son of a doctor, and married the daughter of Charles McBurney, the surgeon famous for 'McBurney's Point,' that exact spot on the abdomen for making the most economical incision in appendectomy. These ties may well have helped in causing him to shape his

innate sense of responsibility to others into a medical career which from the first promised brilliantly.

At Harvard (where he did not work especially hard) he was carried to enthusiasm at least by William James, whose Pragmatism was to bear fruit at Stockbridge. Riggs enjoyed also walks and talks with Santayana. For the rest, he was happiest in the activity and companionship of that life. He went out for rowing, and became an expert and graceful fencer, showing already those marked gifts for rhythm and precision which presently appeared in a faculty for clog dancing and a fondness for drums; the busy doctor liked to put records of Sousa marches on the phonograph and interpolate his own percussions and drum breaks. At Harvard he sang in a Hasty Pudding show, and all his life enjoyed exercising his good baritone in Negro spirituals. From the time of boyhood vacations on the coast of Maine, he was a passionate sailor, loving nothing more than a good boat, ropes and rigging, and the smell of the sea. True beauty, he was wont to say over the ship model he was carving, lies in the perfect relation between structure and function.

Graduating from Harvard with the class of 1898, Riggs entered Columbia medical school. Now he saw his way clear; now he buckled to, scholastically, winning the Harsen prize. He became engaged to Alice McBurney; the courtship was swift and untroubled except for a short time before their marriage in 1904, two years after his graduation from medical school. For a time it seemed to the dismayed young woman that her lover was actively avoiding her. His absences were explained when he brought her a wedding ring made with his own hands.

It was many years from that moment to the day when he was to build a handsome shop for occupational therapy at Stockbridge. But the germ of the idea was there. Riggs was one of the first

to see that handcraft is a health builder, for he practised it early on himself. He was a master craftsman, from the making of perfect ship models and his own bows and arrows to the design of full-scale boats with a naval architect.

The young doctor seemed to fly up the rungs of the ladder to medical fame and fortune. He was successively interne at Presbyterian Hospital, special worker in pathology and medicine at Johns Hopkins, assistant instructor at Columbia medical, assistant in medicine at Vanderbilt Clinic, assistant in the rich and fashionable practice of Dr. Walter B. James in New York City — all in the space of a few short years. The way was open now to the very top. Young Riggs had driving interest, intense concentration, enough of worldly ambition both for the good things of life and for the highest rewards of honor. No one doubted his ultimate triumph in that city of towering successes.

But the eager young doctor had taken one final straw on his load — work as attending physician at the House of Rest for Consumptives. Perhaps in those days precautionary measures were not so carefully taken. Slowly he began to suspect; he took a look through his own microscope, then, hoping against hope, sent in the specimen, with that of a patient, to the bacteriological laboratory. That evening he was called to the phone; the voice from the laboratory told him that his own sample was positive. 'Oh, yes,' his wife heard him say calmly, 'but about that other specimen?'

The glittering career was cut short. Riggs dragged himself with his young family away from the promise and cheat of the great city, to the farm of his wife's family up in the Berkshires, at Stockbridge. There, as the winter of 1907 wore into the chill New England spring, he lay outdoors, in his invalid's wrappings, looking at his life before him, that seemed to be broken off, a stump. He read, too, the works of the few who at that date had fumbled along the laby-

rinth of the human mind. He read William James again, James who says that when your emotions are aroused you should do something with them constructively, even if it's only being pleasant to your old grandmother. He read Freud and Charcot, the hypnotist of Paris, and perceived that, while suggestion was a vital method in therapy, actual hypnosis might be most dangerous in practice and was certainly of very limited use.

So, pondering, accepting, discarding, he began to think his own thoughts about the still very young science of psychiatry. He began to remember, too, all the cases he had seen that had not yielded to merely physical treatment. That woman, now, who had entered the hospital with — so the doctors suspected — duodenal ulcers. They had treated her, until they could at least pronounce to their own satisfaction that she did not have any ulcers. So she was discharged as cured — and went home to die, of self-administered poison.

Austen Riggs began to see light — the light that was to lead him the rest of his life, and illumine the darkness of thousands of fellow sufferers. He began to see how he, then crippled in physique, could help to carry the crippled in spirit. Lying there in the painful patience that he must endure, he saw that he was to be always at the mercy of treacherous and disabling enemies to health. But in morale he was a giant, and a young giant still.

At that time the torment now called psychoneurosis was not widely recognized for the malady it is. The sufferer was often damned as either morally or mentally deficient. Riggs always had respect for the 'old family doctor' type of physician who perceived through homely good sense that a patient's troubling thoughts were bound with his physical ills, but the science of psychotherapy was still largely unexplored, and Austen Riggs became one of its pioneers.

His work began right there in Stock-

bridge, a town of two thousand souls. Some of them were troubled, and with them Austen Riggs began his great work of reëducating the nervously disordered, for intelligent living. As he gained strength and confidence — in time he became a figure of impressive vitality — he opened an office also in the neighboring town of Pittsfield, a rapidly growing industrial city, where he spent two crowded days of his week and where later a clinic was established by the Foundation. Now, hearing rumors of his successes, former colleagues in New York began sending Riggs the kind of patient that needed him. People came from Boston, from Chicago; at last from all over the country they were beating a path to his door. Because, in the days of his work's beginning, people were ashamed to admit to 'nerves,' since a 'breakdown' meant to many either a piece of sissy self-indulgence or indication of incipient insanity, men of position, women of society, in those early days came to Stockbridge secretly for the help they needed.

There came, too, patients who desperately required the doctor's help but had not enough money to stay in Stockbridge for it. One day in 1914, as a patient was leaving, she said, 'Here is a little check for you to use so that someone who otherwise cannot afford this treatment may have it.' And she gave him fifty dollars. This was the inspiration that began the Austen Riggs Foundation. The 'discretionary fund' thus started has been kept active, without solicitation, for over a quarter of a century; from it Riggs drew for his patients' crying needs, sometimes even to buy a dress for one, for another to pay that overdue grocery bill which in sickness had become a nightmare.

III

The Foundation itself is a non-profit-making corporation. The profit made by the inn from patients who can pay, added

to by private subscription, makes the fund which carries those unable to pay. In the first twenty-one years after the establishment of the Foundation, more than 6000 people had enjoyed the hospitality of the inn and the benefits of the occupational therapy shop. Approximately one quarter of these patients, or nearly 1500, had been treated absolutely free and supported during their treatment.

And Stockbridge, at first suspicious of the Foundation lest it might be some sort of newfangled 'booby hatch,' grew proud at last of the institution that came to make it famous. In the doctor himself the village early recognized a good neighbor. It could thank him for gathering its tradesmen into a chamber of commerce, for founding and encouraging a Boy Scout troop, serving on the school board, fighting for better conditions for the children. When anyone in town wanted a thing fixed, from a broken heart to a broken ski harness, he took it to the biggest and busiest man in town, the doctor.

From this elm-shaded village rayed out an influence that has bettered innumerable lives. The method of treatment evolved by Riggs is one of frank discussion with the patient, the doctor seeking to understand the patient's life and personality and to bring him to self-understanding and self-help. But not only during their stay at Stockbridge were these patients Riggs's concern; out of about a thousand cases, for instance, 25 per cent would stay less than three weeks, half of them less than five weeks, 75 per cent less than seven. And after their departure into the fray of their personal lives, touch was not lost; they were encouraged to write concerning their problems, and in return were sent letters of guidance and helpful analysis.

Coincident with the reconstruction of the patient's mental attitude goes medical care, with diet and exercise, of course, playing their part. But the essence of

the therapy evolved by Austen Riggs is that mind must be the master. Even sleep can be achieved by intelligent habits of rest. If you do not sleep, it is because you have not learned to rest, for insomnia is only a symptom of restlessness, and it is this which must be cured. To this end, four habits of life are emphasized in the Stockbridge teaching: that of balanced living, with work, play, and rest all in proportion; that of living in the present; that of accepting reality; and that of directing one's energies with useful purpose. Days so spent will tend toward peaceful sleep; as the doctor tersely puts it, 'Once conquered through understanding, insomnia should not recur, for to err is human, but to repeat the same mistake in the face of knowledge is idiotic.'

'Sleep,' he taught, 'is of small relative importance. . . . Rest is the foundation upon which all normal sleep occurs, and it is directly and voluntarily obtainable while sleep is not. . . . One rests when one ceases trying . . . the very spirit of rest is *acceptance*. No philosophy is realistic enough to rest upon unless it includes a doctrine of frustration, for there is always the past to regret and the future to meet.'

Here is a tonic doctrine, surely, but pure of bitterness and infused with an elixir of courageous purpose. You taste the essence of that in a jotting from his private notebook: 'Lincoln was great, not because he started life in the squalor of a log cabin, but in that he left it.' Always there is this emphasis on choice. We need not, if we choose, become the victims of our nerves, for, says Austen Riggs, 'Nervousness is not a *disease* but a *disorder* . . . simply a maladjustment on the part of an otherwise perfectly sound, essentially normal person, and therefore it is *avoidable*.'

Easily said? And done, if not easily, at least by intelligent effort. To avoid a 'nervous breakdown,' Dr. Riggs leaves us ten commandments, here abbreviated:—

1. Neither run away from emotions nor yet fight them. Accept them as the well-springs of all action. They are your automatically mobilized energies. Force these energies into the channels of your choice . . . it is like guiding spirited horses.

2. Be efficient in what you do. Do not drive your tacks with a sledge hammer. Find out how easily you can do things well, and take pride in such skill.

3. Do one thing at a time. Only thus can we practise concentration. I do *not* mean that violent overdramatization of effort, but the gentle art of controlling the attention.

4. Make clean-cut practical decisions, subject to change in the face of new facts or additional knowledge.

5. Do not accept hurry as a necessary part of modern life. Quality of work, not quantity, spells success, and quality is destroyed by hurry.

6. Worry is a complete circle of inefficient thought whirling about a pivot of fear. To avoid it, consider whether the problem in hand is your business. If it is not, turn to something that is. If it is your business, decide if it is your business now. If so, decide what is best done about it. If you know, get busy. If you don't know, find out promptly. Do these things; then rest your case on the determination that, no matter how hard things may turn out to be, you will make the best of them — and more than that no man can do.

7. Keep work, play, rest, and exercise in their proper relative proportions; not only in the space of decades, but year by year, month by month, week by week, day by day.

8. Shun the New England conscience. It is a form of egotism which makes a moral issue of every trivial thought — nothing better than worry about self.

9. When a decision has been reached, when something has to be done, waste no time in 'getting up steam' — just do it.

10. Accept the material of life. Do not criticize your part in the play, study it, understand it, and then *play* it, sick or well, rich or poor, with faith, with courage, and with proper grace.

Always the tone is manly, and always the note is hopeful. Long before the phrase was coined, 'Be glad you are

neurotic,' he was encouraging people not to be ashamed of their illness and teaching the sensitive to understand and use this quality which, misused, caused their suffering. 'We could hardly imagine a Christ or a Lincoln without exquisite sensitiveness as well as a high order of intelligence.'

So he calls upon the best in all of us, not denying the natural emotions in each. Of course you're afraid, said Riggs, to the man who stood in real danger. Not until you are afraid do you have a chance to be brave. Of course you're jealous, said Riggs to the woman who was afraid of losing her husband. Use the drive of that jealousy to make yourself so understanding and charming that he'll never leave you. Of course you're angry, of course you're blue. We aren't responsible for the surge of our emotions, any more than for feeling heat or cold. But — and here the kindly and humorous friend is the stern teacher too — we *are* responsible for what we do with them.

So, at last, is discoverable the secret of this doctor's power. In himself, for all the genial steadiness with which he met the world, lay the torturing emotions with which his patients struggled. He was great because he had found out how to use them. He knew the rack of suffering, the gall of frustration, consuming angers, black depressions, the mood swings that shake a man to the soul. But these he mastered, employed as tools for understanding others, for teaching them to understand themselves.

In the notebook in which for years he jotted down his private thoughts, I found this entry: —

To feel every quality from the vilest to the best, in one's own individuality, really and honestly to feel the shame of the disgraced, the joy of the happy, the sorrow of the oppressed, is to love and understand humanity, and forever to renounce the doubtful privilege of sitting in judgment. The sorrow of knowing that there is evil in the best is far outbalanced by the joy of discovering that there is good in the worst.

Accept reality, was this man's cry. Take the truth to your breast. Put it to work. Make a good thing of your life, whatever it lacks. There is no perfect success, no absolute failure. However hard the fact, accept it. As to how to deal with it, your spirit has always the high freedom of choice.

Having defeated the inroads of one fatal malady for more than thirty years, Austen Fox Riggs succumbed on March 5, 1940, to a more painful and hopeless one. Dying, he lamented only that he would not be able to put his shoulder under the bogged-down life most lately brought to him. But the way of life he had worked out for thousands did not

die with him. In his own words, penciled in the private notebook, it is put thus:—

A WAY OF LIFE

To accept with courage and gratitude the debt we owe all men and women whose lives have made this a world of better opportunity. . . .

To live fully, taking eager advantage of the opportunities these lives have given us, by making such contributions to welfare and happiness as we may, so that in the short span of our own lives a little at least of that debt may be repaid. . . .

For the best and most lasting success, the real success of life can be, must be, written only in terms of service.

LEAVES

BY JESSE STUART

LEAVES are clean trumpets blurring out time's noise
Time can't escape with leaves forever near.
Through lilting leaves of spring, time shouts his joys,
But time moans moodily when leaves are sere.
Have you not loved the hills in clouds of green,
Looked at the April skies and reached for them?
Threw sticks in splashing streamlets there between
These hills that shouldered to the sky's white rim?
Life was before you and your blood ran free,
Life was before you and you were in love
When wind hummed tunes through leaves incessantly
In every hollow and each tiny cove.
You leaped the streams and shouted useless words
Against time in the leaves and all time said;
Rejoicing with life, leaves and singing birds,
Unmindful that these leaves would soon be dead.

CONCERT

BY MARGARET KENNEDY

TODAY I got me a pair of wings and flew away out of the war; I flew back into the good old days, or on into the good new days — I don't quite know which.

I went to the Penmorvah Orchestral Society's Annual Concert, which has been held every spring for more than fifty years in Penmorvah Town Hall. Nothing was changed. Nothing was different. Here were the same rows and rows of old ladies with black ostrich tips in their hats, and the aspidistras — the very same, I do believe, that were first used in 1891 — grouped disconsolately round the conductor's rostrum. Here were the same performers. Bearded shepherds were lugging in double basses; the butcher of Madron Church Town was climbing up behind the big drum, and the melancholy chimney sweep from Fish Lane was fingering his clarinet. Farmers' wives and daughters, in their best dresses, were tuning their violins and exchanging dairy news. And dear old Dr. Berry is still conducting the orchestra — a little more massive, white-headed now, but still walking serenely on the mountains, as great a maestro in Penmorvah as Richter ever was in Munich.

Musical snobs think they have to sneer at the Orchestral Society. It's true that Dr. Berry and his rustic band are not very accomplished performers. It's true that they are somewhat ambitious in their choice of programs. Nothing is so difficult that they won't try it, and their maxim seems to be that if you are going to make a fool of yourself you had better

do it on a grand scale. When they fling themselves upon the Ninth Symphony, in the spirit of the Light Brigade at Balaclava, there are always one or two superior beings in the audience who close their eyes in pain and murmur:

'Of course . . . when one's heard it in London . . . when one knows what it *ought* to sound like . . .'

'Which is more than Beethoven knew himself, half the time,' Dr. Berry is reported to have said to one of these critics.

But amateur music, so long as it is sincere, has a charm and a quality. The skilled professional who never hears a better performance than his own is tempted sometimes to forget that there *is* a better performance — the perfect one that we shan't hear till we get to Heaven — and he leaves off listening for it with his inward ear. But the humble amateur has less temptation to forget; he listens for it, and sometimes, surprisingly, in the midst of his falterings and blunders he plays a chord, a note, half a bar, which might be an echo from a better world.

My neighbor, Mrs. Treloyan, drove me over to Penmorvah, and on the way we talked about her children, Elizabeth, Tim, and Marigold, whom I have not seen since they were in kindergarten. Now they are all grown up. Tim is stationed somewhere in the North, and Marigold is going to have a baby.

Anyone who knows Penmorvah would have known it was concert day, even without the posters. An air of excite-

ment and bustle filled the streets. The shops were closed; the concert is always fixed for an early-closing day. Anybody who had come to town at all had come for the concert. The country buses, rumbling in from the moors, were full of people carrying queer and bulky musical instruments, cellos and French horns and trombones.

The old reek of paint and size met us as we went into the Town Hall. Why that building should invariably manage to smell as if it had just been redecorated I cannot think, for I don't suppose it has seen a paintbrush since the Armada sailed. But so it is.

Lady ushers sell us enormous programs full of notes written by Dr. Berry, telling us what the music really means, and when we must listen for 'the chromatic passage for the oboe which reintroduces the first subject.' But we scarcely need to look at these programs, for the bill of fare is invariable: a substantial joint of Beethoven, something in the *Rosamunde* line or else some Tchaikovsky, some nice old Italian string concerto that is really almost within the powers of the performers, an interval, something modern thrown in as a tolerant gesture, a lady singing a piece of grand opera, selections from *Hiawatha*, and the Valkyries' Ride.

And hurrah! There are the Red Cross nurses! Ever since Dr. Berry discovered that two trained nurses attend every concert in the Albert Hall, London, lest anybody in that vast audience should be taken ill, he has insisted that at least three nurses should attend his concerts in Penmorvah.

And now Dr. Berry makes his entrance and we all clap. He bows and waves us to our feet for the National Anthem, which we all sing very loudly because if we didn't he would make us stop and start again. As it is wartime we sing all three verses, including the one which, between wars, we condemn as chauvinistic, out of date, and due for the blue pencil. But just at the moment we feel no objection to it, and instruct Heaven

most emphatically to 'confound their politics, frustrate their knavish tricks . . .'

Silence. A few latecomers steal nervously in. Dr. Berry turns round and glares at them till they quite lose their heads and drop their umbrellas and fall over their neighbors' feet. He waits until the last rustle has died away. Then he lifts his baton and leads the Penmorvah Orchestral Society into their annual Balaclava charge.

You may have heard it in London. You may have heard it in Berlin, Munich, Paris, or New York. You may think you know how it ought to sound. But you are a fool if you don't listen. Because this is Beethoven, and even now, even here, you may suddenly discover something you did not know before.

And the orchestra is lovely to watch. There is not a face which is not alight with enthusiasm and determination. The men reveal more than the women do. There is a kind of sadness, a mixture of melancholy and pleasure, which I have noticed before in men's faces when they are making music, or listening to it. There is none of that taint of boredom which haunts the paid musician. This is not done for a living. These shepherds, shopkeepers, and railway porters give to music their rare moments of leisure. They find in it their escape from a world that is often hard, narrow, and bitter. Most of them are tired and middle-aged. They have the queerest assortment of faces: long faces, pug faces, red faces, pale faces, spotty-blotchy faces, bald heads and bat ears. But upon every face, just now, there is a most beautiful expression — the melancholy dignity of a king in exile who hears a strain from 'the Imperial Palace whence he came.'

Only the butcher, in charge of the percussion, seems to be quite at home in this world, pounding here, pounding there, here a tap, there a tap, and then sitting back with folded arms to wait for his next spell of activity. He never takes his eye off his drums between whiles, but watches over them as though

they were alive and might start up of their own accord if he did not control them.

The women's expressions are more veiled. They are more conscious of themselves, their best dresses, and the audience in front of them. Among the violins I pick out three to remember.

The first is a little schoolgirl dressed in a sort of shroud which I judge to be a confirmation dress. Overwhelmed at the honor of inclusion in this adult assembly, overwhelmed with anxiety lest she should let her side down, too modest to sit where the audience can see her, too conscientious to sit where she cannot see the conductor, she is never in the same place for two bars running. She keeps appearing and disappearing, peeping anxiously over fresh heads and shoulders, but always fiddling away for dear life. She does not appear to need her music. I suspect she knows the score as well as Dr. Berry does.

The second is a type to be found in almost any provincial orchestra. She sits next to the first violin and feels that she gives tone to the whole affair. She is refined and artistic. She wears 'hand-woven' clothes, and her sandy hair is wound in great knobs over her ears. She knows herself to be a great deal more cultivated than most people in Penmorvah and she would like us to know it too. Her pale blue eyes are intensely soulful. She handles her bow very efficiently. In this hullabaloo it is impossible to know how well she plays, but it is likely that she is hampered by conceit, that arch-enemy of all the arts. I suspect she enjoys herself more when she is playing the *Preislied* to a circle of admiring friends in a nice, refined drawing-room.

In the long periods when the violins have nothing to do she keeps her eyes fixed on Dr. Berry with an eager readiness, as though prepared for any sudden, unexpected call. When he glances their way to indicate an approaching lead she gives him a little nod, as if to assure him that he can rely on her.

The first violin, sitting next to her, is a

complete contrast. Her face is red and square. Her black hair is cropped. She has small and singularly expressionless black eyes. Her dress is of brown artificial silk with green and yellow comets dashing around all over it. Her large, sensible feet are placed well apart and she sits very upright. Her profession is revealed by her great red forearms which have been obviously milking cows and making butter for at least thirty years. But her bowing is a joy — so firm, delicate, and flexible. The jerk of her elbow, and the balance between thumb and little finger, show her to be an orthodox disciple of the Wilhelmj school.

In the Italian Suite we get a chance to hear her tone, for she has a long solo passage. It is very pleasing, a little too soft, but pure and sweet. Her great arm pulls long ribbons of melody out of the little fiddle with a kind of steady precision, just as though she were churning butter. I wonder how she ever found time to become so good an executant. From time to time she throws a scornful glance at her refined neighbor. Clearly there is no love lost between them. How could there be? Sandy Hair returns these glances with smiles of condescension and encouragement.

('I think it's a very, very good thing,' she says firmly to her own admiring circle, 'to have a woman like Mrs. Giles leading the orchestra. Just a farm woman, you know, from the High Moors. It gets the country people interested. They come in to the concerts. They get a chance to hear good music. And she really plays quite well. And of course, as I said to Dr. Berry, anytime, if Mrs. Giles became too busy, if it turned out to be too much for her, I could always . . .')

The soprano soloist gives singing lessons in a little house in Marine Parade. She is a fair, faded, melancholy-looking woman and she wears bright blue satin. Long ago she was a girl with a voice (there are still some lovely notes in it) and she 'trained' and she worked, and

thought, day and night, about her career — the path of glory that should lead to grand opera. But girls with voices are two a penny, and engagements are not. So now here she is, giving lessons on Marine Parade, and a good deal better off, no doubt, than many divas who have failed, for she earns a living and enjoys a position of respect and prestige. But once a year she lets her lost dreams rip. This is her only chance to sing with an orchestra, and she takes it with both hands and insists upon giving us one of those arias which she will now never sing on the boards of Covent Garden Opera House. This year it is 'Tosca's Prayer,' which she sings, of course, in Italian, a language little spoken in Penmorvah.

In Covent Garden, if I remember rightly, massive prima donnas always roll about on the floor while they sing this number. Madame Bates remains erect. She clasps her hands over her blue satin bosom and laments with grieved dignity. For all we know, her song might be translated thus: —

I have lived for Art.
I never hurt anybody.
In fact, I have always gone out of my way to
be kind.

I have not been envious or spiteful,
I rejoiced in the success of others.

The bust of Mozart is on my mantelpiece,
Verdi is in my bedroom,
And Schubert in the kitchenette.
I never sang out of tune in my life.
I have given of my best,
But my best was not enough.

Queen of Heaven!
Saints in Bliss!
I'm not complaining.
But I do not understand,
I simply cannot understand.
Why, when I have lived for Art,
Should Art give me such a raw deal?

We applaud all this like anything, and before the applause has died down a tribute of carnations and maidenhair fern is seen heaving its way towards the platform. It is a bouquet from Madame's pupils. It is presented by a tall, blooming, shy girl, whom the people behind us

identify as Peggy Baker, Madame's star pupil, who 'has a voice,' and is going to train, to 'take it up professionally.'

Peggy has lived in Penmorvah all her life and she thinks Madame the greatest singer in the world. The singing lessons in Marine Parade don't daunt her; if one lives for Art one gets to Covent Garden. Peggy believes in her own career. And so does Madame. She stops to take the flowers with a smile of pure pleasure and affection. She believes in Peggy; her own lost hopes are transferred to Peggy now. There is no *Schadenfreude*, no crabbed, middle-aged 'Ah! You must wait!' in the look she bends on the girl.

It is over, and the last Valkyrie has gone galumphing home. As we troop out to the parking ground the sirens sound an alert, and I remember suddenly that there is a war on and that I seem to have got away from it for a while, into a sane, familiar world, like a person waking up from a bad dream. Sometimes in the past months I have thought, 'We may win the war, but can we ever forget? Can we ever be happy again? Can we ever find our old, lost selves?'

Now I know that we shall forget, just as the spring forgets the winter. The human lives which I have watched today will be going on when this war is just one of those 'old, unhappy, far-off things.'

As we drive over the hills we see that the spring ploughing is well forward. The plough goes up the long furrow with a train of white gulls following. Mrs. Giles and her violin are jogging home in a country bus. Madame Bates is putting her carnations in water in the little sitting room with the grand piano, where a bust of Mozart is on the mantelpiece. And Mrs. Treloyan, thinking about Margold, tells me she has three Shetland shawls at home which have been waiting for twenty years in camphor and lavender for their first grandchild.

This is life, and the very texture of life.

War's annals will cloud into night,
Ere their story die.

GEORGIA: THESE ARE THE FACTS

BY DAVID L. COHN

I

THE State of Georgia, founded two hundred years ago as a social experiment, is today carrying on one of the most significant social experiments ever made in the United States. After trying the nostrums of local cut-rate statesmen, old-time religion, corn-whiskey sprees, and treatments in the emergency ward of the New Deal, Georgia is trying — truth. Two hundred and fifty thousand persons — sober, conservative, middle-class men and women — have banded together in the Citizens' Fact Finding Movement of Georgia. They are applying the microscope, the fluoroscope, and the X-ray to their own state. There isn't a demagogue, a silver-tongued orator, a professional politician, a missionary, or a reformer among them. These are serious folk seriously interested in the plight of their region. They work without preconceptions or prejudices. They are not out to demonstrate any thesis, to prove anything, or to get anybody. They have no axes to grind.

If one might apply so pretentious a term to so homespun a group, one might say that the citizens of Georgia are using the scientific apparatus of scientific fact finding upon themselves. But quite unpretentiously indeed they are going about their work of ruthless self-analysis; quite simply they are determined to know the truth about themselves, however much the truth may hurt. And in so doing they are giving the whole country a heartening example of the virility of the democratic process in action.

At first glance there seems nothing laudable in the desire of a people to know the truth about themselves. But how many individuals will face the truth about themselves? How many citizens know the whole truth about their communities or states? How much of the apparatus of the mind is constantly engaged in dodging truth? What does man not do to escape reality? And Georgians, of course, are like other men.

But this is not all. Tempers are hot in the South. (David Ramsay, the South Carolina historian, accounting for the rash of duels in old Charleston, attributed it to the warm weather 'with its attendant increase of bile.') Pride is great. Georgia, in common with other Southern states, produces an annual oversupply of pride. This attitude is reduced for home consumption to such slogans as 'It's great to be a Georgian,' and 'The Empire State of the South.' Naturally a people given to such aphorisms of understatement about themselves do not like any vulgar tamperings by outsiders with the bases on which these aphorisms rest. Certainly they do not like it when damyankees come sniffing around and produce figures showing that the Balkan peasant and the Georgia farmer are on the same level — that is, in the ditch looking up. They bristle even when President Roosevelt (almost a Cracker by now), out of excellent motives, calls the South the nation's Economic Problem Number One.

Yet Georgians are no fools. They know

that, while their state is potentially one of the richest states in the Union, it is actually among the poorest; it reeks with disease; much of its land is eroded and sterile; some of its housing would offend a self-respecting houn'-dawg; and many of its people paper the walls of their cabins with the magazines they cannot read. Southerners can (and do) say these things peacefully enough to one another over their highballs, but the outsider who would say them is well advised to make his remarks in a treeless pasture.

At the same time, thinking Southerners realize that merely to sit on their accumulated sloth and resent Yankee criticisms of their shortcomings is to get nowhere. Out of this realization has come the Citizens' Fact Finding Movement. It has remained for Georgia — poor, proud, and prolific — to take the plunge toward truth, and in the name of truth to sit in a permanent family council — a council determined to know why, for example, so many of its children are blind; why Uncle Eph's cotton crop didn't yield him enough cash to buy a bottle of liniment for his sore back; why Aunt Susie didn't learn how to spell out the Bible until she had become a grandmother; how so many of the family have degenerated from land-owners to sharecroppers; and a host of other questions relating to the condition of near-bankruptcy in which the group finds itself after two hundred years of toil and hardship on the once fertile soil of Georgia.

How did the Movement come about? Casually and without premeditation, as so many things happen in the South, from matrimony to homicide. In the spring of 1937, a number of men and women in Georgia began discussing among themselves the paradox of their state — its natural wealth and its human poverty. One thing led to another: the fact that between three and four hundred thousand Georgians (prime and costly assets) had removed from the

state in the preceding ten years because they couldn't make a living at home; that Georgia's industries are owned by almost everybody but Georgians; that in a state still largely given to the old-time religion most rural preachers, white and Negro, are absentees, while many Georgia churches are open only once or twice a month for an hour of preaching. The talks continued during the spring. Late in the summer the participants in the discussions, heads of seventeen state-wide organizations, met around a dinner table in an Atlanta hotel. When the company arose, the Movement had been born.

It is one thing to order a movement. It is quite another thing to put it in motion and keep it alive. Americans are prone to solve ills by appointing a committee. Too often the committee dies a lingering death while the ills survive. This has not occurred in Georgia, but the founders of the Movement, facing a staggeringly complex situation, were immediately confronted by this question: Where to begin? One of the persons present at the organizing dinner says: 'We recognized that the section was going yearly into the red. Any business house going into the red would take an inventory, would check up on its assets and liabilities, would review its policies.' Beginning, then, with this common-sense basis, they selected twelve subjects on which concise factual reports should be obtained: Natural Resources, Agriculture, Industry and Commerce, Health, Education, Public Welfare, Penal System, Political System, Tax System, Federal Activity, Religious Forces, Civic and Social Forces.

It was agreed that the reports should be limited to fact, with no opinion included. It was further agreed that the facts gathered should be compiled in tabloid, easily understandable form, so that an average citizen could get a comprehensive knowledge of a given subject in a few minutes' reading time.

But who would do the spade work and

organize the reports for the printer? Here Georgians wisely decided to rely upon Georgians. It was stipulated that the reports should be prepared by residents of the state thoroughly identified with its life. Many Georgians (like New Yorkers or Californians) know little about their state. Hence each person chosen to write a report must be a recognized authority on the subject assigned him; fortunately there is no lack of such persons in Georgia. And finally, the expert must be sufficiently independent of economic and social involvements to give unprejudiced information.

II

It is clear from this that, once Georgians had determined to know the truth about themselves, they wanted the whole truth. They first had prepared for them a series of reports setting out facts about the state—a state inventory. Later, when the report on economic conditions of the South was made to President Roosevelt, they annotated it for Georgia with the facts they had gathered; here Georgians could see how their conditions in any field compared with conditions in other Southern states. Next they asked the group of experts who had prepared the first reports to collaborate on suggesting possible solutions to the problems they had revealed.

The whole process of fact finding is marked by common sense and thoroughness. However expert the specialist, his report is not accepted as he writes it. The original draft of his study is submitted to each member of the committee of consultants (composed of all the experts) for criticism and suggestion. Sometimes many meetings are required before a general agreement is reached. Then and then only is the report ready to be made to the coordinating committee of the Movement, and to emerge in pamphlet form for distribution.

When Dean Chapman of the College of Agriculture at the University of

Georgia was asked to prepare a report on possible solutions of the state's farm problems, his first step was to call a meeting of fifty men competent in the field, who discussed what they considered Georgia's major agricultural questions. These were then submitted to a select list of one thousand men who were asked to name what they considered the ten leading farm problems of the state and to give their comments on the subject. With this background of information from experts and dirt farmers, Dean Chapman then went to work on his report.

Similarly, when the report on education was being prepared, letters were sent to educators all over Georgia, asking this question: 'What do you consider an educated community?'

The wastebaskets of America and the shelves of its libraries are filled with reports of all kinds gathered with much expense and effort, yet read by few. The Movement was determined that this should not be the fate of its reports, and since it is essentially a democratic organization of, by, and for the people, there has been no difficulty in having its reports circulated, read, discussed, and debated. Constituting the Movement are the following organizations, with five thousand local groups and a combined membership of two hundred and fifty thousand: the men's civic clubs—Exchange, Lions, Kiwanis, Civitan, and Rotary; a woman's civic club—Pilot; the Association of American University Women; the Congress of Parents and Teachers; the Federated Church Women; the Federated Women's Clubs; also the Education Association, the Library Association, the Press Association, the Home Demonstration Council (composed of eleven hundred groups of rural women), the United Georgia Farmers, and the League of Women Voters. Through these organizations the Movement reaches residents of cities, towns, villages, and farms; it embraces bankers, preachers, lawyers, teachers, business

men, and farmers; it touches every economic and social group in the state, and so gives reality to its slogan, 'Approximately Two Hundred and Fifty Thousand Georgia Minds Thinking Together and Working Out Their Problems through the Democratic Process.'

What is the nature of the Movement's reports? How closely do they cling to its professed object of reporting the whole truth? Let's take as an example the report on Georgia's penal system. This system has aroused widespread denunciations outside the state; many have condemned the alleged cruelties perpetrated upon Georgia's convicts; some years ago it was the subject of a sensational moving picture, *I Am a Fugitive from a Chain Gang*. Whatever the truth or the falsity of the charges made by outsiders against the Georgia penal system (and the outsiders might be astonished if they inspected their own jails), the Georgia insiders condemn their own penal system in language of the utmost severity. But they do far more. They attack its underlying philosophy. They show that so long as Georgia incarcerates men for revenge and not for rehabilitation, so long will the Georgia crime rate remain high and the cruelties endure. The report is bluntly headed: 'IT WON'T WORK.' It continues:—

We see the inherent weaknesses of the Georgia penal system are about to overwhelm it.

The thing bids fair to fall to pieces before our very eyes. Shall we put it together in the old pattern?

After pointing out specific and detailed defects of the Georgia penal system the report goes on to ask: 'What's a Prison For?'

Many persons who have inveighed against the real or fictional evils of the Georgia chain gang . . . seem to have missed the main point.

Emphasis has been put on the chains, on alleged brutal treatment, the physical torments and neglect. These, it is true, are parts of an endowment of human degradation. Those who impose them upon others are

degraded, the society which permits them is degraded more or less perceptibly, as well as those who suffer them. . . .

It is when a system itself falls short in understanding of proper obligations and functions that the deeper evil occurs. This is the case in the Georgia penal system—the work-camp system.

The system, contemplating men in terms of work to be exacted, and exacting it from sunup to sunset with a rule of 'lights out' in the early evening so that the men shall be repaired by rest for tomorrow's work, holds few influences or none for rehabilitation, regeneration, or individual treatment.

Then, remorselessly, the report shows how completely the revenge theory of the Georgia penal system has failed:—

The theory of the deterrent letter-of-the-law punishment appears to fall flat when we see that Georgia, whose penal system lacks regenerative influences, has two or three times as many men and women in prison as the average of the forty-eight states. . . .

Department by department, item by item, the report carefully, factually, and non-politically examines the Georgia penal system, concludes that it must be completely overhauled and motivated by a new philosophy. Obviously such a report read and discussed by a quarter-million serious citizens, debated by them in private gatherings, in forums, and in churches, and made the subject of newspaper editorials, must exert a great influence.

Here, for example, is a high-school boy studying 'government.' However capable the teacher, this subject must remain rather vague to the student. But suddenly in his own state, in his own county, the student sees the workings of government on flesh and blood as those workings are reported by Georgians, discussed around the table by his family, and debated in his own school forums. Government is then no longer vague. It has been sharply brought home, and the influence must be immense.

Here, to take another example, is a small-town woman. She supports mis-

sionary work in Nyasaland, and knits sweaters for Britain. However beneficial these activities, it may never have occurred to her that conditions of wrong and cruelty prevail in the prison system of her own state. (How many women of a county seat — women interested in good works of all kinds — have ever visited the county jail?) Now for the first time, perhaps, she understands what is going on around her, and, understanding, not only takes a hand to repair the specific situation, but becomes a better citizen by taking a more active interest in all phases of state and local government.

III

The health of a people is a social asset or liability depending upon whether the people are healthy or diseased. The United States is perhaps first among the nations of the world in preventive medicine. Abroad we have cleaned up such one-time pestholes as Havana, Panama, and Manila. At home we have eradicated numbers of contagious diseases and have sharply raised the life expectancy of the individual. But look at conditions in Georgia as revealed by the Fact Finding program. How conscious was the state of these conditions until the facts were placed before the people by a non-partisan agency? In its report we find that: —

1. One sixth of all deaths from malaria in the United States during the past ten years have occurred in Georgia. For years the state has held from first to third place in number of deaths from malaria.

2. One in every ten persons in Georgia's insane asylums is there because of syphilis of the brain.

3. Only 170 out of 593 incorporated towns have public sewer systems. And in these 170 towns only 41 per cent of the homes are connected with available sewers.

4. About 72 per cent of Georgia's school children need dental treatment.

5. Only one town in Georgia has a milk supply which is on the accredited list of the United States Public Health Service.

If this report had been made about a remote province in Bulgaria, we should have smiled complacently and said, 'It can't happen here.' If, in addition, we had gone on reading and found that in the state of Georgia in the United States, in the years 1936-1939, there were nearly three thousand cases of endemic typhus fever (transmitted from rats to human beings by means of the rat flea), we should have said that this could only happen in the Balkans. But there is typhus in Georgia; Americans are dying of it right here at home.

Water is free for the taking. Dig almost anywhere in the lower South and you strike water. But Georgians aren't digging. Nearly one half of the state's incorporated towns have no public water supply. And even in the towns that do have it about one half of the people use water from pumps or cisterns. Here in the United States, in 1941, Rachel is going to the well as she did in the time of Abraham.

The report on health not only points out shortcomings, but also suggests remedies. At the bottom of it all are poverty and ignorance, which is the child of poverty. There are well-fed, weak-kneed defeatists in this country who say that America's future is in the past; who croak their inane convictions that the country has been built, and we must sink into the degeneracy of sloth or employ our unemployed energies in fighting one another. Let such spiritual eunuchs read the Fact Finding Reports; let them remember that reports from other states would show similar conditions, and they will realize that the job of building America has just begun. Let them bear in mind, moreover, that the country can be made safe for democracy as well through sewer systems, public water supplies, and clean milk as through more grandiose projects and theatrically nobler aims.

As a country we are dedicated to the principle of giving every child the opportunity to acquire at least a common

school education. This takes money. Let's look at the average annual per capita income in the United States in 1935: —

U. S. Average, \$425
Mississippi, \$170 (*poorest*) New York, \$700 (*best*)
Georgia, \$253

How about teachers' salaries? In 1935-1936 they averaged as follows: —

U. S. Average, \$1283
Arkansas, \$504 (*lowest*) New York, \$2414 (*highest*)
Georgia, \$587

Georgia's Negro teachers did not get even these meagre salaries. In the elementary schools they received \$251.74 per annum, or a monthly income of about \$21; in the high schools they got \$617.26, or about \$51 a month.

What are the average annual expenditures per school child?

U. S. Average, \$74.30
Arkansas, \$24.55 New York, \$134.14
(*lowest*) (*highest*)
Georgia, \$30.96

When outsiders taunt Georgia (or the South) on its illiteracy and lack of education, let them recall these figures.

And let them remember too that Georgia, in common with other Southern states, spends between 40 and 50 per cent of its total annual revenues on education. The point is, however, that Georgia hasn't much to spend.

How do poverty and illiteracy further express themselves? In the circulation of forty-seven magazines of various kinds, Georgia was forty-sixth, in newspaper circulation forty-fourth, in the number of radios per capita forty-fifth, among the forty-eight states. It is apparent that people who on the average have only one hundred dollars a year to spend on food cannot pay three dollars a year for a magazine, even if it be assumed that they could read it.

The very practice of religion is affected by poverty. The reports quote *The South's Landless Farmers* to show that churchgoers require at least three things to be comfortable: some dress

clothes — what the farmer calls 'Sunday clothes'; a little money for the collection plate; and the ability to entertain the preacher now and then at a meal. The typical Georgia farm tenant is not able to wear Sunday clothes, to put money in the collection plate, or to have the preacher come to his house for a meal.

IV

One could go on endlessly quoting eye-opening, hair-raising facts and figures about the conditions of the people living in a two-hundred-year-old American state. Those people, moreover, are not a miscellaneous hodgepodge of immigrants just off the ship and bewildered by the customs and language of a new country. They are, with the exception of the Negroes and a smattering of whites, almost entirely native-born Anglo-Saxons. Yet vast masses of them, whites and blacks alike, live in conditions of poverty, ignorance, and disease which are a disgrace to a rich and so-called enlightened land.

Let no man, wherever he lives or whatever his status, regard conditions in the South with complacency. Let no one who loves democracy and his own liberties shrug his shoulders. Remember this: the South is the only great section of the country containing (with the exception of Negroes and a few non-Anglo-Saxon whites) a homogeneous population. That population, by and large, is desperately poor, far below the national level in education, emotional, and, when moved to action, extremely violent. It is only a step from a moribund democracy to a dead democracy, and a democracy is moribund when, in the presence of potential plenty, its citizens suffer a lack of elemental necessities. A people long enduring under these conditions is ripe for the teachings and leadership of a new Huey Long, who — in the Senator's words — may bring about an American Fascism in the name of Americanism.

For nearly three years the Fact Find-

ing Movement has been in operation. Its immense work has been made possible through the labor and devotion of a large number of people throughout the state of Georgia. Only a few thousand dollars have been spent annually, while the budget for the whole period of the program's existence has been about \$16,000. This sum — microscopic in relation to the task assumed — has been derived from small contributions with the exception of four \$1000 gifts from Georgians, a \$5000 grant from the General Education Board, plus smaller grants from the Rosenwald Fund and the William C. Whitney Foundation.

But the work could not have been carried on with these small sums if dozens of men and women had not given their labors to the Movement without stint or payment. At the beginning, when reports were got out on a hand-cranked mimeograph machine, the crank was turned by boy friends of girls interested in the Movement, and a power-driven machine was installed only when the girls began to run out of robust young men. It is heartening to note, moreover, that no one who was asked to work for the Movement ever refused; that of 228 Georgia newspapers all but ten have carried from one to one hundred or more stories and editorials about the program; that its equipment and office space have been donated. The Movement, too, is almost religiously anonymous. Nobody tries to achieve out of it personal publicity for himself; it is hitched to no politician's wagon; and consequently petty jealousies among the workers are not created. So great, indeed, is the devotion of those who labor in the field that one woman resigned a lucrative business position to work for the Movement and is drawing on a small inheritance which enables her to carry on, while another, a woman with considerable business experience, threw energies into the venture shortly after the death of her husband and has given her time daily ever since.

In general, then, the Fact Finding Movement has found a hearty response in Georgia. But one saddening fact turned up by it is that but few wealthy Georgians — of which Atlanta alone has a great many — have backed it with cold cash as well as their warm wishes. Charity begins, or ought to begin, at home, but wealthy Georgians at this time seem unwilling to aid in turning the light on dark places. So far the work of the Movement has been shouldered by public-spirited men and women richer in patriotism than in money, but it is obviously unfair for them to carry the burden alone, while it is equally evident that the program cannot continue indefinitely on a shoestring. But, whether or not the wealthy of the state come forward with the pathetically small amount of money needed to keep the program going, those responsible for it have no idea of letting it lapse for shortage of funds. The Movement proposes, if necessary, to ask three million Georgians to contribute one cent a year to keep it alive.

If you motor through Georgia you may not be struck by its poverty. The car ahead of you bears on its license plate the legend 'The Peach State,' and on both sides of the road in summer there are magnificent orchards whose trees are heavy with luscious peaches. Elsewhere you pass endless fields of cotton; note the dark green of pine forests; hear the hum of textile mills; sniff the sharp aromas of turpentine distilleries. In Atlanta — 'The *Gone with the Wind* City' — you will observe the mansions of Coca-Cola millionaires; see well-dressed men and women on the streets; dine perhaps at one of the town's luxurious country clubs. And since you don't see any marked signs of dire poverty you may conclude there is none. But, after all, you are a tourist, not a sociologist on a busman's holiday. You have seen the potentialities of plenty, but not the lack of it. Yet Georgia, which might be rich or comfortably well off, is desperately

poor; large numbers of its people are weighed down by a poverty so dire as to be degrading; disease is a constant companion; death is often the release from hopelessness ('Goin' to put on my robe, goin' to shout all over God's Heav'n'). But when all this is known — and the Movement is making it known — Georgia alone cannot rescue Georgia from the depths. There must be help from the rest of the United States — that is, from the Federal Government. Georgia can no more liberate itself from poverty than Denmark unaided can liberate itself from Hitler.

The great object, however, of the Movement is to start Georgians on the road to their own salvation as far as their own will and their own resources will take them. A detailed examination of its reports reveals no whining; no tendency to blame Georgia's ills on General Sherman, Wall Street, or the Smoot-Hawley tariff; no attempt to substitute a new order for capitalist democracy. There is a serene confidence that the ills of Georgia can be healed through the medicaments of the American system. Far from seeking to tear down the country's social structure and begin over in a new and different way, the Movement has actually gone back to one of the oldest and most characteristically American ways of meeting common problems — through common discussion. It has inaugurated what might be called a town meeting of the state in which all inter-

ested persons reason together about the questions that affect all the citizens. The program presupposes that, given the facts, the people have enough sense to act upon them, and it is immensely impressive that these people who have obtained so few benefits of democracy retain so profound a belief in its potential goodness.

The task of the Movement up to this point — and it is one of large dimensions — has been to state the problems of Georgia to the people of Georgia. Its next task is to restate these problems in the light of the data gathered in the 1940 census. Thereafter the job will be to seek solutions of the questions in collaboration with all the people through the common-sense processes of an enlightened democracy.

Today in hundreds of Georgia communities such as Ball Ground, Deepstep, Dewyrose, Flowery Branch, Social Circle, and Ty Ty, thousands of men and women are discussing and debating their plight, not in terms of economic or political prejudices and emotions, but in terms of *facts* gathered and placed before them by Georgians whom they respect. Never in the history of the United States has there been so broad a democratic movement based upon such obvious American horse sense. And the fact that it comes from one of the poorest and most illiterate states of the Union gives the lie to those who say that democracy is dead.

CLICHÉS ON THE AIR

BY FRANK SULLIVAN

Q. Hello, Mr. Arbuthnot.

A. Hello, young man. Does exercise tie your muscles into knots?

Q. Why, yes, it does.

A. Are you a slave to floors? Are your gums sore and tender to the touch?

Q. Now wait a second, Mr. Arbuthnot.

A. Do you inhale? Does the wrong soap rob you of a complexion like peaches and cream? Are you a washday wife — does washing leave you so 'done in' you can't even drag yourself to a movie?

Q. Oh, I see, Arby. You're the fellow who writes the commercials for the radio programs.

A. Is your loveliness hidden by dull, mousy hair? Then why not try Shampine? You'll be amazed at the change.

Q. Will my hair glisten with a new beauty I'd never have believed possible? Is Shampine entirely different from any shampoo I've ever tried? Does it create a rich, creamy lather?

A. Just one treatment is all that is necessary. Now then, are your fingernails alluring?

Q. Oh, Mr. Arbuthnot, stop it! Have a cigar.

A. Is it a cigar in which only the finest Havana tobacco has been blended with choice domestic leaf?

Q. It is. It has that real Havana flavor.

A. Does it offer everything a discriminating smoker looks for in a cigar?

Q. It offers perfect smoking satisfac-

tion. It is mild and smooth. The flavor lasts. Have one.

A. No, thanks. I never smoke cigars.

Q. Then have one of these cigarettes, made of the finest tobacco money can buy.

A. Are they the best cigarette value for my money?

Q. Indeed, yes. The price is only fifteen cents plus local taxes in certain states. Try one now.

A. No, thanks. I never use tobacco in any form. It gives me heartburn.

Q. Ah, you are a slave to stomach distress.

A. I am, and do you know what I should do?

Q. What?

A. I should do as thousands have done. Get a box of Blips, the new, scientific, anti-acid remedy. Why should I suffer any longer from that peculiar stinging sensation in the chest? Blips are really wonderful.

Q. Are they soothing, healing, and refreshing?

A. Ask your doctor. *He'll* tell you.

Q. Are they on sale at all drug-stores throughout the United States and Canada?

A. They are, and they have given prompt relief to thousands.

Q. What have scientific tests shown?

A. Scientific tests have shown that Blips are the brand-new, sure-fire method of relief. Buy a box today. Remember the name — Blips, spelled C-h-o-l-m-o-n-d-e-l-e-y. . . . By the way, young man, you need a shave.

Q. I have determined not to shave until I can find the shaving cream that is kind to tender skins.

A. You mean the cream that creates a quick billow of de luxe, cooling lather?

Q. Yes, the one that conditions my skin for a cool, refreshing shave, and leaves my face young and more attractive.

A. Ah, then, you must use Blops shaving cream. It will give you that well-groomed look women admire.

Q. Shall I be delighted, pleased, and amazed?

A. You'll never regret it. Are your teeth alluring?

Q. Yes.

A. They look filmy to me. Now listen carefully. Here's the way to make your teeth gleam and sparkle. Use Blupps toothpaste.

Q. Will it stimulate the gums, cleanse the teeth to their natural brightness, and help remove acid film?

A. You'll never know how alluring your smile can be until you clean your teeth with Blupps.

Q. I shall buy a tube at my corner drugstore tonight, or at the very latest, tomorrow morning.

A. Insist on the genuine article. Be sure to look for the trademark.

Q. Never fear. I shall refuse all substitutes.

A. Whee-e-e!

Q. Why, Mr. Arbuthnot, you're sure full of pep this morning. Been eating yeast?

A. No, I've been drinking it. Bleeps yeast in tomato juice is simply divine. It is rich in wholesome, natural vitamins.

Q. Ka-choo-oo!

A. Young man, you are evidently suffering from a head cold. You've got that tired, achy feeling.

Q. It's nothing.

A. Nothing? Why, a simple cold is often the forerunner of pneumonia. Many a long and painful illness could be

prevented by dissolving a tablet in a glass of water.

Q. I am subject to colds.

A. Then why keep on being miserable? Relieve your distress with Blapps.

Q. Do they shrink swollen membranes, soothe irritation, and help clear the nasal passages?

A. Just a few drops work wonders.

Q. I shall buy a box today, for they cost but a few cents.

A. You'll find they're really wonderful. By the way, have you discovered Blope's soup? The country's buzzing with talk about it.

Q. Yes, women everywhere are praising its smooth, nourishing qualities.

A. Ah, then you *have* heard. Was your coffee good this morning?

Q. It was rich, fragrant, satisfying, and delicious.

A. Then you had better switch to Bloops Coffee.

Q. Why?

A. Because it is rich, fragrant, satisfying, and delicious. Give your hair a chance.

Q. Why should I?

A. Because you too can be beautiful.

Q. Who? *Mel*

A. Just beneath your present skin is a younger, lovelier, brand-new skin.

Q. Really?

A. Learn beauty's secret. Soft hands are truly adorable, says lovely Mrs. Lip-pincott Rittenhouse, lovely Philadelphia matron.

Q. She did not say that. It was lovely Mrs. Huntington Van Rensselaer Carnegie, lovely Park Avenue matron, who said that. Lovely Mrs. Rittenhouse was the one who said that women are quick to appreciate the fine performance, luxurious new riding smoothness, and delightful handling ease of the new Blipler motorcar.

A. Blood lines count in cars as well as horses, I always say.

Q. You always say! It was lovely Priscilla Vanderbilt St. George, lovely Tuxedo debutante, who said that.

A. Okay, you know so much — who said this: 'I am an athlete and have to keep up my strength. That is why I always ask for Blippety spark plugs.'

Q. That was said by lovely Mrs. Cabot Winthrop Revere, lovely outfielder of the Boston Red Sox.

A. By cracky, you're right. Well, the name of the winner will be announced two weeks from tonight.

Q. The name of what winner?

A. Why, the winner of the big prize — who else? Here's all you do, folks.

Q. Enclose three wrappers.

A. Now stop interrupting. Just print your name and address plainly, folks.

Q. And get your entry blank from the nearest dealer.

A. This amazing offer is absolutely free to any housewife.

Q. For further details —

A. See your daily newspaper. 'My husband and I will use the money for a real vacation which we could not otherwise afford,' says Mrs. Ethel Soderblum, of No. 238 East 127th Street, Sitka, Alaska.

Q. I shall mail my entry not later than Thursday next.

A. Young man, do you know why it's a wonderful idea to start the day with a nice, big, rich, creamy dish of Cruncho?

Q. You bet I do! Because Cruncho is the super-American breakfast food, because it tastes super-good, and because it's super-good for me.

A. Isn't it wonderful to think that Cruncho tastes so super?

Q. M-m-m! I should say so. I shall go into the pantry this very minute to see if there is some of this marvelous, rich, creamy, juicy, delicious breakfast food, which creates such a billowy lather . . .

A. M-m-m!

Q. And opens up the pores . . .

A. M-m-m!

Q. And makes the hair glisten with new beauty.

A. M-m-m!

Q. And if there isn't any of this delicious, rich, etc., in the pantry, I shall ask Mother to get some from our corner grocer tonight.

A. Don't delay. If you put it off you may forget. Be sure to read . . . you'll enjoy . . . you'll never regret . . . just ask for . . . tune in again . . . with the compliments of your neighborhood . . . don't suffer any longer . . . you'll be amazed . . . see for yourself . . . ask your mother . . . ask your father . . . ask your sister . . .

Q. Hold on a moment, Mr. Arbuthnot. You're getting too excited. Control yourself!

A. Pleasant surprise . . . children need plenty . . . Folks, here's good news . . . on sale everywhere . . . favorite dish . . . no rub, no polish — just sprinkle . . . tastes better that way . . .

Q. Mr. Arbuthnot! What is the matter? Please stop! Somebody call a doctor!

A. You'll love it . . . light, flaky crackers . . . makes washing a pleasure . . . works like magic . . . used it for years . . . makes shaving a delight . . . a child can drive it . . .

Q. Arbuthnot! Stop!

A. My God, I can't stop! . . . Big news for women . . . all-round economy . . . dollar value . . . just think . . . now listen, men . . . give you the most for the least . . . for further details . . . try it . . . just say Blub . . . insist . . . tune in . . . go to your nearest . . . don't forget . . . don't delay . . . don't wait . . . don't suffer . . . don't neglect . . .

Q. Officer! Quick! Call an ambulance. Clinical tests show that radio commercials have driven our cliché expert, Mr. Arbuthnot, temporarily off his nut.

Officer. Medical authorities agree that they are apt to do that. A simple radio commercial is often the forerunner of dementia.

OUT OF HOUSE AND HOME

BY CECILY CARTER GOODHART

I

THE Borough of Stepney lies just beyond the boundaries of the old City of London. It is one of the largest boroughs, one of the poorest, and certainly one of the worst-bombed. To the north lies Shoreditch, where Shakespeare first appeared on any stage; on the south is the River Thames, with two miles of river frontage and four of the largest docks in the world. In Stepney is the Tower of London, the Mint where all the money comes from, and the London Hospital — perhaps the most important of London's hospitals. Stepney embraces many districts familiar to Americans — Limehouse, Bow, Wapping, where the great warehouses front the river, Whitechapel and Spitalfields.

The population of Stepney in many ways reminds one of the population of the East Side of New York. There are, in peacetime, about a quarter of a million people. One half or more are Jewish. There are also a very great number of cockney English, a group of Irish, and many Scandinavians. Down near the docks there are a number of Negroes and lascars and Indians. In Limehouse there are still about a hundred Chinese.

Since the war, Stepney has the distinction of having the largest and most famous of all East End shelters. Its landmarks have taken on new importance. The People's Palace, once the finest recreational centre in the East End, is now used for a very different purpose. In the theatre, rows of homeless people sit waiting to be given new

places in which to live. The Stepney Public Library has been turned into a Food Control Office, and the Art Gallery is now a Rates Office. The swimming baths are a de-contamination centre and the schools are Rest Centres for bombed-out people, posts for A. R. P. wardens, and depots for the Fire Service and Rescue Squads.

Not everything has been changed, however. At Toynbee Hall, the settlement in the East End of London founded by Oxford and Cambridge, classes are still held (after work) in singing, ballet, elocution, art, psychology, and mathematics. A great deal of serious reading is going on, to judge from the books taken out of the public libraries. During the worst days of the blitz last autumn there always seemed to be music floating out of the windows of Toynbee Hall. Sometimes it would be a violin solo, sometimes the voices of children singing.

At Toynbee Hall, too, half the building is taken over for wartime purposes. Downstairs is the Assistance Board, the government office that pays out small sums to people who have been bombed. After a bad night in Stepney there will be two or three thousand people to deal with, people whose curtains have been torn to ribbons as their windows were blown in or whose crockery has been shaken off the shelves and smashed to bits by a particularly vibrant thud. When a laundry has been destroyed, or a big pawnbroker's burnt out, there will be

queues of patient people waiting with pawnbrokers' tickets or letters from the laundry to say that their goods are gone. Here too come the people who have been injured in air raids to present their doctors' certificates and collect their weekly allowances. A married man is allowed nine dollars a week, a working woman five and a half. These seem very small sums, but they are more than the ordinary sickness-insurance money of peacetime.

There are no hard-and-fast rules about the sums given out by the Assistance Board. Annoyance is sometimes felt when people living in the same street or even the same house are given different sums for the same calamity. But on the whole the elasticity of the system diminishes rather than increases hardship. The usual sum given to people who have lost all their clothes in Stepney is twenty-five dollars.

Twenty-five dollars does not go far, even in the East End, to buy a new outfit. The people are satisfied with it because it is more than a week's wages, but when they come to spend it they find that it will only buy a suit and a pair of shoes and they are left without an overcoat or all the other things they need. This is where the Clothing Stores come in. The chief Clothing Store is at the People's Palace and is presided over by a parson who has lost his church through enemy action. His new congregation consists of rows of waiting women sitting on chairs. They have usually been bombed out the night before, and after visiting the Assistance Board they come to the Clothing Store to be given a set of clothes. They are very tired by the time they get there, and if they have a long wait it is not unusual for them to faint on their chairs. Revived by cups of tea, they pass on into the room where the clothes are laid out, and every man, woman, and child is given one complete set of clothes if needed.

The bulk of the underclothes, boots and shoes, and men's clothes are bought

wholesale. They are often army misfits, and the khaki has been dyed dark blue. Some of the clothes are cast-off articles that individuals have sent privately. By now, nearly all the women's and children's clothes come either from the United States or from Australia. There are bales of beautiful knitted pullovers and stockings, gayly colored plaid and check frocks from Cleveland and Westfield, utility bags with everything that a bombed-out person could need, from Pittsburgh and Philadelphia. And sometimes the difference between American and English clothes and customs leads to curious mistakes. Folding paper cups in the utility bags cause surprise and speculation. At first some union suits of underwear were refused in the belief that they were sleeping suits — for no one in Stepney who goes to shelters at night ever undresses.

II

After a bad raid those who find their homes a heap of rubble either are taken in by a friend or go to the nearest Rest Centre, where they are given a welcome and a meal and where they stay for a week or two until the Billeting Officer finds them a new place to live.

Most of the people in Stepney have no money in the bank. Their homes represent their savings. But they rarely show signs of discouragement when they find them in ruins. After a very noisy night, people's spirits rise. They feel they have been through an ordeal and emerged successfully. 'We are lucky to be alive' is the almost universal remark; and unless they have lost friends or relations they usually add, 'There are thousands worse off than we are.'

The new homes that the Billeting Officer finds them are not usually as nice as the old ones. A family who have been used to five or six rooms may have to crowd into two or three. Many of the windows in Stepney have been broken by blasts from bombs and are boarded

up in a makeshift way so that the rooms are cold and dark. If the rooms are unfurnished the Assistance Board will supply money for a minimum of new furniture.

The damaged houses fall into different categories. If the roof is off and the sky can be seen through the ceiling, a certificate is given to say the house is uninhabitable. The occupier can be rebilleted and have his furniture stored free of charge by the Borough Officials. But if the roof still holds, there is no relief. Doors may be blown in, windows and window frames gone, rain may be driving in at the openings and dripping from the ceiling, but there is little to be done and nothing that can be done quickly. It may be weeks or it may be months before the house is made weather-proof. Meanwhile people hang on in one or two rooms, sleeping mostly at the shelters, the women coming home to spend the day in one little scullery or kitchen.

The extraordinary thing is that more people have not left Stepney for the country. The government has a scheme which takes anyone of over sixty-five away to the country if he wishes to go. Most of the old people prefer to stay, and of those that left in the autumn of 1940, nine out of ten have returned. All their lives they have lived in the East End of London, and they do not want to leave it now.

I suggested to an old man of seventy-eight, Isaac Jacobs, that he would be more comfortable in the country and that his pension would go further, as his rent would be paid by the government. 'What? Me leave London?' he said indignantly. 'Why, my mother was born in the City of London in 1831 and we have lived here ever since.' One old lady, Mrs. Sarah Joseph, deaf, blind, and eighty-two, groped her way to the office one day early in January to ask for evacuation. She had been frightened on the night of December 29 by the fires and by her difficulty in making her

way to the shelter. She lived all alone in two small rooms. 'Why didn't you come before?' we asked. 'I suppose it was silly of me,' she said, 'but you see I like to be queen of my own castle.'

All sorts of other reasons tie them to their homes. Women want to cook for their husbands; they want to look after children of over fourteen who are working in London factories. Sometimes they don't like to leave the furniture; sometimes they are afraid that their husbands will not send them money regularly if they are living away from home. The reason which seems to figure largest of all is that they wish to work.

If a woman's husband is in the army and they have one child the wife receives eight dollars a week from the government. If she sends her child to the country and stays in London and works she can earn double that amount. The only difficulty here is that the government will not evacuate small children by themselves. Children five to fourteen are sent away to foster mothers in the country, but the government will not allow a child under five to go to the country except with its mother. It is felt that a busy woman in the country cannot properly look after someone else's child too young to go to school.

The other day a woman brought a small girl into the office. The child's hands strayed towards the inkpot while the mother was talking to me. 'If you're not good,' said the mother, pulling her back, 'I'll 'ave you evacuated.' The threat was more effective than any slap.

After the heavy raid of April 16 a mother came into the office to discuss her rent problem. With her was Harold, her boy of thirteen.

'Why don't you and Harold go to the country?' I asked her.

Harold's face darkened; he twitched at his mother's sleeve. 'Let's be off, Mum,' he muttered.

'I can't go to the country,' she said firmly. 'My nerves won't stand the quiet. I suffer from neurasthenia.'

III

The great pride of Stepney before the war was Whitechapel High Street, the mecca of all seamen who sailed to London Docks. Now most of the cinemas have been bombed, and many of the shops too. Woolworth's at the corner has had four direct hits, but has opened again and is doing a brisk business. Almost every church and synagogue has been destroyed, but services are carried on in private houses or in warehouses. 'Hitler doesn't care for religion,' said a Stepney man, looking at the ruins of his church, 'but if he reckons without God he will have to reckon with man before we are through with him.'

Some of the public houses still function, although they have to close at ten o'clock. On the fiercest nights of a blitz little singsong parties can be heard up and down the streets in the bar parlors. No drinking is allowed in the shelters, although a sensible Shelter Marshal usually turns a blind eye on a single bottle of beer. In the same way, although gambling is forbidden, the people settle down night after night to endless games of Keeno. In Stepney it is known as Housy-Housy, and the price of a card is two cents.

The Shelter Marshals are elected either by the people in the shelter themselves or by the A. R. P. wardens. Again there are no hard and fast rules. The system is adopted that seems to suit each shelter best. The Friends' Ambulance Unit has provided large numbers of Shelter Marshals who have been extremely successful and are very popular. These young men are mostly Quakers. They have two months' training before they come to the East End, and one hundred and eighty of them live in the medical students' home behind the London Hospital. Although Stepney is their headquarters, they go round to all the East End boroughs — Bethnal Green, Poplar, Islington, East and West Ham, Bermondsey. They do anything and

everything. Perhaps their most appreciated service is in tidying up the homes of busy workers whose houses have been covered with dust and broken glass from falling bombs.

One man, whose wife was in the country, came home late from working overtime to find his house swept and cleaned, his furniture moved from upstairs where it was being ruined by the rain, and boards nailed across his window in place of shattered glass. 'It's given me new heart,' he said; 'I feel I can start again.'

Over a hundred voluntary Red Cross workers take turns at sitting up all night in the different shelters of Stepney, braving the foul air and dealing with anything from a cut finger to a confinement. Doctors from the West End of London do nightly rounds, and mobile canteens tour the streets to feed the firemen and rescue workers.

Many people who before the war had never been east of St. Paul's now work all day, unpaid, in Rest Centres. Six Citizens' Advice Bureaus have been opened. The Poor Man's Lawyer, busy in peacetime, has had his numbers trebled since the war began. Every social worker and charitable organization is working overtime. And the vast network of welfare workers organized by the London County Council in the days of peace has perhaps done more than anything else to keep the borough going under wartime conditions.

But the help and encouragement do not all come from outside. The inhabitants of Stepney are kind to each other as only people who are poor know how to be kind. The other day, in a butcher's shop, several women had been waiting for their meat ration. The meat gave out, and the last woman was left without any. Immediately the woman just in front of her took her own piece of meat out of her bag, divided it in two, and gave the other woman half of it. Perhaps the most surprising thing of all is the stoicism of the old people. One old

man of seventy-three, William Burns, used regularly to visit the office about his old-age pension, over which there was some difficulty. He did not come in the winter for two months, and when he appeared again in March we asked him where he had been. 'I've been bombed a bit,' he replied. 'I was lying in bed and the ceiling came down on my chest.'

We expressed concern.

'It was nothing,' he said. 'Just a lot of mess and debris on my chest, that's all.'

However, his hospital card showed he had been in hospital for six weeks with a broken rib and bruises and cuts all over him. Self-concern is rare.

And now Stepney, a busy port in Tudor times and until the war the centre of the world's maritime trade, is going through the most stirring period of its history. Its inhabitants all their lives have been fighting poverty, dirt, disease, and physical exhaustion, and now to their burden is added the terror of nightly visits from enemy bombers. From Whitechapel to Bow and from Limehouse to Shoreditch there is not a family that has not suffered in some way from the war.

In this part of London one is continually reminded of the old nursery rhyme:—

Oranges and lemons, say the bells of St. Clement's,
You owe me five farthings, say the bells of St.
Martin's,

When will you pay me, say the bells of Old Bailey,
When I grow rich, say the bells of Shoreditch,
Pray, when will that be, say the bells of Stepney,
I'm sure I don't know, says the great bell of Bow.

Today the bells of St. Clement's are buried thirty feet underground to save them from German bombs, and the bells of Shoreditch are almost all destroyed. Oranges and lemons no longer come up the Thames in boats, and the big bell of Bow will only ring out if an invader sets foot on London soil. But a town is not made up of buildings alone, but of the people who live in the buildings. Far from becoming a derelict district, Stepney is a community of increasing social experiment and social contact. The vitality of the organism is shown by the activity, cheerfulness, and adaptability of the population. The little tailor whose business is bombed finds a new room and starts again with one machine. Bombs fall, but the people who have lost their homes decorate the heaps of rubble next day with Union Jacks. Perhaps the situation was summed up best by a Jewish refugee from Nazi Germany who had a corner of his house removed by enemy action while he was sleeping in it. 'It was the bomb that was finished,' he said, 'and not me.'

BACK BAY LANDFALL

BY M. A. DeWOLFE HOWE

I

JUST as the nineteenth century was about to make way for the twentieth that master of imagery and phrase, John Jay Chapman, tossed off a picture of Boston on a bright June day: 'Charming town this on a day like this — all smiling, gay, cheap, and cheerful, like Emerson in a straw hat on a steamboat landing.'

So it was that Boston looked. The trees, the streets, the people, the ponds and tidal waters, all shone for the visitor in a gleaming light. It was during and just before the nineties that, as a newcomer from Pennsylvania and Rhode Island, I was making my earliest acquaintance with the place. Its outward aspects, to a voyager first landing on its shores, shine back to him now very much as Chapman depicted them. There were besides the inward aspects, represented by persons, interests, and ways of life. New friends and paths that have become familiar grew by degrees into precious possessions. As a local neophyte I had much to learn, and I began to learn it in the editorial office of the lamented *Youth's Companion*.

It was to Horace E. Scudder, editor of the *Atlantic Monthly*, prompted by Professor Child of Harvard, that I owed my introduction to what Louise Imogen Guiney used to call 'the star-bright Companion of my Youth.' Mr. Scudder must have looked upon my five years of apprenticeship there as a sufficient preparation for service in his own office. Almost at the moment of his asking me

to join him, a similar invitation came from the Harpers office in New York. Richard Harding Davis, a classmate at Lehigh, then associated with the Harper publications, was the bearer of it. My conversion into a Bostonian must have been well under way by that time. Had I yielded to the siren voice of New York, perhaps not so persuasive to the young of fifty years ago as it has since become, I wonder what would have befallen me. Who can guess what would come home to any man's business and bosom if at any parting of the ways he had chosen the path he did not take? I have had every reason to be thankful for staying where circumstances had placed me.

Before my entrance into the office of Houghton, Mifflin and Company, it was necessary to have a clinching interview with Henry O. Houghton, the head of the firm. He seemed to me venerable and formidable beyond words. It happened that he had just returned from lunch in the state of somnolence to which men of seventy are subject at such a moment. This was a bad time for one whose speech was never too fluent and under embarrassing conditions might suffer intervals of complete suspension. In one of these intervals, when my future employer was waiting for my next word, I was horrified to observe that he had fallen asleep. Here was a predicament indeed. Should the first motion of an Industrious Apprentice take the form of waking up a nodding Master? Should one cough, or drop a

book, or utter any cry for help? Luckily I held my peace, could soon say to myself, 'Listen, the mighty Being is awake,' and depart in assurance of a salary I was glad to accept.

My new chief, Horace E. Scudder, was one of the best, and busiest, of men, the soul of kindness to his helpers and contributors, including especially the aspiring young, and a very model of ceaseless industry. I had not been long in the room at 4 Park Street adjoining his own when he entered it one day heavily laden with unbound books bulging from his arms. These he disposed on the top of my desk — one of those 'roll-top' affairs now on the way to becoming curiosities — and said, 'Here are eleven volumes of a new edition of Thoreau. I always like to keep a little knitting-work on hand — and here is some for you. In your odd moments please make a general index for these volumes.' A more congenial chore was the production every month of a considerable portion of the department 'Comment on New Books,' consisting of miniature reviews. There was, of course, the constant reading of manuscripts, solicited or volunteered. There were no such moments of gayety as the more naïve offerings to the *Companion* had provided; but Sarah Orne Jewett, 'Charles Egbert Craddock,' Margaret Deland, Gilbert Parker, William Wetmore Story, St. Loe Strachey, and a host of others soon joined my growing company of manuscript acquaintances, and some of them, especially Miss Jewett, became much more.

I cannot forget the surprise with which I looked first upon the receptacle used by Mr. Scudder for manuscripts awaiting publication. It was nothing more or less than a tin breadbox, a striking emblem of contrast between the long-range provision of the *Youth's Companion*, with its vast cabinets, and the methods of a magazine aiming at the immediate interest of thoughtful readers. In place, moreover, of the staff of more than

twenty editors, there were, concerned primarily with the magazine, only Mr. Scudder, the amazingly erudite and conservative Miss Susan M. Francis, firm in the traditions of previous editors, and myself. It would have taken an uncommonly stupid youngster to learn nothing from this situation.

One minor incident gave clear enough proof that the youngster in me survived the proper bounds of time. At the entrance to the office at Number 4 (reduced much later to 2) Park Street, there was a black book, with vertical rulings in which every employee of the firm was expected to enter the hours of his arrival in the morning, his exit and entrance at lunchtime, his departure in the afternoon — merely an anticipation of the factory time clock. The demon of impudence prompted me one day to turn the blank page at the beginning of this book into a title page, on which I made bold to write, 'The Short but Simple Annals of the Poor.' Somehow I suffered no penalty for this performance, but, if my memory is not at fault, the book of hours passed before long out of use.

II

There was a short-lived club of this period of which I must make a brief, and perhaps the only, record. My Harvard classmate George P. Baker, beginning his teaching career in the English Department at Harvard, brought it into being, as the earliest token, I believe, of his lifelong devotion to the drama. Its name, the Mermaid Club, suggested its purpose — to cultivate a serious interest in the stage. George Santayana, Norman Hapgood, Robert Herrick, H. T. Parker, Jefferson B. Fletcher, and George R. Carpenter were among its few members. We met at Baker's rooms in Gray's Hall, and gave ear to each other's papers and talks. I was guilty myself of two little offerings — pale in comparison with a paper on Ibsen by Carpenter, whose untimely death not

many years later was to cut short his brilliant career at Columbia. I believe this paper, printed in *Scribner's Magazine* for April 1889, was the first conspicuous American recognition of the great Norwegian — even as an article of Baker's in the *Harvard Monthly* of June 1887 had appeared as the first important study of George Meredith in America. The young editors of the *Monthly*, as nearly all the Mermaiders had once been, were wide-awake to the 'newness' of their time.

The Longwood Cricket Club afforded the exercise of tennis. For a while there was the Papyrus Club, which took its bohemianism a little too seriously, and the Puritan Club, which did the same with its youthful respectability: I learned about Boston from them. Simultaneously with entering the *Atlantic* office came the good fortune of election to the Tavern Club, which has been for nearly fifty years the focus of masculine society and friendship to which I owe more of what President Eliot liked to call 'durable satisfaction' than any other social organization of its kind could have afforded.

Not restricting myself to the nineties, let me speak of a few of the friends who made the Tavern Club, when I was first coming to know it, so engaging a place. Among them was Winthrop Ames. In this club, between his undergraduate experience of Hasty Pudding Club theatricals in Cambridge and his professional beginnings as manager of the Castle Square Theatre in Boston, he put his talent for the stage to lively uses. Before and ever since Ames was secretary of the Club, it has always applied itself with some seriousness to the production of plays, usually written by members. Under the management of Winthrop Ames the prologue preceding and the play following the Christmas dinner took on a beauty and distinction which have always seemed to those of us who had anything to do with them vivid foreshadowings of what our gifted and

fascinating friend was yet to contribute to the New York theatre. His later success excited no vestige of surprise in the Tavern Club, even in its most stage-minded member, George Baker, then of Harvard, later of Yale.

A few of us who used to outstay the rest of the company at Tavern Club dinners acquired a name of Ames's coinage — the Aurora Club. This little band came to have dinners of its own, and one of them I recall especially by reason of my reluctant absence from it. Shortly before the dinner hour I had to send word that a sudden attack of laryngitis must keep me at home. Late in my unexciting evening in Brimmer Street, my doorbell rang. Answering its summons, I found on the doorstep a messenger bearing a large lemon bedecked with bright ribbons. The boy announced that it had been sent to me from the Tavern Club, adding that he had just made a mistake in ringing the bell of the house next door. A large man had opened it, he said, and had expressed surprise and indignation at the offer of such a tribute so late at night. 'That,' he declared with scorn, 'must be meant for Mr. Howe, at Number 26.'

Of course the ironic gift had sprung from the imagination of Winthrop Ames, who would have taken vastly more pleasure in his idea if he could only have known in advance that the lemon would be offered first to my neighbor, the Reverend Father Van Allen, Rector of the Church of the Advent. I have always been reconciled to missing that particular dinner. Before long I had to get used to missing Winthrop Ames himself. An occasional meeting in New York, rewarding as it always was, did not begin to compensate one for his quitting Boston, where, to be sure, there is no blinking the fact that he could never have made the career he achieved in New York.

He was not a member of the Tavern Club when I made my timid entrance to it, much impressed by the figures that

met for lunch and dinner at its round table. Reverend seniors they seemed to me, though few of them could have got beyond forty — Robert Grant, Barrett Wendell, Russell Sullivan, a number of doctors in the apostolic succession in which Harvey Cushing and Hans Zinsser were to take their later places, about an equal number of architects, soon to be joined by that best of friends, Henry Forbes Bigelow, the Adamowski brothers and other musicians, Gaugengigl and other painters. I thought them an extraordinary galaxy, and in all their number none seemed more extraordinary than Richard Hodgson, the voluble, warm-hearted Australian-English bachelor who had exposed Madame Blavatsky in India, and then, as the American representative of the English Society of Psychical Research, was holding and reporting those sessions with the spiritistic medium, Mrs. Piper, with which Boston was for the moment agog. The Tavern Club was a centre for the resulting talk, pro and con — as it became also of the controversy which ended so unhappily for Boston in the lodgment of MacMonnies's 'Bacchante' in Brooklyn instead of in the courtyard of the new Public Library on Copley Square.

I wish I could record the rallying of all the more influential members of the Club to the only sensible side of that tempestuous issue in the Boston teapot. Where Hodgson stood in this matter I do not remember, but I am sure he held a positive opinion and expressed it emphatically. Vigor in all things was his distinctive quality. In summer he was addicted to long swims, in winter to the game of handball. Playing it one December afternoon of 1905 at the Union Boat Club, ignoring as usual the intimations of an ailing heart, he dropped dead. The Tavern Club had been so much his home that its officers — the nearest counterpart in America to a family of his own — decided to hold his funeral in the upper room of the Club, where he had himself enjoyed the blessing of so

much pleasure, both given and received. The rector of a neighboring Episcopal church read the service, members of the Club sang, as a sort of requiem, the club song, '*Meum est propositum in taberna mori.*' It was a masculine farewell to the manliest of men — a service which no participant in it could ever forget.

III

The Boston Breakfast-Table of Dr. Holmes was, so to speak, on its last legs when my conversion into a Bostonian began. Of its surviving equivalents I had some experience before joining the clubs I have mentioned. There were no 'quick' or 'strong-arm' lunches in those days — and no drugstores with books and food in their pharmacies. Only the opulent could frequent hotels and the few restaurants of the better sort. There was, however, a small room known as the 'Hole-in-the-Ground,' under an apartment house on Mt. Vernon Street near Charles, where William Dixon, a Negro, magnified in our eyes as the brother of a prize-fighting 'Coffee-Cooler,' provided what Calverley called 'light and salutary meals.' With my brother Wallis, beginning the study and practice of architecture, I lodged for several years over Clough and Shackley's drugstore, then on Charles Street just behind its present location, and to the 'Hole-in-the-Ground' we resorted for sustenance.

It was at Dixon's little restaurant that 'Cope' — the appellation I have always maintained for Charles Townsend Copeland against the mounting tide of 'Copey' — first crossed my path. He seemed then as far away from the Boylston Professorship of Rhetoric and Oratory at Harvard as another irregular patron of the 'Hole-in-the-Ground,' a young lawyer named Louis D. Brandeis, seemed from the Supreme Court of the United States. There were other young men of interest and obvious promise, among them Brandeis's law partner, George R. Nutter. It was Copeland,

however, who seemed most nearly unique. Perhaps he would have been a revelation to anyone in his twenties whose friends had conformed in general with conventional patterns. Certainly he was a revelation to me, falling heir as I did to an intimacy he established first with my brother Wallis. 'Babble on, sweet child,' he used to say to that beginner in architecture whose witty observations were the more amusing to him for the hesitating speech which made brothers of us in more than the common sense.

Copeland at this time was associated with the *Boston Post*, which then divided with the still 'respectable daily,' the *Advertiser* ('good for a week back'), the attention of intelligent readers of the morning papers. The editor, Edwin M. Bacon, was a man of learning and cultivation, and maintained a column, 'The Taverner,' to which Copeland was a frequent contributor. His chief task was that of a literary and dramatic critic. New books and plays held naturally a large place in his talk, and tickets for opening nights, with this exciting companion, were frequently in his gift. There was at least one young representative of feminine Boston who was so little bound by the conventions of the time and place that he could secure her company for 'the play,' as he liked to call it, more often than my brother's or my own. Through this early knowledge of him, my wife-that-was-to-be discovered his gift for reading aloud, and it is only fair to credit her with having assembled, in her parents' house on Charles Street, the first audience for one of those 'Copeland Readings' which were later to become classic institutions at Harvard and elsewhere.

The wholehearted friend and good companion of Copeland's journalistic days is the 'Cope' that I like especially to recall. Late at night my name would sometimes ring out from the sidewalk below the window of my lodgings on Mt. Vernon Street. When I thrust out my

head the voice which has been so often — and often so badly — imitated would issue its summons: 'Come down to the Adams House and eat things.' To my reply, 'Too late, Cope, I must go to bed,' I can hear now the melancholy rejoinder, 'You do not love me any more!' There was good reason to wonder what the neighbors made of this tragic parting word. His desire to 'eat things,' especially at hours impossible for any worker at an office desk, won him my nickname of 'Edax Rerum.' Perhaps some of the neighbors, even in Boston, would have wondered at that also. Nor could they have guessed what capacities of friendship, what wells of feeling, moved about Beacon Hill in the person of the slowly perambulating Copeland.

IV.

While I was coming thus to form one friendship that was to stretch far into the future, another, terminated only by the death of Robert A. Woods in 1925, was beginning. Precisely how and where my path first crossed his I do not remember. He had graduated at Amherst in the class corresponding with mine at Lehigh, had studied theology at Andover, and, greatly influenced by the teachings of Dr. William J. Tucker, afterwards president of Dartmouth, had gone to London and spent a life-directing year of apprenticeship in 'settlement work' under Canon Barnett at Toynbee Hall. This, in the late eighties, was the pioneer enterprise of its kind — the forerunner of Hull House in Chicago, the Henry Street Settlement in New York, and Andover House (now for many years the South End House) in Boston. Woods was establishing Andover House when I first came to know him. He impressed me at once as the most sincere and genuine of lay priests in the religion of human relations. Both he and the path he was blazing appealed so strongly to my imagination that he had little difficulty in persuading me to pay eve-

ning visits to 'the House' as a helper in its various activities.

Except for inducing one or two others to join me in this undertaking — especially MacGregor Jenkins of the *Atlantic Monthly* and my brother Wallis — I am afraid I contributed pitifully little to the conduct of the boys' clubs, the dramatics, and other bridges between the neighborhood and its invaders. One distinction I may claim as a consequence of the association with Robert Woods. This was that he gave to his first book about social settlements the title *The City Wilderness*, acknowledged in his preface as borrowed from a review of *Hull House Maps and Papers* in the *Atlantic Monthly* for January 1896, written by me and headed 'Settlers in the City Wilderness.'

If I gave little to 'the House' and to what Woods liked humorously to call 'the work,' I got much from it, chiefly through the extension of my social sympathies. This came to pass most of all through my spending approximately the first three months of 1893 as a resident of the House, quitting entirely for the time the slopes of Beacon Hill but continuing my daytime labors in the office of the *Youth's Companion*. Soon after Woods's death I contributed to the *South End Sun* of February 27, 1925 a brief article about him, upon which I draw for the three paragraphs immediately following.

There were some half-dozen of us at the Andover House, graduates of Amherst, Princeton, and other colleges, who, on the face of it, appeared to have little in common. But there was Woods — not yet thirty, and probably as old as any of us — as the unifying leader of the little band. What one remembers most clearly about him is the quietly dominating religious spirit in which all his work was done. The tokens of this spirit were in no wise obtrusive, yet reminding you by this or that manifestation that it was his controlling impulse. You simply felt it without a word or deed of reminder.

Within the house the 'quaint companions' in residence, with their austere New England housekeeper, looked upon him not only as the mainspring of their daily effort in a common cause but also as the connecting link with all the world of neighbors about them. He was entering into their lives as into ours, and in a real sense making one thing of it all. The neighbors must have realized it as clearly as we did, though neither they nor we were putting it into words.

The activities of the House that winter were rudimentary in comparison with those of later years. We who devoted our evenings to these enterprises must remember what the benign, humorous, friendly, understanding presence of Robert Woods contributed to every gathering he joined.

But it was in the more intimate circle of the residents, particularly in talk at the table or when the day's work was done, that the real man most truly revealed himself. The immediate problem of the moment never blinded him to the greater problems of the future. Dealing constantly with questions pressing for answers on the spot, he kept the great generalization to which every answer must relate itself constantly before him. From the first he represented that best type of idealist whose chief and permanent concern is with the deepest realities.

The social settlement, with all its familiar attempts at give-and-take in the life of huddled communities, is now so much a matter of course that the novelty of it fifty years ago is hard to recapture. The strangeness of it then is suggested by one memory that has remained with me. While Woods and I were seeing much of each other he went with me to Bristol in the early nineties for a summer week-end under my father's roof. Then about eighty-five, my father was in many habits of mind essentially a pre-Civil War man. Of course he recognized the goodness, intelligence, and, I may say, consecration of my

friend. Taking me aside, however, he asked me to explain just what Woods was doing in Boston. I made it as clear as I could, only to have my father, quite baffled, respond, 'And you say he is not a minister of the gospel? I don't understand — I don't understand.' I shudder to think what he would have made of the social, economic, and religious views of some of his grandchildren, to say nothing of his sons, could he have looked ahead as clearly as he could look back. Woods himself was always looking ahead. 'I work by the decade,' he once wrote, 'not by the year.'

V

The few months at Andover House preceded immediately my entering the *Atlantic* office. I was nearing the end of my twenties, and the future looked reasonably bright. The editor under whom I went to work gave me before long a small publication of his own, *An English Interpreter, a Sketch of Frederic James Shields*, on the flyleaf of which he wrote in his beautiful script, 'H. E. Scudder to his Understudy.' There were other encouragements. Before the end of 1893 I produced a small pamphlet, privately printed, which for me possesses two distinctions. To bibliophiles the greater of these will appear the fact that it stands Number 2 on the long list of imprints of D. B. Updike, which were soon to give the Merrymount Press its world-wide fame. (Time seemed to have swung full circle when, forty-six years after this first venture, the latest of my many books, *Holmes of the Breakfast-Table*, stands high, numerically, in the hundreds of books on the Merrymount Press list.)

The second distinction, in my own eyes, was the title, *Rari Nantes*. The Virgilian term might never have occurred to me but for my father's frequent quoting of '*Rari nantes in gurgite vasto*' as he ladled oysters out of a large soup tureen. Whatever its source, I have always

thought this first title of mine — for a minuscular book of minor verses — a happy choice; and I held to this belief even when the lady to whom *Rari Nantes* was covertly dedicated liked in later years to designate it by her own ironic translation, 'Rare Nuggets.' The most cheering thing about it at the time was that the kind Mr. Scudder, my chief in Park Street, to whom I gave a copy of the pamphlet, countered with a photograph of himself, on the back of which he had written: —

Inscribed to the Author of
Rari Nantes

If your verses floating round
Seek some solid resting ground,
Here's a friend for them to tie to,
A sort of boulder found in situ.

Here indeed I could feel that I had a friend at court.

It was a time when the last of the older and more impressive figures in New England letters were disappearing. The younger writers who would have enjoyed stepping into their shoes were with a few exceptions, like Robert Grant and Barrett Wendell, a less authentic coinage of the Boston mint than their predecessors. The transient Howells and Aldrich had New York before and behind them. The Boston publishing houses were not maintaining that identification of interest between publisher and writer which had made the firm of Ticknor and Fields so vital a factor in the sustenance of letters, and the local authors were entrusting their fortunes more and more to New York publishers. The tradition of the older writers was nevertheless strong, and those whose tastes and standards were formed, like mine, under its influence could not but carry into the day that was dawning much from the day then waning. It was a little like receiving an education on both sides of the Atlantic, with its consequent tendency, for good or ill, to split the national infinitive. There are accidents of time as well as of place in such matters.

One of the happy accidents of this

period resulted from Copeland's addiction to making his younger friends known to his older. It was he who led me first to the hospitable door of Mrs. James T. Fields, the widow of the publisher whose generous ways promoted the cohesion that made the 'New England group' of writers so definite a unit. Fields himself had died about ten years before I first entered the house on Charles Street in which Mrs. Fields was continuing, in what Henry James called her 'waterside museum,' the hospitalities for which it had long been famous. Copeland used to call her 'Clytie' — not to her autumnal face, which kept much of its springtime beauty — and indeed there was in her personality and its setting something of the Grecian quality which gave one to understand why Boston used to be called an American Athens.

For Copeland, as a son of Maine, and for many others, the house in Charles Street held a second magnet in the person of Sarah Orne Jewett — who spent, with her *alter ego* Mrs. Fields, either in Boston or at Manchester-by-the-Sea, all the months in which she could separate herself from her own abode in South Berwick, Maine. In these two ladies the charms of the classical and the continuing New England were singularly united. Old England also was largely present in the books and manuscripts, the pictures on the walls, the dining-room chairs that once belonged to the Duke of Ormonde and were bought in London under the guidance of Charles Dickens. The American past was brought into what was then the present by Mrs. Fields's habitual references to her friends of former days as 'Mr. Emerson,' 'Mr. Longfellow,' and all the rest — excepting possibly Hawthorne, whose name, as I recall her use of it, seemed never to need a handle. Besides these ghosts there were many living presences — Louise Imogen Guiney, Willa Cather, Madame Blanc ('Th. Bentzon'), George Edward Woodberry, Thomas Bailey Aldrich, and such relative ancients as Charles Dudley

Warner and that vigorous old Chicago parson, Robert Collyer.

The feminine segment of the circle may have been a little excessive, and there were grounds for a feeling that the precious and the rarefied did something to the atmosphere. Long before meeting Mrs. Fields I had heard from a Harvard classmate the profane breakfast-table story of her saying to her husband, when a crumb of toast lodged in his abundant beard, 'Jamie, there is a gazelle in the garden.' It would be a pity to lose such an anecdote, apocryphal, or deliberately jocose, as my later knowledge of Mrs. Fields, with her surely saving grace of humor, compels me to believe it. For, whatever of the feminine and the esoteric there may have been in all these surroundings, there was a full appreciation of masculine likings for the best of substantial food and pleasant wines, and above all there was the heartiest of constant, generous friendship.

The hospitalities of 148 Charles Street, now long demolished, and of 'Thunderbolt Hill' at Manchester led not only into warm personal relations with both Mrs. Fields and Miss Jewett, joined with editorial relations, but into stimulating and educative contacts with much that still survived from the authentic Boston which Mrs. Fields's dear friend and one-time neighbor, Dr. Holmes, had made known to the world over his Breakfast-Table. It was in the house of Mrs. Fields, by the way, that I heard Rufus Choate's daughter, Mrs. Bell, many of whose witty sayings have become classics in Boston, repeat a remark that Dr. Holmes had made to her: 'The joke about my saying that the dome of the Boston State House is the hub of the solar system is not the saying itself, but the fact that I really believed it.'

When Mrs. Fields died in 1915, I remembered that she had spoken more than once, though somewhat vaguely, of leaving her papers to me. She had shown me from time to time a large cabinet in the reception room near the front door

— a room, by the way, in which a landscape of Edward Lear's adorned one of the walls. The cabinet was packed with letters from everybody who was anybody in the Victorian world, from Dickens and Browning in England, from Emerson, Holmes, and all the greater and lesser Victorians of America. In due time this cabinet was transferred from Charles to Brimmer Street, where I lived, and with it came many manuscript notebooks in which Mrs. Fields had depicted the varied daily life in which through some decades she had played a vividly observant part. The contents of the cabinet are now lodged in the Huntington Library at San Marino, California, the notebooks with the Massachusetts Historical Society; but they did not leave my hands till I had drawn from them a book, *Memories of a Hostess* (1922), in which I had observed Mrs. Fields's wish that no biography of herself should be prepared. As a 'Chronicle of Eminent Friendships' it undertook to reproduce the panorama of scenes and personalities of which the talk of Mrs. Fields and Miss Jewett had given me so many retrospective glimpses. Thanks to the material entrusted to me for this use, and to the enduring interest in figures that emerge from it, the book, abundantly illustrated, made a public appeal surpassing that of any other that bears my name, and is still the subject of frequent letters of inquiry from students of American literature.

And here, finally, is a priceless letter written soon after the book was published but never sent to me, or seen by me, until some fifteen years had passed. I should not have seen it then had I not happened to become the biographer of John Jay Chapman. Among the mass of letters placed in my hands by his widow was one to her enclosing the following letter to me, written with an evident relish of amusement on Chapman's part, but striking him, when written, as cal-

culated to amuse his wife more than me. Here he was mistaken, as perhaps I was in yielding to Mrs. Chapman's feeling that in my biography of her husband it would be a superfluous illustration of the pleasure he took in abusing his friends. Perhaps after all it does not belong so much to his story as to mine. Here, in any case, is the pertinent — or impertinent — greater portion of it. Since Chapman had the first word in this paper, let him have also the last.

November 28, 1922

DEAR MARK: —

. . . In endeavoring to lengthen out a lonesome meal I dipped into Mrs. Fields — and looked at the illustrations. Well, I must say, Mark, I never saw a book that on first glance seemed to have less venom in it. People will read more uninteresting facts about deceased authors than they can bear on any other subject — a weakness which you have preyed upon, you villain. Now please do what I say — and I'll write a memoir of you. Get a big pine box and put in it the contents of your wastepaper basket the day you receive this (the mail of the master craftsman) also a piece of your shaving soap; photograph of the view from your back window; some verses you were ashamed — even you — to print — which were written by Thomas Bailey Aldrich on a pancake; this letter; anything you find on Brimmer Street on your walk to the Atlantic Monthly Press; a pen and ink drawing of Ellery Sedgwick posting a letter containing a cheque to a contributor (the cheque is indicated by Ellery's heroic expression); a portrait of Arlo Bates; a visiting card left by a man you didn't know — very old fashioned — this to be *mounted* on a full page and entitled How our ancestors did it — and — you see the idea; — but *fill the box*. I will write the letter-press. I think I should call the volume — [*word scratched out and undecipherable*] and O my! if I don't give you a send off! . . . I think I shall call the volume 'Whiffs of literature.' . . .

Yours affectionately,

JACK

P.S. It just occurs to me that the *letter-press* of your book may be good.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

DORIES

A DORY will always be for me Plato's 'heavenly idea' of a boat, the primal pattern for all boats.

'Nothing is here of Europe.' A dory is a Yankee institution. It is as local as a boat well can be. Most of the dories along our stretch of coast were built by the Perkinses at 'Gunkit.' Their boatyard in the cove which bears the family name must have been a father-and-son affair for generations. The general lines of their craft have persisted, and to this day the local lobstermen install their single-cylinder motors in what is still the Ogunquit dory of the '90s. These dories seem to handle as well under power as they did under sail, and take naturally to their new job. The motor when running pulls the stern down so that the rail is only a few inches above water, and lifts the bow correspondingly to meet the oncoming choppy seas that prevail thereabouts. The shape of a boat, her lines, and in particular the sheer away from the bow, will tell you what kind of water she is meant to sail in. There is, for example, no mistaking the nature of the seas off the west coast of Ireland once you have looked at the bows and the build of an Irish curragh.

The routine dory was perhaps fifteen or sixteen feet over all. Her bow was cut away and there was a slight overhang in the stern. The frame was inordinately heavy for so small a boat, but those dories had to stand a good deal of rough weather and rough use. They were clinker-built — that is, the planking was lap-streaked, like the clapboards of a house, presumably to give added rigidity to the whole fabric — and an ordinary dory was too heavy for one man to haul out on a beach or up into a slip in the rocks.

We usually painted our own boats, and greatly enjoyed doing so. Before painting they had to be caulked, a matter of filling up open seams, in the case of a boat as small as a dory, with wicking and white lead. Caulking is a delicate job, and the amateur is apt to pound too hard and spread the seam wider apart than it was when he went to work. As for paint, the Ogunquit dories came from the

shop in two colors. The two upper streaks were painted one color and the lower planks of the underbody another color. The Perkins standard was a colonial-yellow top and a not-too-dark green bottom. We stuck to this year after year. The fishermen allowed themselves some license in the matter and frankly went in for æsthetic experiments — black and red, yellow and black, slate blue and bright green. When their invention flagged they lapsed into battleship gray for the whole boat. The result was that a fleet of twenty dories moored just offshore was a colorful sight. They asked, by inference, why we let so much of life go by in drabness, and were a protest against all unimaginative dreariness of living.

We made few changes in these dories as delivered. We took it for granted that the Perkinses knew their business and that behind each of the familiar gadgets there was a good and sufficient reason. We did, however, venture one improvement — at least we thought it was such. The boat had, in its original form, a shallow stern seat — not more than eight or ten inches in depth. No fisherman ever sat in this seat, nor did he make any other use of it. It was with him a conventional or vestigial bit of shipbuilding. We extended that stern seat until it was two feet, and even three feet, deep. There was always a good-natured scramble to see who should get it, for it approached the dimensions and the comfort of a de luxe steamer chair. I have sat, loafed, read, relaxed, slept on many different kinds of chairs, settees, benches, lounges, and berths, but I have yet to find any place to sprawl out so perfectly fitted to the half-reclining human form as this elongated stern seat in one of our dories. True, we needed ideally a few coats and sweaters to fill in at the small of the back and to make a pillow for the head, but these were usually right at hand.

It was the purest physical pleasure to curl up on that seat and let the water and the clouds and the world go by. Those dories took the waves well, and there was no pounding of the stern such as in less sensitively built boats. No matter how it lifted and sank

again, the stern of a dory never slatted the water when it settled down. The tiller lines ran either side of the boat along the rails and played just by the head of anyone lying out in that stern seat. Their shuffling motion was proof enough that someone was on the job and caring for the vessel's course.

If we were not feeling up to the mark, this was the only possible place in the boat to which we could retreat. We got used to taking an occasional bout of seasickness in our stride. We did not go through the familiar palaver about not being sick but merely 'a little headachy and bilious today.' When there was no other way out, we were unashamedly seasick, had no pride about it, got the sour, messy business over as soon as possible, and went back to enjoying ourselves. We innocently supposed that the trouble originated in our stomachs; we did not know that its source and seat are the semicircular canals. Not that one is in a position to discuss the claims of the disturbed semicircular canal versus the upset stomach when one is really seasick. Such things don't matter at a time like that; for the moment nothing matters — even death wouldn't matter. But be the locale of seasickness what it may, there were occasional bad half hours anchored offshore in a heavy chop when the insidious smell of aging clams and the general sloppiness of dying fish underfoot suggested a retreat to that stern seat.

I always felt that the fishermen around the harbor looked at our luxurious stern seats with a certain amount of moral disapprobation, though they were silent on the matter. In this as in other kindred matters they had a way of making us feel their disapproval of many of our *mores* — most conspicuously so, perhaps, when on Sundays, dressed in their stiffest and best, they walked up and down the fringes of the beach, looking with half-envy and half-contempt at the near-naked garb and wholly wanton ways of Sabbath-breaking bathers. They might not be very godly themselves, but they did not approve of such goings on.

Thus some hint of this want of ethical consent to our way of life was felt in the fugitive glance which they let fall on our stern seats. Perhaps they grudgingly admitted to themselves that summer people must be granted liberties with the moral law which they dared not allow themselves. Certainly we tried, from time to time, to con-

vince them of our right to such liberties. What we did in the summer could be offset in our own minds by the reassuring thought of what we did the other ten hard-working months of the year. On vacation most of us speak solemnly — as one might whisper about a grave illness — of the terrible pace and the heartbreaking nature of our business or professional work back home. On this basis we justify our entire letdown during the summer months; indeed we eventually have our doctor's word for it that nothing less than just such utter relaxation can save us from a total breakdown, if not an early death.

All of us who go to the country or the seashore for our vacation have tried this familiar line of argument on the 'natives.' I do not know what luck you have had; I can only report that my briefs in behalf of the cult of conscientious idleness had very little effect on the jury at York. They sat and listened in silence, occasionally squirting out a stream of tobacco juice from one corner of the mouth, or knocking the ashes from the bowl of a pipe, as though to suggest that I conclude my unconvincing remarks and come to order. In short, even to this day I have never felt that I have succeeded in persuading any Maine native that I ever do anything but loaf and have a good time. Was not that extra-long stern seat in our dories sufficient moral giveaway? What we brazenly did in that stern seat spoke so loud — as Emerson has it — that the fishermen could not hear what we said about the hard-bottomed, straight-backed chairs in which we sat from September 1 to June 30. It was no use — the fishermen knew that that three-foot stern seat needed only to be tilted up to become a greased slide down which one skidded into moral ruin.

WILLARD SPERRY

FOREIGNERS SEE OUR FILMS

A SYRIAN with a small capital and five large boxes of motion-picture equipment used to travel round the villages of the Cameroons in West Central Africa. He could show his films only by special permit from each district officer whose territory he visited. Moreover, he had to give a private showing to these harassed officials — who combine the activities of prime minister with those of chief of police, commander in chief, censor, civil registrar, and endless other functiona-

ries — before he was allowed to present any particular masterpiece. Permission obtained, he would hire and clear the largest hut he could find and therein install his creaky apparatus. No advertising was required, for news travels fast in Africa, and the natives, both old and young, would crowd into the hut until there was no floor space left for an extra flea. For two hours they would howl with glee, quite undisturbed by the not infrequent periods of utter darkness while films were rewound or mended.

An eighteen-year-old boy, invited to express his opinion about houses seen in a film located in New York, said, 'They looked very big in the pictures, but I suppose they are made of clay.' When asked why, the lad replied that they obviously weren't real because they had holes in them like those in white men's bungalows, and if these holes were supposed to be windows no bungalows could be as big as that. The African mind lacks nothing in pure logic, whatever may be its shortcomings in mere education.

An ancient man, when asked what he thought of the show, simply pronounced it to be 'very terrible.' Pressed for an explanation, he stated heatedly that people couldn't possibly live like that in reality, so why did white men make such silly pictures and then ask him to pay for seeing them? When it was suggested that the pictures might have been made to be 'silly' and so to entertain, his only observation was that the makers should in that case have had the decency to employ real children and not men and women who were quite obviously already well fitted to bear children.

Women who could be induced to give an opinion stated flatly that a line of chorus girls danced very well indeed, but that the music — which did not accompany the film, for it was silent — had obviously been quite inferior to their own village drums. When asked why, they very succinctly pointed out that several of the girls got out of line and lost the time, and that if the music had been good this could not have happened. Dancing in Africa goes straight from the drums to the legs without the intermediary stages of encouragement from producers and mental efforts on the part of the dancers.

Inquiries among the less-educated section of cinema audiences in Haiti elicited some surprising information. After a showing of a

French film depicting the life of Napoleon, it was found that the majority were of the opinion that the action as depicted was supposed to have taken place in Haiti. The identity of Napoleon Bonaparte was fairly well known to all those who had attended school, but, with what appeared to be a misplaced patriotic stubbornness, his existence had been transferred to the earlier history of their own country and become strangely fused with that of their own Toussaint L'Ouverture. One inhabitant of the capital town of Port-au-Prince actually expressed some amazement that a white man should have played the part of Napoleon.

In smaller towns in Mexico, illiterate country people were able to give a full and detailed account of films they had seen only once and to describe with astounding penetration the intricacies and finer points of the plots. How this was possible is something of a mystery, for they could read neither the local newspaper criticisms nor the Spanish subtitles to the films. One of the films discussed, moreover, was a purely North American comedy having nothing in common with the everyday life or experience of these people. It seems, indeed, that the Mexican peasants have unusual mental acuteness.

The most interesting and unexpected outcome from viewing American films is to be found in the colonial territories, English, French, and Dutch. This is immediately apparent to anybody visiting the West Indies.

In English-speaking territories, audiences are customarily so uproarious that it is well-nigh impossible to hear the film through. The smaller the colony and the cheaper the cinema, the greater the row, but even the largest and most palatial houses in Kingston, Jamaica, and Port-of-Spain, Trinidad, are a distinct shock to visiting Americans who are accustomed to orderliness and quiet during their entertainment. In these countries audiences are always restive, but at points of excitement, and more particularly during any form of fight shown in the film, the row becomes deafening — front-seat occupants rise to their feet, sides are taken, and half the auditorium enters into the scrap, sometimes even to the point of throwing hats or exchanging blows. It is not unusual for the film to be stopped and the most belligerent evicted by ushers, police, or the management. A few years ago a certain film had to be banned in one French colony

because every time a scene was shown wherein a gangster clouted a rival on the head one or more of the audience was carried out with a battered, bleeding scalp. In their enthusiasm some people could not resist fitting their motions to those of the actor.

This peculiar habit of stopping the film is also something that unnerves the uninitiated American. To us a film is a window into another world through which we view the progress of some other people over a set period. To the South American, the West Indian, or the Oriental, a film is a purely make-believe puppet show, having practically no connection with reality. His total ignorance of the world and the life of the people shown therein — combined with his natural mistrust of civilized Europeans and the unpredictability of the projection machine, which so often and unexpectedly cuts the make-believe and brings the audience down to the earth floor of the house — causes him to view the whole thing as a pretense. Motion pictures to him are like artists' canvases to us. For this reason patrons in tropical countries will often demand that some scene that happens to take their fancy be run through twice or three times.

In tropical picture houses it is by no means unusual for the film to be suddenly stopped after a notable outburst of enthusiasm and for the scene to be run through again and again before there is another longer break and the show continues. The audiences in these countries learn by heart the sequence of the pictures that they like, as well as the actual spoken words leading up to favorite scenes. A murmuring precedes all scenes of action and rises into a crescendo shortly before the gunman draws his weapon or the offended party takes off his coat.

The largest yearly producers of actual film track are not, as is customarily supposed, the American moguls, but the overworked Japanese companies. These companies specialize in stories of the utmost simplicity and employ not only the same actors but the same settings, backgrounds, and properties time and time again. Distributed to the more outlandish provinces of the Pacific and the Orient, these films have the most profound effect upon the less educated or traveled natives. Although intensely boring and unfinished to our eyes and ears, they are magnificently suited to the audiences to which they are shown, and withal most in-

telligently produced. The lesser Orientals usually understand them fully, the stories being often well known locally, the characters acting their parts with intensity and obviousness, and everything being done to concentrate attention on one simple action at a time.

The mind and eye of the American public have become accustomed to a staccato succession of 'shots' in films, especially at those junctures where fast and widespread action is explained. Foreign audiences, particularly in outlandish places, have not developed this habit. Thus in battles and in sea fights, wherein the camera leaps from one combatant to another, the foreign audience is usually uncertain upon which the camera is focused and not infrequently of the decided opinion that it is concentrated unwinkingly upon but one antagonist throughout. This makes the whole fight incomprehensible and consequently kills the moral, which is so often meant to be the principal outcome of the scrap. Questioning very frequently discloses the fact that the foreigner is wholeheartedly with the 'wrong side,' not so much by choice as through misinterpretation of some simple shot — this, moreover, despite subtitles.

The propaganda value of films, for tropical countries in particular, is directly dependent upon the capacity of the audience to follow the show. This they cannot be induced even to attempt to do unless it contains a maximum of action of the violent variety that they prefer and appreciate. Finally, the worth of this action is entirely lost unless the 'right' and 'wrong' sides are clearly defined throughout by a noticeable difference in garb or some other simple trick. The Germans have scored notably in this respect with the swastika, and the Russians by simply showing only one side — that which they wish to be known as the right one.

Lastly, it must be borne in mind that the psychological make-up and outlook of the 'foreigner,' particularly of the tropical breed, are radically different from those that the American public likes to suppose are its own. Actions of criminals and nations that are horrific to us are a positive delight to many millions of people. It is thus useless to attempt to damn the villain by showing him indulging in wholesale butcheries. Such activity is heartily cheered throughout half the world.

IVAN T. SANDERSON

THE ATLANTIC SERIAL

REVEILLE IN WASHINGTON

— 1860 — 1865 —



— *BY MARGARET LEECH* —

CHAPTERS XVIII—XXV



REVEILLE IN WASHINGTON

1860-1865

BY MARGARET LEECH

The story of our National Capital
in its greatest ordeal

FIVE years ago Margaret Leech began collecting from letters, diaries, old newspapers, and memoirs every scrap of information she could find about the life in our national capital at the time of the Civil War. Her book, from which the *Atlantic* has been privileged to draw four large installments, is to be the September choice of the Book-of-the-Month Club. Her true narrative begins on that day in December 1860 when huge old General Scott limped into town to suppress the sedition which was openly threatening that Lincoln would never live to be President. Southerners had exerted a far-reaching influence in the Buchanan Administration; they held key posts in the Army and Navy; with their thoroughbreds, their big mansions, and their slaves, they had turned Washington into a Southern town. The Washington barracks were guarded by one old Irish caretaker. General Scott said they might easily have been taken by a bottle of whiskey. By Christmas Day the talk of secession had reached such a pitch that the militia was called out to guard the Capitol building and search the cellar for explosives.

To this place of uncertainty and suspicion came a tall, lanky figure, with his dark melancholy face — Abraham Lincoln, the President-elect. And following him came a horde of Westerners, office seekers; and men loyal to the Union had begun to replace the Southerners as the Republican Administration made its presence felt. Following the attack on Sumter, Southern sympathizers cut the wires and tore up the rails, and for a few days the capital lived in dread of invasion. To its rescue came the regiments from the North, storming through rebellious Baltimore, landing by ship at Annapolis, and coming up the Avenue with bands playing and flags flying. On they came until at last General McDowell had strength enough for a mass movement into Virginia. But Washington was still honeycombed with Southern sympathizers, and before McDowell marched, on July 16, his exact plans had been passed through the lines by Mrs. Rose O'Neal Greenhow, a spy with more than a little charm. All Washington turned out to see the spandy regiments in their first engagement. But the picnic parties and the Senators in their buggies turned into a frightened rabble when the Union forces broke and swirled back in sullen retreat. Desperately in need of a new leader, Lincoln telegraphed to McClellan in the West. . . .

REVEILLE IN WASHINGTON: 1860-1865

BY MARGARET LEECH

XVIII

THE youthful McClellan was vigorous and self-confident. His appearance was stalwart. Under a thick Roman nose, a ragged, reddish moustache concealed his mouth. Rather short in stature, he had a sturdy, muscular figure, with broad shoulders and a massive throat; and the tilted French kepi suited his well-shaped head. There was a dramatic quality about him. He had imagination. With that audacity of conception which subdues or inspirits timid minds, he began at once to discuss his command in terms of three hundred thousand men.

The chaos of Washington inspired him to an almost frenzied activity. Convinced that the city was about to be attacked by an overwhelming force, he spent twelve and fourteen hours a day on horseback, and worked at his desk until early morning. The shaken little world of Washington received him with flattering respect. The President and the Cabinet — General Scott himself — deferred to him. When he visited the Senate Chamber, gray-haired men gathered around this general who was not quite thirty-five years old. 'I almost think,' he wrote his wife, 'that were I to win some small success now I could become Dictator or anything else that might please me — but nothing of that kind would please me — *therefore I won't be dictator. Admirable self-denial!*'

He had a brilliant aptitude for organization, and, as a member of a military commission sent to observe the

operations in the Crimea, had studied European armies at first hand. He was exact, methodical, and interested in detail. In Washington he saw that there were two things for him to do. He had to fortify a city. He had to forge a weapon — the Army of the Potomac.

McClellan was the man in the saddle — and even the saddle bore his name. No one looked at the President, walking through the streets or driving in his carriage in his gray suit and slouched hat. All eyes were on the young commander. He was as different from modest McDowell, walking alone on Pennsylvania Avenue, as from obese, magnificent Scott. Every street loungeer knew his stocky, high-booted figure. His passing, in clouds of dust or fountains of mud, was an event, a clatter, a cavalcade. Round the corner, hell-for-leather, he posted on his favorite horse, 'Dan Webster,' with his staff and escort of dragoons hard put to follow him. He delighted in wearing them out, and thought nothing of a dash from the Chain Bridge all the way to Alexandria, through the Virginia encampments which made a continuous military city, more populous than the capital. McClellan wanted his troops to know and trust him. The latest raw recruits were familiar with their general's face, called him 'Our George' and 'Little Mac,' and joined lustily in the shouts which greeted him.

McClellan's affection for his soldiers was tempered by stern parental disci-

pline when they proved insubordinate. There were discontented regiments, which had volunteered for three years in the spring and wanted to go home with the three months' men. In mid-August, McClellan had two mutinies on his hands, in the Second Maine and the Seventy-ninth New York. He put them down with firmness, ordering the ringleaders sent to the Dry Tortugas, off the southern tip of Florida, to serve out their term at hard labor. In the case of the New Yorkers — the late Colonel Cameron's Scots — McClellan blamed the officers. He took away the regimental colors and kept them in the hall at his headquarters, until the Highlanders, by subsequent good behavior, earned the right to have them restored.

His commanders of brigades and divisions were almost all men of military training. The names of Meade, Hooker, Buell, Sedgwick, Hancock, Reynolds, Kearny, Fitz-John Porter, Edwin Sumner, and W. F. Smith would all stand in newspaper headlines before a year had passed. These capable West Point graduates enabled McClellan to make great progress in organizing the volunteers. Some, like Kearny and Sedgwick and Hancock, had personalities which won the love and loyalty of their troops. Others were as unpopular as McDowell, who now commanded a division. Charles P. Stone was too strict and formal in manner to find favor with his brigade. The severe discipline of W. F. Smith, known in the Army as 'Baldy,' was resented by his soldiers.

Experienced staff officers were a rarity in an army which needed every trained soldier for the command of troops, and McClellan himself had few of them. His large and showy staff was headed by his father-in-law, Randolph B. Marcy, a steady old Army man of only moderate ability. A volunteer aide was the rich New Yorker, John Jacob Astor, who lived luxuriously in a well-appointed house, with his own valet, steward, and chef. McClellan also wel-

comed a number of foreign visitors, French, German, and English. Two of the Frenchmen were distinguished additions to Washington society, for they were princes of the House of Orléans — the Comte de Paris and the Duc de Chartres. Exiled in the régime of Napoleon III, they had come to the States to offer their services to the Union cause. They were unassuming, cheerful young fellows whom everyone liked. Donning the blue uniform, they were known to their fellow officers as Captain Parry and Captain Chatters.

In the crisp, cool days of autumn, McClellan began to stage the grand reviews of the Army of the Potomac. McDowell had been censured for assembling eight regiments before Bull Run, but week after week whole divisions paraded at McClellan's command. Hundreds of sight-seers were drawn to the capital by the fame of these military spectacles. Ladies in wide crinolines and tiny bonnets sat marveling in their carriages, and little boys and girls stared popeyed at the white gloves and glistening bayonets, the flags, the polished brass, the cannon smoke. Driving back to Washington in heavy traffic one evening, a party of Bostonians beguiled the tedium by singing. 'John Brown's Body,' a favorite with the Massachusetts regiments, was among the songs. One of the party, Mrs. Julia Ward Howe, was a writer, and she had vaguely wished to set some new words to the tune. At dawn next morning she awoke in her room at Willard's with long lines of verse swinging through her brain. She jumped out of bed, and with an old stump of pencil scrawled in the semi-darkness the stanzas of 'The Battle Hymn of the Republic.'

At first there had been repeated alarms from the capital's line of defense in Virginia. The sound of practice guns sent old ladies scuttling from the Centre Market with half-filled baskets. The cannonade of a reconnaissance brought people to the roofs to watch the puffs of

smoke rising above the treetops. The late summer days, however, had unfolded no action of any consequence.

At the end of September, the disappearance of the enemy flag informed the capital that the Confederates had fallen back on Fairfax. The Union lines were advanced, and civilians journeyed out to examine Munson's Hill. Surprise was felt, together with a little chill of doubt, on discovering that the Union forces had been defied by a few Quaker guns made of logs and pasteboard. When there was news of an engagement, however, it came from the upper Potomac, where General Stone was in command. A detachment sent across the river toward Leesburg, under the command of Colonel E. D. Baker, met with disaster at Ball's Bluff. Near sunset of a lovely autumn day, a newspaper correspondent heard the insistent clicking of the telegraph in the inner room at McClellan's headquarters and saw Mr. Lincoln stumble out with tears rolling down his face. Baker, with that gallantry which effaces a want of discretion, had been killed at the head of his battalion.

Retarded by the censorship, the details of Ball's Bluff gradually reached the country. The Federals had been trapped between the cliff and the river, without enough boats to make good their return to the Maryland shore. A great part of the force had been captured, while some had been shot in the water and others drowned. There were bodies on the flooding waters of the Potomac which roared down in early November to shake the infirm structure of the Long Bridge. A soldier in light blue lay on a near-by pile of driftwood. One nearly naked corpse was washed against the wharf at the foot of Sixth Street. Others were recovered at the Chain Bridge, and near the Georgetown wharves. Opposite Fort Washington they found a private of the artillery, with a Testament, a round looking glass, and a lock of hair in his pocket.

At four o'clock one rainy November

morning, the voices of orderlies and the stir and snuffle of horses sounded before McClellan's house. A squadron of cavalry came pounding up, to wait in the darkness. The general and his staff, cloaked and hooded in black rubber, hurried down the steps and rode away, with the cavalry at their heels. No guns roared on the Potomac; it was a matter of etiquette that called them from their beds. They were going to escort General Scott to the railroad station. The young aides chatted as they rode along, speculating about the fortunes of their commander. 'It would have been easier,' wrote the Comte de Paris, 'to pierce the night and fog which enveloped us.'

In the dimly lighted depot McClellan and his staff gleamed like knights in black armor, their hidden swords clanking. General Scott took a courteous leave of the man who had made his last months of service as disagreeable as possible. He sent kind messages to Mrs. McClellan and the new baby, and said that his sensations were very peculiar on leaving Washington and active life. McClellan wrote his wife that the sight of this feeble old man was a lesson to him, and asked her, if ever he became vainglorious and ambitious, to remind him of it. Whatever served him for ambition had now been realized. While retaining the command of the Army of the Potomac, he was made General-in-Chief of the armies of the United States. The President ventured to suggest that the increased responsibilities might be too much for one man. 'I can do it all,' McClellan told him quickly.

The removal of Scott and his own elevation to the chief command had not satisfied McClellan. His inflated self-esteem required that he should not be crossed or even questioned by anyone. His nerves were flayed by the fact that he had to deal, not only with his cheering troops, but with men in power. A far more dangerous tendency, however, had also developed in his thinking. In his political opinions he was opposed to

the party in power. With some vague benevolence toward Negroes, he cared nothing about abolishing slavery. His ultra-Democratic friends and supporters, by placing a grandiose construction on McClellan's influence and power, had encouraged him to think of himself as a superman with a mission. He devoutly believed that God was on his side, and that he was the only patriot in Washington. It occurred to him that he might 'cheerfully take the dictatorship,' as people were calling on him to do — not, of course, from selfish motives, but to save the country.

As a railroad executive in Illinois, he had known Lincoln, and more than once in out-of-the-way towns he had spent the night in front of a stove, listening to the country lawyer's anecdotes. The President, always informal in his manners, felt at ease with an old acquaintance, and often called on McClellan. Sometimes he would appear before breakfast. Frequently he came at night, to learn the latest news before he went to bed. His pockets bulging with papers, — for he was trying to post himself all at once on military strategy and naval warfare, — he would enter the parlor, where the officers sat smoking, writing, and reading newspapers. Was George in? he would ask the aide. It was not necessary to send up — he would wait; he thought he would take supper with George.

One November evening Lincoln called at the general's house in company with Secretary Seward and John Hay. They were told that McClellan had gone to an officer's wedding, and sat down in the parlor to wait. After nearly an hour McClellan returned. Without heeding the orderly's announcement that the President was there, he went upstairs. Thinking that there must be some mistake, Mr. Lincoln sent a servant to his room. The answer came that the general had gone to bed. John Hay thought that 'this unparalleled insolence of epau-lettes' was 'a portent of evil to come.'

Mr. Lincoln quietly passed it over; but he let McClellan come to him thereafter.

XIX

Washington was packed with the varied concourse of people attracted by the great army. Contractors, inventors, and cranks infested the bureaus. Officers used their furloughs to seek promotion. There was a joke about a boy who threw a stone at a dog on Pennsylvania Avenue and hit three brigadier-generals. Correspondents were there to scribble, and artists to sketch. Soldiers' relatives mingled with sight-seeing tourists. A delegation of Creek, Seminole, and Chickasaw Indians, after inspecting the camps and forts and witnessing two reviews, expressed unlimited confidence in the success of the Union cause. Counterfeiters and confidence men assembled from all sections of the country. Petty thieves and pickpockets, 'from the genteel, fashionable "dip" down to the vagabond handkerchief picker,' slid through the crowds and kept the Metropolitan Police on the run. Embalmers arrived — for, even when an army does not fight, some men sicken and die. To entertain the legions of the living came dancers and singers and comedians, prize fighters and gamblers, venders of obscene literature and proprietors of 'rum-jug shops.' Apparent on every street was the secret invasion of the women of the town; gay light-o'-loves who swished into the music halls on the officers' arms, whores who beckoned the drunken teamsters to shanties in the alleys. In the wake of the women followed doctors, blatant in their promises. Dr. Schuman (all diseases of a private nature, permanent cure or no charge) had arrived early to set up his Southern Medical House in the Clarendon Hotel, but he was soon obliged to compete with 'certain swindlers in the back streets.'

The first evening levee at the White House opened the winter social season in mid-December. There was a large com-

pany, brilliant with feathers and spangles and jewelry, with brass buttons and epaulettes and swords. General McClellan was the lion of the occasion. On his arm was his wife, Nell, recently come to Washington. She was delicate and hazel-eyed — 'not what a sickly stripling fresh from college would call handsome,' wrote the *Herald* correspondent. Others found Mrs. McClellan a pretty and vivacious woman. She adored her young general, and was glad to be with him and sympathize with his vexatious troubles with the Republican politicians.

Anthony Trollope, paying a visit to Washington, found it a melancholy place. Belief in McClellan was slipping away. No one had any confidence in the administration. The President did nothing. A congressional committee had blazoned the War Department's mismanagement of contracts. As the nation slid toward bankruptcy, the capital presented the spectacle of waste on an imperial scale. The peculations of the contractors and the frauds and thievery in the Commissary Department vied with the grotesque shiftlessness of foun-dered horses, spoiled rations, and broken bales of hay, on which along the railroad tracks the lean Swampoodle cattle were growing fat and sleek. The people of Washington shrugged their shoulders.

General McClellan fell sick in December. The newspapers called it a cold, but the fact leaked out that he had the symptoms of typhoid. At his headquarters, all work was at a standstill. He had not delegated his powers, and no one could act in his name. Montgomery Meigs, the Quartermaster-General, was getting settled in his new office in Winder's Building when the President visited him in great distress. He had been unable to gain admittance to McClellan's sickroom. Sitting down in a chair before the open fire, Mr. Lincoln said, 'General, what shall I do? The people are impatient; Chase has no money and he tells me he can raise no more; the General of the Army has typhoid fever. The bot-

tom is out of the tub. What shall I do?' Meigs advised him to consult with army officers, and Lincoln sent for McDowell and Franklin. They reached an agreement, in which Meigs concurred, that the army was now strong enough to make a movement on Manassas. This decision, imparted to McClellan by Mr. Stanton, hastened the general's convalescence. Three days after it had been impossible for the President to see him, McClellan came to a White House conference attended by Seward, Chase, Blair, and the officers whom Mr. Lincoln had consulted. The atmosphere was strained. McClellan bore no ill will to Franklin, who was his close friend, but he believed that McDowell was intriguing for his position, and plainly showed his antagonism. He resented the attitude of Mr. Chase, who blurted out a demand that McClellan explain his plans.

McClellan was in a difficult position. He considered the Virginia roads impassable for army trains and artillery, and thought it impracticable to make an advance on Manassas before spring. It was unreasonable to expect him to take all official Washington into his confidence. There was much leakage of information, and the knowledge that he did not plan to move would have been of the greatest value to the Confederates. Moreover, he was considering a new line of advance — transporting his army by way of the lower Chesapeake to the neighborhood of Richmond. McClellan was justified in reticence; not in a haughty silence. Meigs privately appealed to him to speak, to promise some movement toward Manassas. The general replied that if he told his plans to the President they would be in the *New York Herald* the next morning. He added that Mr. Lincoln could not keep a secret — he would tell Tad. McClellan, still a sick man, was in a morbidly distrustful frame of mind.

The Committee on the Conduct of the War sat in a room in the Capitol basement, and to its door the generals

marched like schoolboys summoned for a secret examination. Ben Wade was in the chair, a grand inquisitor coarse and shrewd, with sharp little jet-black eyes. 'We must stir ourselves,' he said, 'on account of the expense.' He made another explanation: 'We are endeavoring to see if there is any way in God's world to get rid of the capital besieged, while Europe is looking down upon us as almost a conquered people.'

The Army of the Potomac dawdled around Washington, polishing its buttons and stirrups. The perfection on which McClellan insisted was extravagantly exemplified in his personal preparations for taking the field. Twenty-four wagons and two traveling carriages, drawn by four finely matched bay horses, had been provided for the commanding general and his staff. The carriages were ingeniously fitted for sleeping, eating, and writing en route.

On February 22, the military routine of the encampments was undisturbed by the President's order for a movement on Manassas. Crape hung on the White House door, and in the Green Room the undertakers were busy, for Willie Lincoln had died of typhoid fever. The illuminations ordered for Washington's Birthday in honor of the Union successes in the West, the surrender of Fort Donelson to an unknown brigadier, U. S. Grant, were hastily canceled. They buried Willie Lincoln on a day of great wind that tore the roofs off houses and slashed the flags to ribbons. The father drove, unseeing, through the wreckage in a carriage with Robert and the two Illinois Senators, Trumbull and Browning. Mrs. Lincoln was too ill to attend the funeral services.

In the moist air there was a premonition of spring. Still, beyond the narrow, mired roads, Manassas waited. McClellan firmly refused to go against that stronghold, and the transports were gathering to take the Army of the Potomac to a Virginia battlefield of their general's choosing. He had won consent

to his plan, but there was thunderous disapproval. Lincoln, distracted by sorrow for his dead boy, was almost overwhelmed by the clamor for McClellan's removal. At seven-thirty in the morning he sent for the general, and between the two men the word 'traitor' flashed like a drawn sword. McClellan sprang to his feet, demanding that the President retract the expression. In agitation Mr. Lincoln disclaimed that the idea was his own. He was merely repeating what others said, that the plan of withdrawing the army from the defense of Washington had a traitorous intent. McClellan suggested that he should be careful in his language. The President again apologized.

On Sunday morning, March 9, Gideon Welles rushed over to the White House, where he found the President and Mr. Stanton in great alarm. There was bad news from Hampton Roads. For some time the government had been informed that the Confederates had been making ready an ironclad ship. They had raised the United States frigate *Merrimac* from Norfolk harbor, found her hull and engines serviceable, and fitted her with an iron ram and a roof of iron plates. Now there was a telegram saying that the *Merrimac* had come down from Norfolk to spread destruction in Hampton Roads. Wooden ships had been helpless before the armored monster, the *Congress* and the *Cumberland* shot and rammed, the *Minnesota* driven aground.

Stanton, Seward, Chase, McClellan, Meigs, and other officers stood around the President's office, while the Secretary of the Navy explained that there was a ray of hope. The United States ironclad *Monitor*, barely completed, had reached Hampton Roads on the preceding night. Designed by the Swedish inventor, John Ericsson, she was a new experiment in fighting vessels — a queer little craft, with a low armored deck, surmounted by a revolving turret. She had been condemned by all the older naval officers; but Mr. Welles had taken the risk of

bringing censure and ridicule on his department. That Sunday morning, while Washington tremblingly awaited the news from Hampton Roads, the old newspaper man from Hartford was made uncomfortably aware of the great responsibility he had assumed. When Mr. Welles said that the *Monitor* had two guns, against the ten carried by the *Merrimac*, Mr. Stanton gave him a 'mingled look of incredulity and contempt.' It was beyond the powers of Mr. Welles to describe that look, or the sneering tone of Mr. Stanton's voice. The Democratic lawyer had recently been made Secretary of War. As he paced the room, he foretold the destruction of the United States Navy, the capture of Fort Monroe, the capitulation of Boston and New York. Mr. Welles was passing one of the most unpleasant days of his life, but it was not entirely devoid of secret satisfaction. He was taking the measure of the new Cabinet member, Stanton.

On Sunday night the telegraph clicked out a message which changed despair into exultation, and vindicated the judgment of the Secretary of the Navy. The little *Monitor* had forced the *Merrimac* to retire to Norfolk. It had been a drawn battle, but its effect was that of a victory. Naval history had been written in Hampton Roads, and all men read the portents of change in the battleships of the world. The foreign ministers were eager to learn the details of the combat that they might transmit to their governments the facts concerning armor-plated ships. The Swedish minister, Count Piper, was bursting with pride — the inventor Ericsson was of Swedish birth, and Dahlgren, who had devised the guns on the *Monitor*, was the son of a Swede.

Another momentous message was received in Washington that Sunday evening: the Confederates had evacuated Manassas. Incredulous, McClellan posted across the river. That night he ordered an advance of the whole army.

Silently, efficiently, General Joe Johnston had withdrawn his troops beyond the Rappahannock. The march of the Federals was no more than a promenade, an exercise in the neglected business of making an advance. Beyond the battle field of Bull Run, where General McDowell could not restrain his tears at the sight of the bleaching bones, the ramparts of Manassas proved to be no more than rude earthworks, with Quaker guns in the embrasures; and a fantastically-minded man named Hawthorne thought of the old tales in which great armies are kept at bay by the arts of necromancers.

XX

The early winter night had fallen on the park to the east of the Capitol, and behind the stripped trees the white stones glimmered in the gas lamps when a carriage splashed through First Street and stopped before a corner building of dingy brick. The building had been erected for the use of Congress in 1815, while the prouder edifice across the park, burned by British soldiers, was being restored. On this winter evening of 1861, the windows, great and small alike, were disfigured by horizontal slats of wood, through which light feebly twinkled. Armed sentries paced their rounds on First Street. The Old Capitol had been turned into a military prison.

In the anteroom officers loitered, with an air of expectation, as a lady and a little girl stepped from the carriage and were escorted across the threshold. Like an eager host, Superintendent Wood hurried to meet them. It was his custom to do the honors to new arrivals. 'Hello, Gus, you're back again; you couldn't stay away from us very long,' he would say to a Virginia farmer repeatedly arrested for refusing to take the oath of allegiance. 'I'm always glad to see your countrymen *here*,' he once greeted an Englishman taken up while attempting a visit to Richmond via the Federal lines. Gentlemen he was in the habit of

receiving, but a lady was a novelty in the Old Capitol. Mrs. Rose O'Neal Greenhow, standing dark and handsome in the anteroom, not only had been a prominent figure in the social life of the capital, but was considered the most important Confederate spy arrested by the government. She noted that the superintendent received her with 'great *empressement*,' and seemed 'sensible of the honor' of being her custodian.

'You have got one of the hardest little rebels here that you ever saw,' piped young Rose. She was her mother's daughter; and five months of romping with detectives and soldiers cannot have been conducive to mending her manners. Of Mrs. Greenhow's entrance speech there is no record. Perhaps she did not condescend to reply to the jailer's courtesies. Her admiration for Southern institutions embraced the conception of caste; and she understood the theatrical value of a disdainful silence. In the dreary jail she sat like Marie Antoinette, with whom she was fond of comparing herself.

The rout of Bull Run had filled Mrs. Greenhow with the exultation of a personal triumph. While she carried presents to the Confederate prisoners and schemed to deliver Washington into the conquering Beauregard's hands, she had continued to send her dispatches to Colonel Jordan. They contained, she herself declared, 'verbatim reports' of the Cabinet meetings and the Republican caucuses, exact drawings of the Washington fortifications, and the '*minutes* of M'Clellan's private consultations, and often extracts from his notes.' Mrs. Greenhow may have exaggerated her information, but it was extensive and valuable to the enemy. Some men who were privy to the councils of the Union or wore its uniform with apparent honor must have trembled at the news of her arrest.

After Bull Run, Rose Greenhow's activities were soon curtailed. Suspicion fell on her almost at once, and on the

sultry morning of August 23 she took her last promenade in Washington. She had been warned. She knew that she was being watched and followed. On her walk she was joined by 'a distinguished member of the diplomatic corps,' and it was not until she reached her door that two men stepped forward, with some mumble of verbal authority, to arrest her. One of them was in uniform and called himself Major E. J. Allen. Among the miscellaneous bits of information which Mrs. Greenhow was skillful in collecting was the knowledge that he was Allan Pinkerton, the Scottish barrel maker turned detective who headed McClellan's secret service.

The house was filled with men. Downstairs, in the parlors divided by a red gauze, Mrs. Greenhow coolly waited while the detectives searched beds, drawers, and wardrobes, tumbled out soiled clothes, and ransacked the papers in her library. All was quietly done in the hope that if no alarm were raised some accomplices might call. But little Rose ran out to climb a tree in the garden and shout to the passers-by, 'Mother has been arrested!' Detectives issued from the house and dragged the eight-year-old rebel from the tree in tears. In spite of her warning, a number of Confederate sympathizers presented themselves, and were promptly taken into custody.

On that August day another clever Southern woman, Mrs. Philip Phillips, was also imprisoned in her own house. During the night the mayor of Washington, James G. Berret, was arrested by the provost guard. No one suspected Berret of being a spy. However, as an ex officio member of the Metropolitan Police Board, he had balked at repeating the oath of allegiance. His past record and his associations smacked of sympathy with secession, and Berret was whisked off on the early morning train to Fort Lafayette in New York harbor.

A War Department clerk sorted the torn scraps of letters which the Pinker-

ton detectives had found in Mrs. Greenhow's stove. Some contained military information evidently intended for the enemy. There was also a letter from Donellan, the messenger who had carried the news of McDowell's advance. Mrs. Greenhow had succeeded in destroying the key to Colonel Jordan's cipher, but the amateurish cryptograms were soon translated by experts. Several of her recent dispatches, moreover, had fallen into the hands of Secretary Seward. The government was amassing ample evidence to support its contention that she was a 'dangerous, skillful spy.'

Mrs. Greenhow had a gift for interesting men and winning their confidence. When, as Rose O'Neal, she had first come to Washington from her home in Maryland, she had been a girl so fresh and lovely that she had been called 'the Wild Rose.' But now she was over forty, and her smoothly parted hair was threaded with gray. Her photograph, taken by Brady in the yard of the Old Capitol, shows a handsome, resolute, time-worn face.

But Rose Greenhow triumphantly maintained a reputation for allure. The *National Republican* romanticized her as 'the beautiful rebel of Sixteenth Street' and 'the fascinating female rebel.' In the cold official pages of the war records is written Pinkerton's tribute to 'her almost irresistible seductive powers.' She had not used them in vain, he reported to General Andrew Porter, on the officers of the army; she had unscrupulously exerted them on 'persons holding places of honor and profit under the government,' in order to obtain intelligence for the enemy.

Five years after the war ended, Hamilton Fish, then Secretary of State, heard a curious story from a fellow New Yorker, the newspaper proprietor and diplomat, James Watson Webb. It was the account of a confidence made to Webb by General Thomas Jordan, of the late Confederate army. Jordan told Webb that, at the outbreak of the war,

he had found that an intimacy existed between Senator Wilson and 'one Mrs. Greenhow.' He, Jordan, had established 'the same kind of intimacy' with her, and then induced her to obtain official information from Wilson and forward it in cipher to the Confederates. It was from the Massachusetts Senator, as Webb repeated the story to Fish, that Mrs. Greenhow obtained the news of McDowell's advance.

That Jordan gave Mrs. Greenhow a cipher, that she used it to communicate with the Confederates, and that she advised Beauregard of McDowell's movement are matters of record. Mrs. Greenhow was bent on involving Henry Wilson in her disloyal activities. In her book, *My Imprisonment*, published in London in 1863, she definitely stated that he was implicated in certain of her intercepted dispatches. Several Republican officials, she said, were summoned to give an account of themselves before the Cabinet, Scott, and McClellan. Wilson's was the only name she mentioned.

Moreover, in destroying much of her correspondence, Mrs. Greenhow carefully preserved a packet of love letters, which fell into Federal hands. They were signed with the initial 'H.' One of them, dated January 30, 1861, is written on stationery stamped with the seal of the United States and the heading 'Thirty-sixth Congress.' Two letters refer to the consideration of the Pacific Railroad bill, in which Wilson took an active interest. They are hastily written notes, filled with ardor and frustration — the frustration of a man too busy to indulge his passion, and also fearful of exposure of a secret relationship.

Manuscript experts have pronounced that these letters are not in Wilson's handwriting. The internal evidence, combined with Mrs. Greenhow's published statement, awakens the suspicion that if he did not write them she intended them to be taken as his.

Henry Wilson, the hero of an American success story, started life as a farm la-

borer and learned the trade of shoemaking. He achieved his political eminence through hard work and driving ambition. With his set, scowling farmer's face, his comfortable stomach, his ample yards of black broadcloth and his Humpty-Dumpty collar, he was not a figure of romance. Few of Mrs. Greenhow's friends saw her after her arrest, but Wilson visited her room in the Old Capitol. It does not seem the act of a guilty or fearful man. If he was named as an informant in her treasonable dispatches, he must have been able to make a convincing explanation. The authorities had the letters signed 'H.' Wilson was a married man whose reputation would have been blasted by an intrigue, even if the lady had not been a spy for the enemy. No cloud fell on Wilson's political fortunes. Until the end of the war he remained the zealous chairman of the Senate's Committee on Military Affairs. In 1872 he was elected Vice President of the United States.

Mrs. Greenhow's arrest brought her wide notoriety. Even a less theatrical woman might have fancied herself a heroine. Her house, nicknamed Fort Greenhow, was one of the sights of the capital, and tourists came to stare at it, in hopes of catching a glimpse of the famous female spy. For a short while Mrs. Greenhow divided the honors with Mrs. Philip Phillips, who was moved from her own house to Fort Greenhow with her two eldest daughters and her sister, Miss Levy. This family was presently sent beyond the Union lines and went to New Orleans. The other women who came and went in Mrs. Greenhow's cheerless house were, according to its deposed mistress, 'generally of the lowest class.'

Mrs. Greenhow remained aloof, and somehow contrived to keep up a steady communication with her friends on the outside. In her book she vaguely alluded to a 'vocabulary of colors,' introduced into the woofs of her tapestry work. She also had an intermediary,

known as 'my little bird,' and under the noses of the guard she actually succeeded in sending dispatches to the Confederacy. The Federal authorities had evidence of the weakness of Fort Greenhow; for a copy of a letter which Mrs. Greenhow wrote to Secretary Seward, bitterly detailing the outrages of her imprisonment, was printed in a Richmond newspaper. No immediate repercussions followed, and late in December the lady wrote Colonel Jordan that she expected to be sent South. This communication also was successfully sent and delivered. At this date Mrs. Greenhow began to note a change in the attitude of her jailers. The press printed a story that a missive containing plans for her escape had been discovered in a cake sent to her at Christmas. In mid-winter, after she had addressed a second angry letter to Seward, her library was searched, the window was boarded up, and all paper was removed from her desk. It was presently announced that the female prison would be closed. Mrs. Greenhow was transferred to the Old Capitol.

XXI

The Old Capitol had become a make-shift jail; no effort had been wasted on the task of strengthening its decayed walls, broken partitions, or creaking doors and stairways. Wooden slats were nailed across the windows, and high board fences filled the spaces between the buildings which casually bounded the inner quadrangle of the yard. The obstacles to the prisoners' escape lay not in the rambling structures but in the military guard which paced the streets outside, and clanked and shouted in the corridors. But, if the Old Capitol wanted the character of a stronghold, in gloom and filth and discomfort it belonged to an ancient tradition. Lice and bedbugs abounded in the rooms, and spiderwebs festooned the soiled white-wash of the walls. Unsavory pork and beef, half-boiled beans and musty rice,

made up the bill of fare. The atmosphere of the whole prison was soured by the effluvia of the open, uncleaned sinks, situated behind the cookhouse in the yard.

The Old Capitol had originally been intended only for prisoners of war; but, though Confederate soldiers continued to form the largest single group, the buildings soon housed a motley assortment of inmates. The political prisoners ranged from spies to persons vaguely suspected of disloyal sentiments. Rebel mail-carriers, smugglers, and blockade-runners were confined in the Old Capitol. There were also Federal military offenders. In the first months, a section of the Old Capitol was reserved for the Negro contrabands — former slaves of rebel masters. These destitute persons were kept in the jail as an act of charity. If they could find jobs, they were free to leave. Otherwise the government employed the able-bodied men at burying dead horses and other heavy labor. Some worked as servants in the institution, and for a consideration prepared the food for the private messes of the prisoners.

In spite of its dreariness, the jail was a sociable place. Save for the cells of the guardhouse, to which recalcitrant inmates were sent for punishment, there was little solitary confinement. Separation of the prisoners was impossible in the crowded building, in which there were few small single rooms. When their work was done, the Negroes skylarked with their women in the yard. The main occupation of the other inmates was card-playing. Week after week, except on Sundays, the interminable games went on from early morning until roll call at nine in the evening. Bluff poker, with one-cent pieces for chips, was the favorite diversion. Muggins — or Old Capitol, as this game of dominoes was locally called — was also popular. Smoking, singing, and horseplay enlivened the five large second-story rooms, formed from the chambers which had been used by Con-

gress. One was occupied by Federal officers, while three were usually filled with Virginia farmers. The central room, Number 16, was allotted to political prisoners. Through the broken and dirty panes of the great arched window which had formerly lighted the proceedings of the Senate, citizens of the Union looked out on the skeleton of the Capitol dome, and cursed the Black Republicans beneath it.

Mrs. Greenhow declined to associate with her fellow prisoners, Mrs. Baxley and Mrs. Augusta Morris, and declared that their company was 'but a shade less obnoxious' than that of the Negroes.

These three recalcitrant ladies were eventually ordered to be conveyed beyond the Union lines into Virginia, if they consented to go; and they were there to be set free, on giving a parole not to return North during the war. Mrs. Greenhow was at first very angry over the decision. Her temper had been growing sharper, and her disdainful airs gave place to rages, as her hope of further usefulness to the Confederacy faded. She had become a side show for Yankee tourists, of whom she professed to be in terror, declaring that they made her think of the fishwomen of Paris during the French Revolution. She longed to revenge herself on the 'Black Republican dogs.' 'I fear now that my capacity of hate will overshadow every other feeling,' she wrote her niece, Adele Douglas.

Mrs. Greenhow had been permitted some visitors, among them the Honorable Alfred Ely of New York, in whom a friendly feeling for prisoners had been inspired by his own detention in Richmond. But now all her friends were barred. In solitude, she began to lose heart. The exploits of Stonewall Jackson in the Shenandoah Valley gave her a burst of hope; but Jackson never came to set the prisoners free. Abruptly, a few days later, Wood notified Mrs. Greenhow that she was to leave for Virginia at once. There was barely time to pack.

The captain of the guard conducted her through the prison to bid her fellow captives good-bye. Outside, the guard was drawn up under arms.

The door of the Old Capitol opened, and the ladies stepped into the street. At the Washington depot, soldiers held off a throng of Southern sympathizers, but at Baltimore things were better arranged. Wood, who accompanied the party, permitted the ladies to receive their friends at the Gilmore House, where they spent the night.

The Baltimore secessionists gave the ladies an ovation, waving handkerchiefs and calling 'God bless you!' as they embarked on the Old Point boat. The tedium of the journey was relieved by the gentlemanly captain of the boat, who gave the ladies a luncheon, with iced champagne. Under the guns of Fort Monroe, Mrs. Greenhow raised her glass to the health of President Davis and the success of the Confederate cause. She said that the toast was drunk by all present. The chief of escort discreetly kept out of the way.

On the sacred soil at last, Mrs. Greenhow flounced off, with little Rose in her wake, and a large Confederate battle flag concealed beneath her shawl. She was free from Yankee tyranny, safe in the Confederacy she had ardently served. It must have been exasperating that, in the suspicious fashion of wartime, half the people in Richmond persisted in taking her for a Federal agent. Men who knew the secrets of the Confederate high command at Manassas were quick to come to her defense. She proudly recorded Jefferson Davis's greeting, when he visited her on the evening after her arrival. 'But for you,' he said, 'there would have been no Battle of Bull Run.'

XXII

Soon after assuming office, Secretary of War Stanton took over the military telegraph, which had been centred at the headquarters of the Army of the Po-

tomac. While McClellan was briefly absent from Washington, the outfit and the records were unceremoniously removed to the War Department, and the operators were installed in the library on the second floor. McClellan's aide in charge of the telegraph, Captain Thomas T. Eckert, was retained at the head of the office, and became one of Stanton's most trusted assistants.

Government censorship of the telegraph, recently controlled by the State Department, was also shifted to the War Department. The surveillance of dispatches, instituted a few days after the outbreak of war, had been irritating, but ineffective. The wires to the North, in a hum of rumors, alarms, and inaccuracies, had carried information advantageous to the enemy. The House Judiciary Committee, directed to make an investigation of the telegraph censorship, reported that 'the censor has manifested want of both care and judgment in the exercise of his duties.' While important news slipped through, there was often complete suppression of dispatches made up of paragraphs clipped from Washington newspapers, already in circulation. To the indignation of the correspondents, their stories were often slashed into a jumble of nonsense. In a small room, high up a flight of badly lighted stairs at the National Hotel, the censor sat importantly surrounded by soft lead pencils, heavy pens, black ink, scissors, and mucilage pots. Frequently the correspondents were obliged to hunt up this potentate at whiskey shops or at the Canterbury music hall in order to get his signature of approval on telegrams for the afternoon newspapers.

Stanton appointed the president of the American Telegraph Company, Colonel E. S. Sanford, military supervisor of telegrams, and provided penalties of arrest and imprisonment for careless administration of the censorship.

Military information was issued at Stanton's pleasure to government officials and major generals, as well as to

the public. Only the President had access to the dispatches. There was no telegraph at the Executive Mansion, and Lincoln formed the habit of going to the War Department for the news. Day and night he crossed the wooded lawn, passed through the turnstile, and followed the path to the side door of the small brick building on Seventeenth Street. All dispatches, including the President's own, were copied in carbon on yellow tissue paper. One set was handed direct to Stanton. Another set of the latest telegrams was laid in the drawer of the cipher desk in a room directly adjoining Stanton's, where the messages were decoded. Here Lincoln examined the telegrams, sometimes lingering with the young cipher operators, telling stories or looking over their shoulders while they worked. There were other nights when he lay silent on the couch in Stanton's office. Out of shared responsibilities and anguish of spirit, an intimacy developed from an acquaintance that had inauspiciously begun between the two lawyers. The President admired Stanton, and depended on him. The War Secretary, in his own perfidious and intractable way, yielded loyalty and respect to Lincoln.

After the Army of the Potomac made its promenade to Manassas, the President issued a war order which won the approval of Stanton and his new allies, the Republican radicals. Lincoln's patience had been exhausted by McClellan's failure to anticipate the withdrawal of the Confederates, and the ease with which the Federals were able to march forward on an expedition without profit. He removed McClellan from the chief command of the armies. No successor was named. The commanders of the military departments were ordered to report to Stanton, who at once seized the papers in the War Office rooms which had been McClellan's headquarters in his capacity of general-in-chief.

The war order was printed in the *National Intelligencer* on the morning after

it was issued. At Fairfax, McClellan learned the news, not through official channels, but from one of his aides, who read the published item and telegraphed him. Although he was indignant at 'the rascals' for 'persecuting' him behind his back, he wrote the President a letter which was a model of patriotic self-abnegation. His attitude was such as a high-minded man might assume in a personal feud. To remove himself and his army from 'that sink of iniquity,' Washington, to carry his campaign to the inaccurately mapped reaches of the peninsula between the York and the James Rivers, was the enterprise on which he was stubbornly set; and he gave no sensible consideration to the fact that his elaborate strategy had been made subject to a supervision which was not only inexperienced but hostile.

The Joint Committee on the Conduct of the War had resolved on a visit to Manassas. The Virginia countryside was disfigured by shattered trees, blackened ruins, and rudely marked graves. The litter of the retreating Confederates strewn the roads. Fences had been demolished, and the wheat fields were trampled plains of earth, covered with rebel soldiers' huts.

The gentlemen of the Joint Committee were not the only ones who were curious to visit the battlefield, now that it was restored to Federal occupation. Washington livery-stable keepers and hackmen were reaping a harvest from the trippers. A Saturday excursion train was inaugurated, while two stages made the run on three days of the week, in charge of drivers who had been taken prisoner by the rebels and were therefore qualified to act as guides. The collection of souvenirs was a craze. A commercial motive animated some of the tourists, for war curiosities found a ready market. At Fairfax, where the courthouse stood neglected, with open doors and ancient papers scattered over the floor, the excursionists carried off documents some of which dated from the reign of George

III. On the field of battle, trophies were hard to find, for everything had been picked over by the Union soldiers. Cartridge boxes and haversacks, Bibles, horseshoes, rifle bullets, and scraps of iron were eagerly salvaged. Now and then industrious searchers were rewarded by a scabbard, a crooked sabre, or a bent gun-barrel; and, stowing the treasure under the carriage seat, they drove back to Washington in triumph. Often their elation was short-lived. Government property was liable to seizure, and daily at the depot the provost guard removed from citizens many pieces of swords, muskets, and side arms.

Night and day, at Alexandria and at the Washington wharves, vast quantities of stores, horses, mules and wagons, heavy guns, bales of hay, pontoon bridges, and telegraphic materials were loaded on the ships. The banks of the river were lined with spectators, staring at the embarkation of an army. Regiment after regiment, the soldiers marched on board the transports; and, as the huge paddlewheels revolved and the steamers turned toward the south, the faces on the river bank were troubled. The great army had been like a burdensome shield before the breast of Washington. When it had sallied to Manassas, it had still been interposed between the city and the enemy. Now it was disappearing down the Potomac, and, for all its new earthworks, the capital felt bereft of protection.

McClellan was already in the field when he received the news that he was to be deprived of a full army corps, on which he was counting for a flank movement on Yorktown. To the capital's politicians, the protection of Washington was of paramount importance, overshadowing all questions of military strategy; and recent events in the Valley had served to quicken their anxiety. McClellan had intended to interpose Banks's corps between Washington and the enemy. The main body of this force was to be stationed at Manassas, with in-

fantry guards and cavalry detachments posted in the surrounding country. The railway was to be repaired from Alexandria to Manassas, and thence to the Shenandoah Valley, thus giving the Federals the advantageous communications which had proved so useful to the Confederates at Bull Run. It was a good plan, but before McClellan sailed it was upset by General Thomas J. Jackson, already known by the sobriquet of Stonewall, whose rebel command was in the Valley. Jackson made a daring attack on the Federal troops at Kernstown, near Winchester. It was repulsed, but the noise of battle beyond the Blue Ridge frightened Washington.

The President had repeatedly stipulated that a sufficient force should be left behind to ensure the safety of Washington. However, in his overmastering desire to perfect an army for the field McClellan neglected the claims of the city. In its growing apprehensions he had no interest at all. They were the apprehensions of unmilitary persons, and, as an expert, he was sure that his campaign against Richmond constituted the best defense of the capital. Mr. Lincoln's secretaries observed that McClellan never feared an attack on Washington, unless he happened to be there himself. He had ringed it with fortifications, but he had never provided enough artillerymen to handle the ordnance; and, in preparing to advance, he had withdrawn regiment after regiment from the disciplined troops stationed there.

The capital now had only a bare nineteen thousand soldiers, many of them entirely untrained. Stanton's worst suspicions were confirmed. Ben Wade's committee, starved since the Quaker guns of Manassas for a definite grievance, raised an outcry. McDowell's corps of thirty-five thousand men had not yet sailed, and an order detaching it from the Army of the Potomac and retaining it for the defense of Washington was issued by Stanton under the direction of the President.

A wiser and less arrogant man than McClellan might have anticipated this result. He had not done so. His plans were disarranged, and he indignantly protested that it would now be necessary to lay siege to Yorktown. The War Office saw only that McClellan still had an army of over one hundred thousand men. Smaller armies, with vastly inferior equipment, had been winning important victories, and this fact Stanton proceeded to emphasize in an order giving thanks for the successes of the Union arms in the West.

XXIII

There was a latent irony in the gratitude expressed for the repulse at Pittsburg Landing, better known to the Union as Bloody Shiloh. The slaughter of two days of fighting had appalled a nation unprepared for long casualty lists. On the first day the Federals had been driven back; it was said that Grant had been taken by surprise, and that only the arrival of reinforcements under Buell had saved him from a disastrous defeat. Sherman emerged with brightened fame from the engagement; but Grant was no longer hailed as the hero of Fort Donelson. The news of Shiloh enraged the country, and Grant was denounced as incompetent in the press and in Congress. For a second time the President jeopardized his popularity by retaining a general whose removal was vehemently demanded. There had been reports from Halleck that Grant was drinking, that he was negligent and disobedient. Sitting before the fire in his office, with his feet on the marble mantel, Lincoln listened to the Pennsylvania Republican, McClure, pleading with him that, in justice to himself, he must immediately relieve Grant from command. 'I can't spare this man; he fights,' Lincoln told McClure at last.

For Lincoln, the success of McClellan's campaign was a matter of increasingly desperate importance. The radicals

were clamoring for more drastic war measures, for an immediate emancipation of the slaves. With his party split and his prestige endangered, Lincoln sorely needed the justification of a great victory for the Army of the Potomac. The country, too, showed wild impatience — the impatience which hope and confidence engender. Stanton, presumably from motives of economy, had ordered recruiting discontinued; and this fact, together with the victories in the West and the fame of McClellan's army, produced a feeling of optimism, and a belief that the war would be ended by midsummer.

The country rejoiced to learn that the Army of the Potomac was moving at last. After a bloody encounter at Williamsburg, it continued to advance. Steamers from Fort Monroe were arriving at the Sixth Street wharf. Some brought men released from Richmond prisons on parole — happy men who were bound for home. Cheering the Stars and Stripes and singing patriotic songs, they marched to the Soldiers' Retreat, the eating house erected at the depot. Other steamers carried quieter men from the army hospital at Yorktown.

At Shillington's Book Store, Confederate banknotes taken at Bull Run were still on sale, and one of the Quaker guns from Centreville was exhibited under Hammack's Restaurant at the Avenue and Fifteenth Street. The capital did not lack new trophies, those tangible souvenirs which lend reality to great events and put them within the grasp of common men. In Mr. Hood's jewelry store on the Avenue was displayed a part of a steel vest which a Confederate captain had worn at Williamsburg. It was ironically described as bullet-proof — the hole made by the fatal ball could be plainly seen. A sailor, John E. McKay, sold some broken scraps of wood and iron, and made such a good thing of it that he fell to treating his shipmates and ended up

in the guardhouse. There was magic in the rubbish, for it was all that remained of the dreaded *Merrimac*. The rebels had abandoned Norfolk, and the iron-clad, left without a harbor, had been blown up by her own men.

Jackson, the War Office learned, had received large reinforcements. His movements were all the more alarming because they were mysterious. There were contradictory stories of his whereabouts and intentions. With the handles of their frying pans stuck in their gun barrels, his ragged troops traveled as fast and light as foxes.

Soon there was no mystery about Stonewall Jackson's whereabouts. He was within easy reach of the capital. Every man that could be spared from Washington and Baltimore was rushed to Harper's Ferry; and Stanton — as nervous, General Wadsworth said, as an old woman — telegraphed appeals for help to the Northern States. The newsboys' treble cry, 'Washington in danger!' rang through the cities of the Union. The whole Confederate army was reported to be advancing on the Potomac. Amid general apprehension that Senators and Representatives were about to be seized as prisoners of war, militia and home-guard regiments hurried down to the rescue.

They had come on a fruitless errand. Jackson did not attempt to cross the Potomac. The alarm fell flat, as the capital learned that the rebels were swiftly retreating up the Valley. Without ever confronting McDowell's army — that army which might have turned the tide at Richmond — Jackson had effectively dispersed it. Slipping between the Federal armies at Strasburg, Jackson executed a successful retreat, winning two more victories at Cross Keys and Port Republic before he joined the army before Richmond.

The noise of battle came at last from the neighborhood of Richmond. Through the roar of the cannonade sounded the obscure names of little, sleepy, fever-

ridden places. Mechanicsville, Gaines's Mill, Savage's Station, and White Oak Swamp stood blood-spattered in the headlines; and men tried to divine from the ambiguous and censored stories what new approach to Richmond had dictated this series of engagements. Three days of silence followed. When the news of Malvern Hill broke the suspense, and it was learned that the base of the Army of the Potomac had been changed from the Pamunkey to Harrison's Landing on the James, there could no longer be any doubt that McClellan's movement had been a retreat. In vain the press protested that the battles of the Seven Days had been Union victories, and that a removal to the line of the James had been accomplished by the most masterly strategy. Marking the places on their big war maps, the people of the Union could plainly see that Harrison's Landing was nearly twenty-five miles from Richmond; and at last, after the strong hope that had survived the delays and the terrible waste of men, despondency spread through the country like a sickness.

In the second summer of the war, the Union again faced disaster. Recruiting, discontinued by Mr. Stanton in April, had been resumed in June; but the failure on the Virginia Peninsula, startling the government out of its satisfaction with an army of half a million men, made a new call for troops imperative. During the uncertainty of the Seven Days, the necessity was indirectly presented to the country. Mr. Seward secretly arranged with the governors of the Northern States to request the President to make the call, and in compliance with this inspired demand Mr. Lincoln asked for three hundred thousand men. The country received the proclamation staunchly, if without enthusiasm. To attract recruits, cash bounties were offered, States and localities chipping in to increase the premiums.

After Gaines's Mill, McClellan had sent Stanton an agitated dispatch, charg-

ing his defeat to the government because it had not sustained him. 'If I save this army now,' he wrote in conclusion, 'I tell you plainly that I owe no thanks to you or to any other persons in Washington. You have done your best to sacrifice this army.' McClellan knew that these were unforgivable words — he lashed out hysterically, too far gone to care for the consequences. It happened, however, that Stanton did not read the accusation. The dispatch fell under the horrified eye of Colonel E. S. Sanford, who took it upon himself to delete the sentences, thus turning the censorship on Stanton.

When the troubled President went down with Stanton to Harrison's Landing, there was little to reassure him in McClellan's state of mind. In his desperate situation, the general had found time to concern himself with politics. He had written a long letter advising Mr. Lincoln on his duties — especially, the avoidance of any pronouncement against slavery — and, with incomparable brass, he handed this to the President, who read it and remarked that he was obliged to him.

The Army of the Potomac had fought magnificently. In the fires of Fair Oaks and Gaines's Mill, McClellan had forged his weapon. Never inspired by great success, as the Federal armies in the West had been, the Eastern soldiers had remained resolute in defeat; and at the end of the searing week of their retreat they had driven back the enemy from the slopes of Malvern Hill. They were not the sturdy, spandy boys who had sailed from Washington at the end of March. Before the toll of the Seven Days, the brigades had been decimated, not only by fighting, but by disease. On the other hand, McClellan had often been reënforced during his campaign, and was still receiving fresh troops. He had formed two new army corps, the Fifth and Sixth, and had won consent to appointing to their command his friends, Fitz-John Porter and Franklin. After all his losses, McClellan still had over

eighty-six thousand men present for duty. He was crying for one hundred thousand more.

Outstanding among the generals in Washington was a youngish Westerner, with a vain, slender face, an upturned nose, and a stiff rectangle of beard. This was Major-General John Pope, renowned for his victories on the Mississippi. Late in June he had been summoned to take command of the newly created Army of Virginia, formed by a consolidation of the armies of Frémont, Banks, and McDowell.

Pope, the loquacious, gave satisfaction to the Republican radicals. He issued an address to his command, eulogizing the soldiers of the West, 'where we have always seen the backs of our enemies.' Success and glory, he fatuously declared, were in the advance, while disaster and shame lurked in the rear. With the egoist's want of imagination about other people's feelings, Pope expected that his address would create 'a cheerful spirit' in his men. Its effect was to make him an object of dislike and ridicule, not only to the Army of Virginia, but to all the soldiers of the East. The Army of the Potomac despised him for a sneering outsider, and giped at the boast, attributed to Pope, that his headquarters were in the saddle.

Late in June the President had surprised the country by making a flying trip to West Point, where General Scott was living in retirement. The object of this visit was kept secret, Lincoln, with a humorous reference to Stanton's 'tight rein,' merely stating that it had nothing to do with 'making or unmaking any general in the country.' The curiosity of the country was scarcely satisfied. Whatever had passed between the President and General Scott, it became clear in July that Mr. Lincoln was dissatisfied with the civilian direction of the war. In Virginia the problem was desperate. The Union had two armies, McClellan's and Pope's, but they could not form a junction, for the entire force of the

enemy lay between them. A solution had to be found; brains were needed, expert military judgment. Out of the West, where heroes were made, the President called still another general — Henry W. Halleck, commander of the Department of the Mississippi. Grant was appointed to replace him in the West, and Halleck was named general-in-chief of the armies of the Union.

XXIV

Amid tocsins and tumult, Washington clung to its life as a community. Even during Jackson's raid many people had gone quietly about their business. The panic, said the *Star*, was almost entirely confined to the abolitionists. Major French, whom the President had appointed Commissioner of Public Buildings, passed the time pleasantly, playing euchre of an evening, or watching the fountain in his garden. It was no surprise to him that Jackson got away scot-free from the Federal forces in the Valley. Like other Washingtonians, French had grown skeptical of good report and evil. He had hardly believed, he wrote, that the *Merrimac* was blown up, until he received 'a certified splinter from her' — and then he had doubted whether it hadn't come from his own woodbox.

While the Army of the Potomac was engaged on the Peninsula, Washington had felt the war in other ways than the alarm of Jackson's raid. The price of shad was an irritating reminder — fifty and seventy-five cents a pair, because the rebel batteries had frightened off the fishermen and damaged their seines. Speculation had driven gold and silver from circulation, and people went shopping with queer light money that did not jingle in their pockets — Secretary Chase's greenbacks and almost anybody's shinplasters. Congress, legislating against the nuisance of the shinplasters, created a worse medium of exchange, the gummy, frail postage stamp, for which Chase promptly substituted a

postage currency — facsimiles of stamps, printed on small notes of thick paper, without mucilage. Pending the issue of this scrip, Washington disdained the postage stamps and made the best of the shinplasters.

In comparison with the preceding summer, the city was free of soldiers, but they were still far too numerous for quiet and serenity. Children went straying after bands and regiments, and there were many accidents to little boys, whom careless officers asked to hold their horses. The wounded from the Peninsula were painfully borne to the wharves, and captured bands from Jackson's army, in clothing of every shade of butternut dye, coffee-brown, yellow, and dust-color, marched to the Old Capitol.

After Congress adjourned, the city all but subsided into its summer languor. Trade was dull, and sutlers and dealers were preparing to follow in the wake of the Army of Virginia. Ladies from the regions of Virginia newly occupied by the Union forces came up to see their friends and do a little shopping. Room rates had been cut in half. The forts, said the *New York Herald*, had a sleepy look, as they sunned themselves on the hilltops. It would need Stonewall Jackson with half a hundred thousand men, the *Herald* correspondent thought, to wake up Washington.

But Washington was wide awake by mid-August. Newspaper correspondents at Fort Monroe had telegraphed that transports loaded with troops were moving down the James. The defeat of Banks at Slaughter Mountain suddenly seemed ominous. With the withdrawal of the Army of the Potomac from the Peninsula, Lee, who had replaced Joe Johnston in command of the Confederate army, was free to march north in force. The brash confidence had gone with the bright militia uniforms. There were no more military spectacles and concerts. Regimental bands had been abolished, leaving only the fife and drum

Why you should act your age

AT ANY AGE, it is wise to know your safe limits of work and play. As you pass forty, however, it becomes increasingly important to understand and respect those limits.

After forty, diseases of the heart and circulatory system begin to take their heavy toll. It must be remembered that heart muscles and blood vessels grow older just as your external appearance does. As they do, coronary heart disease and circulatory diseases, particularly, are more liable to develop.

So it is the better part of wisdom to act your age—to adjust your habits and modify your activities to match your capacities—even though you don't *feel* the need of doing so.

For instance, after forty it is well to avoid sudden indulgence in unusual or over-long exercise—don't be a "week-end athlete." Ease up on your more strenuous activities, and get plenty of rest. Avoid overweight, and take more seriously the annual physical examination that so often detects the first stage of trouble before serious symptoms appear. Above all—*follow your doctor's advice.*

This doesn't mean that you must *worry* about your heart, or entirely abandon your usual recreations. Sensible consideration for your heart, on the contrary, should bring *freedom* from worry, and the likelihood of enjoying *added* years of fun and usefulness.

Of course, warning symptoms of possible heart trouble, such as fainting, shortness of breath, sense of oppression or pain near the heart, call for the immediate attention of your physician. He may make use of such aids to accurate diagnosis as the X-ray, the fluoroscope, and the electrocardiograph. He knows best how to guide you in safely and sensibly acting your age.



For information concerning the hearts of young and old, send for Metropolitan's free booklet, No. 81-T, "Protecting Your Heart."

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corps, and the bands of the brigades. Convalescents had replaced army cooks, stewards, and messengers. The provost marshal announced that convalescents found at saloons or houses of ill fame would be considered fit for duty. The Secretary of War issued an order revoking all furloughs. The Union needed men. There was a grim urgency in the dispatch of the untrained regiments to Virginia.

The capital was praying for the arrival of the Army of the Potomac. Its fears were not exaggerated. Pope's small and recently organized army had been engaged in constant skirmishes with Jackson. The divisions of the Army of the Potomac and of Burnside's command began to land at Alexandria and Aquia Creek. Without wagons or artillery or sufficient ammunition, they were ordered by Halleck to join Pope. The corps commanders, Fitz-John Porter and Heintzelman, reported to Pope, as well as division commanders who had distinguished themselves on the Peninsula — Hooker, Kearny, Meade, and John F. Reynolds, the brave and skillful general who led the Pennsylvania Reserves. In leadership and fighting material, these reënforcements were of first-rate quality; but neither officers nor men had confidence in the bragging Westerner to whose army they abruptly found themselves attached. Pope had a conglomeration of soldiers. Lee's advancing army was a force united by confidence and loyalty, and elated by victory.

Pope was no military genius. He failed to outguess Jackson. His ears were not sharp enough to hear the tread of Longstreet's army. But, for all his gasconade, he was courageous and energetic, and he did his best to carry out Halleck's orders. As late as August 25, he believed that Halleck intended to command the army in person. In the fierce fighting that followed, Lee was in the field. Halleck remained at his desk in the War Department, smoking cigars and rubbing his elbows. 'Old Brains'

won no honors as a master of military science. He gave indefinite orders and neglected to answer pressing dispatches. In vain, Pope appealed to him for information about his plans, about the reënforcements. 'Just think of the immense amount of telegraphing I have to do,' he wired Pope on August 26, 'and then say whether I can be expected to give you any details as to movements of others, even when I know them.' Through the last days of August, Halleck devoted more than three quarters of his time to the raising of new troops and to matters in the West.

In the reception of the incoming regiments, Washington showed that it had learned something of the business of running a war. At the large buildings near the depot, the Soldiers' Rest and the Soldiers' Retreat, the men were well fed and lodged, efficiently policed and forwarded. As the troop trains neared the capital, the commissary department was notified and gangs set to work cutting meat, cooking, and laying the tables. Promptly on their arrival, the men sat down to a hot meal. If their orders were to leave at once for the field, a day's ration for each was cut and cooked while they ate. Rutherford B. Hayes, Lieutenant-Colonel of the Twenty-third Ohio, found that all arrangements connected with army matters in Washington were perfect. His regiment, part of a division ordered from western Virginia to defend the capital, had spent months campaigning in the wilds, and Washington was a revelation to Colonel Hayes. In his regiment there was a short, serious boy called William McKinley, a commissary sergeant for whom he was to secure promotion.

On August 26, the day that Hayes was looking about Washington with admiration, and Halleck was peevishly disclaiming responsibility, silence fell on the telegraph wires from Pope's headquarters. Next day, the road from Manassas to Alexandria was dark with refugees. Wagonloads of women and children

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rolled into the small brick town. Sweating Negroes trudged through the dust. All brought stories of a raid of rebel cavalry who had captured the immense army stores at Manassas Junction. Behind them rose the smoke of burning storehouses and freight cars. Bridges were down, and the railroad was torn up.

McClellan arrived that evening at Alexandria, and reported for orders next morning. Halleck thankfully shifted to his shoulders the burden of troublesome detail. McClellan was to direct reënforcements to march to Pope's army, and to see that the fortifications on the south side of the Potomac were equipped and fully garrisoned. McClellan was no longer the irrational man he had been at the end of the Seven Days. In a trying and anomalous position, he was calm and self-controlled. He had strenuously opposed the order to withdraw his army from the Peninsula, had begged to be allowed to move on Richmond from Harrison's Landing. Halleck had repeatedly told him that he would have the command of the Army of the Potomac and the Army of Virginia, and the rumor of this appointment still ran persistently in Washington; but McClellan could get no definite information about his status. The duties assigned him were those of a staff officer. Ironically, one of them was to send the troops of his own army to the command of another general — a general whom McClellan distrusted, whose communications were severed, whose situation was unknown.

Late in the afternoon of the twenty-ninth, the War Department received a dispatch from Pope — the first in four days. The next afternoon another telegram, sent early in the morning, announced that the Federal forces still held the field. All during the sultry Saturday of August 30, the air was shaken by the thunder of artillery. The *Star* said that when the wind freshened from the southwest it carried an acrid smell of gunpowder. At Alexandria, McClellan heard the noise of battle. All his troops were

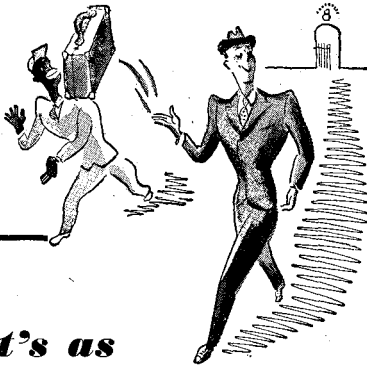
gone. McClellan had sent off even his cavalry escort and camp guard. In the field beside the river the commander of the Army of the Potomac was left with his aides and less than a hundred men.

XXV

McClellan had been publicly humiliated, but his enemies were not satisfied. They charged him with imbecility, cowardice, and treason because he had been slow in moving from the Peninsula and had withheld support from Pope. Chase carried around a protest, addressed to the President, which he and Stanton had prepared for the signature of the other Cabinet members. It enumerated McClellan's offenses, and demanded his immediate dismissal from the army; but Chase's real opinion was that the general ought to be shot.

In the afternoon agitated crowds gathered around a bulletin on the Treasury, which announced a great victory. It stated that ten thousand Federal dead and wounded were lying on the old battlefield of Bull Run, and that surgeons and male nurses should gather at five o'clock to go to their assistance. Similar notices were posted by Stanton's order in the hotels, and appeared in the afternoon newspapers, while the telegraph flashed the War Department's appeal to the cities of the North. The medical department of the Army of the Potomac had been disrupted by the removal from the Peninsula, and in the confused movement to Pope's assistance ambulances and almost all medical and surgical supplies had been left behind. At a late hour it had been realized that there was no adequate preparation for attending or transporting an immense number of wounded.

A throng gathered at five o'clock at the railroad depot on Maryland Avenue. Tracks and bridges had been hastily repaired, and trains were running as far as Fairfax — freight cars, without seats. Packed to the doors, with some people

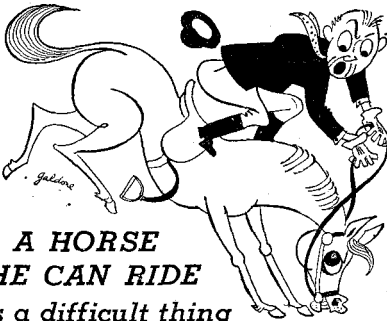


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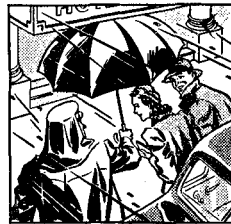
Members Everywhere

**Daddy's 6 feet-2
but only a kid
at heart**

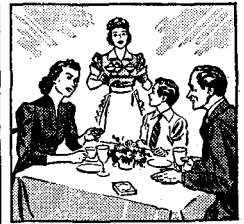


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riding on top, they could accommodate less than a thousand. A few women forced their way among the male nurses, but in the main it was a hard crowd. The nurses had been asked to bring stimulants for the wounded. By the time they reached Alexandria, half of them were drunk.

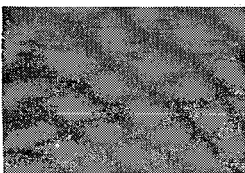
Meantime, from the Surgeon-General's office at F and Fifteenth Streets to Willard's, the streets were packed with volunteer attendants, laden with food and medicines, waiting to be conveyed in the ambulances which were to leave from the Treasury. Only a quarter of them could find room in the first train that belatedly rolled up. The rest impatiently waited. More ambulances appeared. The crowd surged forward, and fought for places, and in the crush the doctors and nurses were accompanied by many persons for whom transportation to the front was not intended. In the warm light of a fine sunset, curious citizens, women and children, Congressmen who wanted to visit the battlefield, sight-seeing officers, and convalescents from the hospitals went clattering over the Long Bridge; and a number of well-known traitors seized this excellent opportunity to pass freely through the lines.

When all the ambulances were gone, some of those left behind appropriated carriages and horses, while a few hardy individuals started off on foot. Still there were clamors for conveyances. The Surgeon-General produced another group of 'excited nurses.' At the same time the quartermaster's department began to call for wagons. It is not clear what had happened to all the wagons in Washington. Neither Franklin nor Sumner had been able to get any. Some had gone to carry supplies and ammunition to Pope, during the interruption of the railroad service. McClellan said that most of them were being used for the current supplies of the Washington garrisons. The provost marshal was called on to supply transportation, and on this mission a regiment of cavalry and two regi-

ments of infantry scattered through Washington and Georgetown. Not only had the hackmen been deprived of their fares, but they were being impressed for a long night's drive, on uncertain roads, with every probability of accidents. Soldiers carried out the army supplies and piled them on the seats, and the caravans moved off with a detachment of cavalry to keep them in order. Some of the drivers contrived to upset on the way, and 'the back of the sabre was used to straighten them.'

With early morning came the shocking news that the report of victory at Bull Run had been false. The capital awakened to rumors of disaster. Some said that the army had fallen back on Centreville, others that the Confederates were at Munson's Hill, preparing to shell the city. A little after seven o'clock, an ambulance with a cavalry escort crossed the Long Bridge, and rattled up to Willard's. It was instantly surrounded. The politician and diplomat, General Schenck, who commanded a division of Sigel's corps, lay inside. He raised himself, and a peering gentleman exclaimed, 'Why, General, is it you?' 'Yes,' said Schenck, uncovering his rudely bandaged arm, 'and they have shattered me, too.' His words came indistinctly to the bystanders, who flew to repeat their version; and soon it was all over Washington that General Schenck had said that 'our army was scattered to the winds.' Hundreds of people hastened to vacate the city. At the Old Capitol the inmates joyfully listened to the stories of a few prisoners who had been captured on the preceding day, and the Fredericksburg hostages were 'almost in ecstasies.' The President called John Hay from his bedroom — 'Well, John, we are whipped again, I am afraid.'

Unable to endure the suspense, McClellan had sent to the front one of his German aides — 'a cool-headed old soldier' named Hammerstein. And before daylight Hammerstein had returned



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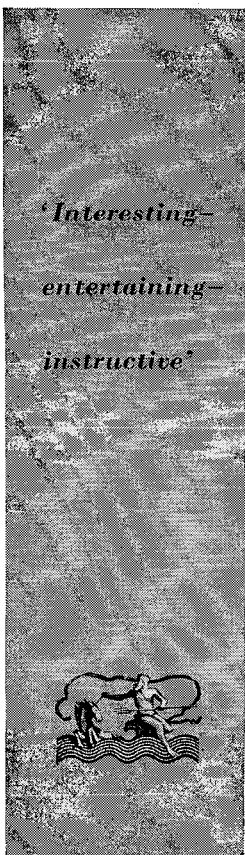
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with the news that the Federals were beaten — 'McDowell's and Sigel's corps broken,' Heintzelman's and Fitz-John Porter's 'badly cut up, but in perfect order.' McClellan was a man of imagination. He must have been able to see it all: the defeated brigades, the abandoned guns, the shamed and weary stragglers; the dead and wounded on the lost field.

Inaction had become torture to McClellan, for Hammerstein had told him that his soldiers wanted him. On Sunday evening he saw an order, published by Stanton's direction, stating that his command consisted of that portion of the Army of the Potomac which had not been sent to Pope. Save for the troops left at Fort Monroe, all had now been sent. McClellan's anomalous position had at last been defined. He was in command of nothing.

Another telegram from Pope was laid on Halleck's desk on Sunday afternoon. 'I should like to know,' it inquired, 'whether you feel secure about Washington should this army be destroyed.' Halleck had nothing to say. He had crumbled. His nerve was gone; and to the other disasters of Washington was added the disintegration of a bureaucrat. That night, 'utterly tired out,' he telegraphed to beg McClellan for help.

Next morning McClellan posted to the capital. He said that Halleck asked him to take charge of the Washington defenses and garrisons, actually under the command of Barnard. McClellan urged Halleck to go to the front, and finally succeeded in persuading him to send a staff officer to investigate. Meantime, he strongly recommended that the Army of Virginia should fall back on the Washington fortifications. It was the

course which Pope himself advised, and Halleck sent the order. Pope's dispatches no longer mentioned the good heart of his troops, but made sinister allusion to the want of it among the officers. Later, he reported that the enemy was between him and Washington. The fight would be desperate, and he hoped that Halleck would make all preparations for a vigorous defense of the entrenchments.

On that cloudy Monday morning, the early train brought an eager crowd to Washington. Bright, expectant, and dedicated, there descended from the cars the country practitioners, professors, undergraduates, and nurses whose hearts had been touched by the War Department's call for volunteers to succor the wounded. No one had given another thought to them — no one, in the growing consternation, was prepared to think of them now. The nurses who had gone in the ambulance trains had been unfortunate. They had been set down on a battlefield which was in the possession of the victorious Confederates; and, interrupted in their attentions to the wounded by a body of rebel cavalry, fifty-nine ministering angels from Washington had been taken prisoner. Those who had gone by train had never reached the battlefield at all. After standing all night in the unventilated freight cars, they had been deposited on Sunday morning in the mud of Fairfax Station. There the commanding officer had orders to arrest all who had partaken too freely of whiskey. The patriots from the North found that volunteer nurses were not only superfluous but in bad repute. The War Department had ordered guards placed at the bridges and wharves to turn back 'drunken and other nurses.'

(To be concluded)

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